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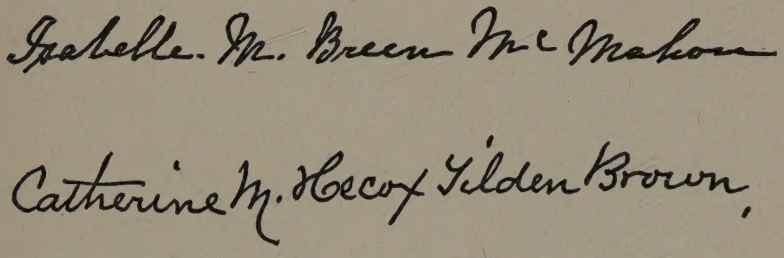
The story of the Donner party is one of the most gripping tales in the annals of California. The heroism, fortitude and devotion shown by the brave men and women are chronicled in this work.

As a fitting recognition of the indebtedness of the present to the courage of the past the publishers have reproduced in this volume the autograph of one who survived the triple horror of cold, isolation and starvation.

We take pleasure in preserving to posterity this autograph of the one-time little girl of the trek, Isabella M. Breen McMahon.

That part of the party which kept to the proven trail, had in it an Irish clergyman, Adna A. Hecox, wife and daughter. Mr. Hecox went through to the settlements of California safely and became the last Alcalde of Santa Cruz under Mexican rule in 1846. The little girl is now eighty-seven years old, but hale and hearty, an artist and modeler of note, still active and happy in the enjoyment of life. We are fortunate in having also the autograph reproduced below of this child of 1841—Catherine M. Hecox Tilden Brown.



Pathfinders

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PATHFINDERS

By Robert Glass Cleland

Author of "*History of California, American Period*"; "*One Hundred Years of the Monroe Doctrine*," *Etc.*

of the series

CALIFORNIA

Edited by
John Russell McCarthy

POWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY
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TO

MURIEL STEWART CLELAND

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"It is from sturdy, stalwart sons like this
Our state has reared its splendid edifice;
Men who explored life's hard and dangerous ways,
Who scorned delights and lived laborious days,
The stirring incidents of such careers,
Their toils and struggles, varying hopes and fears,
Tenacious courage, honesty and pride—
By all of these our past is glorified."

—Gertrude Darlow.

"Virile to risk and find;
Kindly withal and a ready help.
Facing the brunt of fate;
Indomitable—unafraid."

—Inscription on the Donner Monument at Donner Lake.

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Specially Produced for this Work

By Howard Simon

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PREFACE

Six years ago the Macmillan Company published the writer's History of California: the American Period. This volume, in conjunction with Dr. Charles E. Chapman's History of California, the Spanish Period, was designed to meet the need for a general history of the State which should be readable, comparatively brief, and scholarly sound. The present work, though dealing with some of the most notable figures in California history and with the epic period of exploration, in no way trespasses upon the earlier volume. It takes no account of events outside the restricted field to which it is confined by its title and it presupposes some degree of familiarity with the general background of California history on the part of those who read its pages.

The volume is in fact primarily a record of historical adventure. It seeks to describe the opening of the approaches to California and to portray the activities and accomplishments of those who played the leading rôles in one of the greatest dramas of the brave and romantic West. Men of many nationalities and callings appeared upon the stage. Portuguese, Spaniards, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Russians, Americans; seamen, soldiers, priests, traders, settlers, government explorers; the literate and unlettered; the renowned and obscure; cultured professors from Old World universities and rough-clad trappers of the Rocky Mountains—these all followed the unknown paths of the sea to California or broke new trails through the wilderness that the generations coming after might find ready access to the Pacific and build here a new empire and perhaps a better type of civilization for all mankind.

In the record of these pathfinders there is much of heroism, something at times of humor, often bloodshed and tragedy, always the presence of danger, the touch of hard-

ship, the allurement of the unknown. The stuff is here, surely, for a book that should not only deserve recognition for its true historic worth but contain also some measure of human interest and of fascination and possess the transforming and quickening spirit of romance. At least I have sought to bring to the results of orthodox research and scholarship something of life and color and imagination in the ensuing pages. The task after all is not wholly impossible, and I hope in undertaking it I have not altogether failed.

The book naturally does not seek so much to add to the great body of facts already known about the explorations herein described, nor to enter into controversial discussions regarding detailed matters (as for example the minute variations of routes and such kindred issues), as to present as nearly as possible a true and living picture of the experiences encountered by those who took part in such expeditions, the risks and dangers and hardships they had to overcome, and the contributions they made to the history of California and the opening of the West. One could scarcely hope to succeed in this, however, who had not acquired through long and careful preparation a respectable knowledge of the background of the subject and who in imagination had not lived and moved in the atmosphere of those distant and stirring scenes. These requirements, because of his long continued study of California history, the writer in some measure should have met.

Wherever possible the text of each chapter has been based upon the original narrative of some member or members of the expedition in question. These narratives have been drawn upon for frequent and sometimes extended quotations. Such extracts, indeed, should make the most interesting reading in the book, for they are the accounts of men who themselves saw and experienced the things of which they wrote.

In making a list of the Pathfinders to be included in the volume, it was necessary to limit the number materially

because of lack of space. The choice accordingly was restricted first to those of outstanding reputation and second to those most typical of the particular calling they represented or to the specific period in which they lived. Such limitations have naturally left much room for argument and perhaps for rightful criticism. On the whole, however, I believe the names included will meet the approval of most students of California history. In the composition of the book I have acceded to the request of the publishers and omitted all footnotes and the citation of authorities. The absence of this scaffolding in itself should be sufficient evidence that the volume is designed for the general reader rather than for the trained and critical historian.

Much of the preparation of the manuscript was done in the Los Angeles Public Library, the Pasadena Public Library, and the Henry E. Huntington Library and Art Gallery. To my most courteous and long suffering friends in these libraries, and especially to those of the last named institution for the use of rare volumes and manuscripts, I am deeply indebted. I am also greatly under obligation to Mr. Kenneth E. Montgomery for the maps appearing in the volume, to Miss Olive E. Hutchison for assistance in the preparation of the manuscript and for the index, and to Mr. Daniel S. Hammack for criticism of the proof.

Los Angeles, California, August 6, 1928.

ROBERT GLASS CLELAND.

HOWARD SIMON

PATHFINDERS

CHAPTER I

First on the California Coast*

IN THE STATE OF COLIMA on the west coast of Mexico, far removed from the rush and clang of the modern world, lies the sheltered harbor of Manzanillo. Here occasional steamers come to anchor a mile or two from shore to discharge cargoes of mixed freight into heavy lighters or to take on bales of hides and bags of coffee from the *haciendas* situated back from the sea at higher and more healthful altitudes.

The town itself, because it was founded among the first of the frontier settlements of New Spain, possesses an air of quaintness which only the touch of vanished centuries has the power to bestow. But aside from this it has little to commend it. The climate is hot and debilitating. The houses, examined close at hand, are unsightly and dilapidated. The few streets are narrow and full of filth. And behind the town, a long and slimy beach bordering a sluggish lagoon furnishes an uninviting and odorous feeding ground for flocks of zopilotes—the unsightly scavengers of the American tropics—which gorge themselves on the offal and refuse rotting in the sun.

Some twenty miles northwest of Manzanillo lies the

*See map at end of book.

little harbor of Navidad. Today the village consists of only a few miserable huts, isolated, decayed, almost forgotten. Yet it was once a place of consequence; the starting point for brave and heroic enterprises; a base of operations for the discovery of new lands; and the refuge toward which sailors, homeward bound after weary voyages in unknown seas, turned the prows of their spent and battered ships. In this port were built the vessels with which Legazpi sailed for the conquest of the Philippine Islands, and at this port the Manila galleon landed its cargo from the Orient until the harbor of Acapulco was chosen to take its place.

It was also from this little port, whose brief day of glory has long since departed, that two small vessels sailed bravely out to the open sea on June 27, 1542, to explore the vast expanse of the coast of New Spain, and to discover if possible that elusive gateway between the two great oceans which the Spaniards called the Strait of Anián and the English persistently and hopefully sought for under the name of the Northwest Passage, in every deeply indented bay and unknown river of the Atlantic coast.

Commanding the enterprise was Juan Rodríguez Cabrillo, a Portuguese by birth and a man "of great courage and honor and a thorough seaman." With him as chief pilot went Bartolomé Ferrelo, a native of the Levant, and, like his commander, a person "very skilled in all the things of the sea." Beyond these scant facts almost nothing is known of the previous career of either man, though both must have lived lives rich in adventure and valuable experience.

The vessels themselves—the frigate, *Victoria*, and the flagship, *San Salvador*—were unbelievably small and altogether inadequate for a voyage of such magnitude and peril as lay before them. They were, moreover, poorly

built, wretchedly outfitted, and manned by crews of conscripts and half-breeds, many of whom were doubtless rogues and vagabonds of the first water.

Crossing the Gulf of California, with its adverse currents and hostile winds, Cabrillo made his slow way northward along the Lower California coast, stopping frequently for wood and water and finding anchorage in numerous sheltered coves and harbors along the coast. By the tenth of August the vessels were at Cedros Island, as far north as any Spaniard had ever before sailed through that vast and lonely sea. From this time on Cabrillo had before him an unknown course. League after league he followed the barren coast, taking possession of its harbors —"in the name of his Majesty and of the most Illustrious Señor Don Antonio de Mendoza," viceroy of New Spain —visiting the off-shore islands, noting down the characteristics of the land along which he sailed, making friends of the Indians whom he encountered along the shore, and freely drawing upon the calendar of the Saints for fitting names to bestow upon the bays and headlands which he came upon.

By the last of the month the expedition was about midway between the Island of Cedros and the Bay of San Diego. Here Cabrillo discovered a good port—the modern San Quentín—which he named La Posesión. On going ashore for water at this place the Spaniards "found in the watering place some Indians who remained quiet and showed them a pool of water, and a saline which contained a large quantity of salt. They said by signs that they did not live there, but inland, and that there were many people. This same day, in the afternoon, five Indians came to the beach; they brought them to the ships and they appeared to be intelligent Indians. Entering the ship they pointed at and counted the Spaniards who were there, and said by signs that they had seen other men like them,

who wore beards, and who brought dogs, and crossbows, and swords. The Indians came smeared over with a white paste on the thighs, body, and arms, and wore the paste like slashes, so that they appeared like men in hose and slashed doublets. They made signs that Spaniards were five days from there. They made signs that there were many Indians, and that they had much maize and many parrots. They came covered with deerskins; some wore the deerskins dressed in the way the Mexicans dress the skins which they use for their *cutaras*. They are a large and well-featured people. They carry their bows and arrows like those of New Spain, the arrows being tipped with flints. The captain gave them a letter to carry to the Spaniards who they said were in the interior."

Beyond San Quentín Cabrillo sought shelter from a severe northwest wind at an island to which he gave the name San Augustín, but which is now called San Martín. Here he found "signs of people, and two cows' horns, and very large trees which the sea had cast there; they were more than sixty feet long and so thick that two men could not reach around one of them. They looked like cypresses and were cedars." Further along the coast the Spaniards came to the bay now called Todos Santos. This they called the Bay of San Mateo. Here were large trees —"like silk-cotton trees except that they are of hard wood"—and large plains covered with grass similar to that which grew in Spain. Here also they found droves of animals which to at least one commentator on the narrative seem "to have been the product of about equal parts of fact and imagination." The reader, however, may draw his own conclusion from the following description. "They saw some herds of animals like cattle," says the narrative, "which went in droves of a hundred or more, and which, from their appearance, from their gait, and the long wool, looked like Peruvian sheep. They have small horns a span

in length and as thick as the thumb. The tail is broad and round and a palm long."

Beyond Todos Santos, on the twenty-seventh of September, three months to a day from their departure from Navidad, the Spaniards came to three small islands which they called the Islas Desiertas. As they sailed by these barren outposts they saw on the mainland behind them the smoke of many fires and large valleys running down to the sea, and back from the coast a range of lofty mountains. Thereupon, for the first time in recorded history, Europeans landed on the shores of California. The chronicler of the expedition, speaking always in the third person, in the following undramatic and matter-of-fact language thus records the epoch-making event:

"On the following Thursday they went about six leagues along a coast running north-northwest, and discovered a port, closed and very good, which they named San Miguel. It is in thirty-four and one-third degrees. Having cast anchor in it, they went ashore where there were people. Three of them waited, but all the rest fled. To these three they gave some presents and they said by signs that in the interior men like the Spaniards had passed. They gave signs of great fear. On the night of this day they went ashore from the ships to fish with a net, and it appears that here there were some Indians, and that they began to shoot at them with arrows and wounded three men.

"Next day in the morning they went with the boat farther into the port, which is large, and brought two boys, who understood nothing by signs. They gave them both shirts and sent them away immediately.

"Next day in the morning three adult Indians came to the ships and said by signs that in the interior men like us were traveling about, bearded, clothed, and armed like those of the ships. They made signs that they carried

crossbows and swords; and they made gestures with the right arm as if they were throwing lances, and ran around as if they were on horseback. They made signs that they were killing many native Indians, and that for this reason they were afraid. These people are comely and large. They go about covered with skins of animals. While they were in this port a heavy storm occurred, but since the port is good they did not feel it at all."

This port, "closed and very good, which they named San Miguel," was in fact the land-locked harbor of San Diego; and the clothed and bearded men in the interior, who carried crossbows, swords, and lances, rode on horseback, and slaughtered the hapless natives, were probably members of the exploring expedition led by Coronado or Alarçon which had set out two years before in proud array and jubilant with hope to find the seven fabulous cities of Cíbola.

On Tuesday, October 3rd, Cabrillo and his men, doubtless greatly refreshed by their stay in the safe and pleasant harbor of San Miguel, put out again to sea and for three days held their course northward within easy distance of the land. At daybreak of the fourth day they reached two islands, lying some seven leagues from shore. More than half a century later another navigator was to name these islands San Clemente and Santa Catalina; but the followers of Cabrillo, seemingly as grateful to the two small ships which had carried them so many leagues in safety over unknown seas as to the blessed saints themselves, called them La Victoria and San Salvador.

At one of these islands the Spaniards came to anchor, and having made friends of the Indians, remained until midday. Then setting sail to the mainland they stopped at San Pedro and the next day found anchorage in "a large bay which they called the Bay of the Smokes because of the many smokes which they saw around it." This was

the Bay of Santa Monica. The port itself was good, and the country behind it attractive with "many valleys, plains, and groves."

Next day the vessels again set sail, coming to anchor two days later opposite the entrance of a large valley which ran down from the interior and opened out upon the sea. On the shore of this bay, known later as San Buenaventura, was a large Indian village which the Spaniards called the Pueblo de las Canoas. The Indians here were much further advanced than the natives previously encountered. Their dwellings were large; they had many well-built canoes, some of which were capable of carrying twelve or thirteen persons; they dressed in skins, and lived principally upon raw fish. These Indians, like so many others along the coast, told Cabrillo that men of his own race were roaming the country further inland. In addition, they "indicated by signs that in seven days they could go to where the Spaniards were, and Juan Rodríguez decided to send two Spaniards into the interior." Perhaps this purpose, as a later statement in the narrative implies, was never actually carried out, but if Cabrillo did in fact despatch two of his crew into the interior to find their wandering countrymen, no word was ever heard from them again. Off they went to unknown adventures and an unknown fate. The wilderness and oblivion swallowed them up forever.

On Friday, the thirteenth of October, Cabrillo again got under weigh and sailed through the Santa Barbara Channel, frequently coming to anchor to barter with the Indians and to learn whatever he could about them and the land in which they lived. This stretch of coast appeared most inviting, "with fine plains and many groves and savannahs." It was also very thickly settled, with Indian villages scattered along it everywhere. On the eighteenth the Spaniards "drew near to a headland which

forms a cape like a galley, and named it Cape Galera [Point Conception]. . . . And because a strong northwest wind struck them they stood off shore and discovered two islands, one large, probably about eight leagues long from east to west, the other about four leagues. . . . They are called the Islands of San Lucas."

These were the islands known today as Santa Rosa, Santa Cruz, and San Miguel. The Indians on the islands were extremely degraded. They ate almost nothing but raw fish, slept on the bare ground, lived fifty in a house like swine, and went about naked. At San Miguel, which Cabrillo called La Posesión, the vessels remained perhaps a week, and here the heroic leader fell and broke his arm close to the shoulder. After this misfortune the Spaniards sought to cross again to the mainland but were struck by a storm of such severity that they were compelled to seek refuge in the shelter of Cape Galera.

Because wood and water could not be had at this anchorage, which he called the port of Todos Santos, Cabrillo sailed back down the coast to a point off Gaviota Pass where there was a large Indian village from which the Spaniards on their previous visit had obtained so many sardines, "fresh and good," that they had named it the Pueblo de las Sardinas. For three days the ships lay here taking on wood and water and then returned to Point Conception. Here the Spaniards saw Indians who had something closely akin to totem worship. In their villages, according to the chronicler, were large plazas "with an enclosure like a fence; and around the enclosure they have many blocks of stone set in the ground, and projecting three palms above it. Within the enclosures they have many timbers set up like thick masts. On these poles they have many paintings, and we thought that they worshipped them, because when they dance they go dancing around the enclosures."

Leaving Point Conception, the *San Salvador* and the *Victoria* ran northward along the coast for five days until they came to Point Pinos in latitude 36°38′. Here, "when lying-to at sea about six leagues from the coast, waiting for the morning . . . there blew up so heavy a gale from the southwest and south-southwest, with rain and dark clouds, that they could not carry a palm of sail, and were forced to scud with a small foresail, with much labor, the whole night." During this storm, which continued with growing fury until midday of the following Monday, the vessels became separated. Accordingly, when on that day "at the hour of vespers the wind calmed down and shifted to the west," the captain of the flagship set sail in search of the *Victoria*, "steering toward the land, praying to God that they might find her, for they greatly feared that she might be lost." Two days later the lookout on the *San Salvador* sighted the lost frigate, whereupon "they heartily thanked God . . . and in the afternoon they joined company."

Serious as had been the situation of the flagship, the crew of the *Victoria* had experienced even "greater labor and risk than those of the captain's ship, since it was a small vessel and had no deck." To picture the privation, the peril, the grim presence of impending death faced by the *Victoria's* nondescript but heroic crew during those wild hours of storm and darkness, the reader's imagination needs nothing more than that last terse sentence—"it was a small vessel, and had no deck."

The day following their reunion, the two vessels entered a large bay in which they spent many hours beating about and trying to come to land; but failing in this, because of the high seas, they cast anchor in forty-five fathoms of water while Cabrillo took possession in the name of the Spanish Crown. This bay, because of the forests which came down to the water's edge, the Spaniards

called the Bay of the Pines; but in later years it was christened Drake's Bay in honor of the greatest of English mariners.

Fleeing now before the cold and storms of the higher latitudes, the two vessels continued their retreat toward the south. The shore line was hostile and forbidding, so that Cabrillo made no attempt to land. "There are mountains which reach the sky," wrote the historian of the expedition when he came to speak of this stretch of coast, "and the sea beats upon them. When sailing along near the land, it seems as if the mountains would fall upon the ships." At length, on November 23rd, the harassed vessels again found refuge in what is now Cuyler's Harbor in the island which Cabrillo had called La Posesión. Here the vessels wintered; and here "on the third of the month of January, 1543, Juan Rodríguez Cabrillo . . . departed from this life, as the result of a fall which he suffered on said island when they were there before, from which he broke an arm near the shoulder. He left as captain the chief pilot, who was one Bartolomé Ferrelo, a native of the Levant. At the time of his death he emphatically charged them not to leave off exploring as much as possible of all that coast. They named the island the Island of Juan Rodríguez."

In this terse, heroic fashion, without trivial detail or detracting elaboration, the epic of a great discoverer comes to its simple close. Cabrillo's followers buried their captain's body under the drifting sand and then, obedient to his last emphatic charge, under Ferrelo's leadership again took up the weary task of exploring the California coast. The voyage was resumed on the nineteenth of January, but storms and adverse winds prevented any progress up the coast for an entire month and it was not until the latter part of February that the vessels again reached the latitude of Drake's Bay. On the twenty-

HOWARD SIMO

eighth they were in latitude 41½° and here they encountered a storm so violent and so prolonged that only a miracle saved them from going to the bottom. The description of this experience is vivid and heroic enough to warrant its quotation at some length:

"Toward night the wind freshened and shifted to the south-southwest. They ran this night to the west-northwest, with great difficulty, and on Thursday, in the morning, the wind shifted to the southwest with great fury, the seas coming from many directions, causing them great fatigue and breaking over the ships; and as they had no decks, if God had not succored them they could not have escaped. Not being able to lay-to, they were forced to scud northeast toward the land; and now, thinking themselves lost, they commended themselves to Our Lady of Guadalupe and made their vows. Thus they ran until three o'clock in the afternoon, with great fear and travail, because they concluded that they were about to be lost, for they saw many signs that land was near by, both birds and very green trees, which came from some rivers, although because the weather was very dark and cloudy the land was invisible. At this hour the Mother of God succored them, by the grace of her Son, for a very heavy rainstorm came up from the north which drove them south with foresails lowered all night and until sunset the next day; and as there was a high sea from the south it broke every time over the prow and swept over them as over a rock. The wind shifted to the northwest and to the north-northwest with great fury, forcing them to scud to the southeast and east-southeast until Saturday, the third of March, with a sea so high that they became crazed, and if God and his blessed Mother had not miraculously saved them they could not have escaped. On Saturday at midday the wind calmed down and remained in the northwest, for which they gave heartfelt thanks to

our Lord. With respect to food they also suffered hardship, because they had nothing but damaged biscuit."

As a consequence of this storm, which eventually drove the vessels toward the south, and the acute shortage of food, Ferrelo was compelled to abandon further exploration along the coast and begin the homeward voyage to Mexico. In spite of hardship, cold, and the terrific stress and peril of constant storm, he had carried his two small vessels as far north as the Rogue River in Oregon, and had shown himself a man of the same courageous spirit and heroic will as the dead Cabrillo.

The return voyage, too, was not without its dangers and misadventures. On the night of March 4th, the vessels became separated north of San Miguel Island and though the flagship made every effort to find its consort, putting into a number of harbors along the coast and at the islands where Ferrelo hoped the other vessel might seek shelter, it was not until March 26th, when they had all but given her up for lost, that the sailors of the *San Salvador*, which for two days had been lying at anchor at Cedros Island, caught sight of the *Victoria*. Hereupon, says the chronicler, "they were greatly rejoiced and gave hearty thanks to God." The *Victoria* had indeed but narrowly escaped destruction on the shoals of San Miguel Island, "but the sailors promised Our Lady to make a pilgrimage to her Church stripped to the waist and she saved them."

From Cedros Island the two vessels, "because they had no supplies with which again to attempt to explore the coast," sailed for the port of Navidad. This they reached on Saturday, April 14, 1543, after an absence of nine months and eighteen days. It was a voyage which gave to Spain and to the world their first knowledge of California and of the long stretch of coast from Cedros Island to Oregon. It was also a voyage requiring staunch cour-

age, indomitable will and no small skill in navigation. The spirit which made it possible was personified in Juan Rodríguez Cabrillo, first of California explorers, who sleeps today in an unmarked grave beneath the drifting sands of the lonely island of San Miguel on which he died—an island which once for a brief space bore his name, but which even in this small way now no longer commemorates the intrepid discoverer of California.

Chapter II

CHAPTER II

The Greatest of English Rovers

AFTER THE memorable voyage of Cabrillo and Ferrelo nearly forty years went by before the second of the great Pathfinders reached the land of California. The navigator, Father Andres de Urdaneta, and the madcap deserter, Arellano, may indeed have sailed along the coast in 1565; and in subsequent years the captains of occasional vessels bound from the Philippine Islands to Mexico doubtless held a course within sight of land south of Cape Mendocino. But none of these appears to have effected a landing on the California mainland or to have left any record or observations of voyages down the coast.

The legitimate successor to Cabrillo among the notable discoverers of California, therefore, was not Urdaneta or Arellano, but the greatest of English seamen—Francis Drake. Of the background of this romantic figure, of his early exploits and personal appearance much indeed might fittingly be written; but the following condensed and picturesque account, from the pen of a certain John Stow, one of Drake's contemporaries, will serve the purpose of this sketch.

"Francis Drake, sonne of Edmond Drake, of Twittocke

in Devonshire Sayler, which sayd Francis was the eldest of twelve brethren, brought up under his kinsman Sir John Hawkins; at eighteene yeeres of age, he was made Purser of a ship to Biskay; at twenty yeres of age, he went to Guynea; at twenty-two yeeres of age, made Captaine of the Judith, at Saint John de Uloa, in the Bay of Mexico; within short space after, hee went twice into the Indies, presently upon that, he went againe, took Nombre de Dios, with the Kings Treasure, he went twenty dayes journey over land, toward the South Sea, where he surprised divers Forts; immediately after his returne thence he furnished at his owne propper charge, three friggots with men, and munition, and served voluntary in Ireland under Walter Earle of Essex; where he did excellent service, both by sea and land, at the winning of divers strong Forts.

. . . . . .

"He was more skilfull in all poynts of Navigation, than any that ever was before his time, in his time, or since his death, he was also of perfect memory, great Observation, eloquent by Nature, Skilfull in Artillery, Expert and apt to let blood, and give Phsicke unto his people according to the Climats, hee was low of stature, of strong limbs, broade Breasted, round headed, brown hayre, full Bearded, his eyes round, Large and cleare, well favoured, fayre, and of a cheerefull countenance."

Two of the incidents mentioned in this account by Stow require further explanation. It was in 1567 that John Hawkins, Drake's illustrious kinsman, set out on his third and most "troublesome" voyage for the Spanish colonies. The fleet consisted of six vessels, including the *Jesus* of Lubeck, of which Hawkins himself had command, the *Minion*, and the *Judith*. The last named was "a small bark of fifty ton" in which Francis Drake sailed as captain. The voyage was ill-fated from the start; and

after a series of misadventures the Englishmen found themselves lying in the harbor of San Juan de Ulua (the modern Vera Cruz), which then served as chief port of entry for the Kingdom of New Spain, with danger threatening from every quarter, and with a vastly superior Spanish fleet, bearing the viceroy of New Spain and a great treasure, momentarily expected. To make a bad situation even more annoying, Hawkins here found himself very neatly caught on the horns of a dilemma. His predicament can best be stated in his own words.

"Now it is to be understood," he wrote, "that this port is made by a little island of stones not three foot above the water in the highest place, and but a bow-shoot of length any way. This island standeth from the mainland two bow-shoots or more. Also it is to be understood that there is not in all this coast any other place for ships to arrive in safety, because the north wind hath there such violence, that unless the ships be very safely moored with their anchors fastened upon this island, there is no remedy for these north winds but death. Also the place of the haven was so little, that of necessity the ships must ride one aboard the other, so that we could not give place to them, nor they to us. And here I began to bewail that which after followed, for, Now, said I, I am in two dangers, and forced to receive the one of them. That was, either I must have kept out the fleet from entering the port, the which with God's help I was very well able to do, or else suffer them to enter in with their accustomed treason,which they never fail to execute,where they may have opportunity to compass it by any means. If I had kept them out, then had there been present shipwreck of all the fleet, which amounted in value to six millions, which was in value of our money £1,800,000, which I considered I was not able to answer, fearing the Queen's Majesty's indignation in so weighty a matter. Thus with

myself revolving the doubts, I thought rather better to abide the jut of the uncertainty than the certainty. The uncertain doubt I account was their treason, which by good policy I hoped might be prevented; and, therefore, as choosing the least mischief, I proceeded to conditions."

Not long after Hawkins reached this decision, the viceroy with his "thirteen great ships, the fleet of Spain," having agreed to a form of truce with the English and made an exchange of hostages, entered the port and came to anchor within easy range of the English vessels. Less than three days later, Hawkins' worst fears were realized. In a sudden surprise attack—which, however, caught the English only partly off their guard—the Spanish viceroy with his superior numbers, but at a great cost to his own fleet, almost annihilated the little English flotilla. Only the *Minion*, to which Hawkins transferred when his own vessel was damaged beyond hope of repair, and the little *Judith*, with Drake in command, escaped to the open sea.

Even before they were out of the harbor, however, the vessels became separated and each made its desperate way back to England alone. On this return voyage Hawkins suffered, apparently, much more than Drake. His vessel was overcrowded with the survivors from the other ships far beyond its natural limits. Food was so scarce that "hides were thought very good meat; rats, cats, mice, and dogs, none escaped that might be gotten; parrots and monkeys, that were had in great price, were thought there very profitable if they served the turn one dinner."

For fourteen days Hawkins and his wretched men "wandered in an unknown sea" until the *Minion* was finally compelled to land nearly a hundred of its crew on the Mexican Coast, and leave them there to a fate which involved suffering in its cruelest forms and imprisonment and unbelievable adventure and—for almost all—death eventually by wounds or hardship or disease or execution.

So that Hawkins, when finally he reached England with those who had remained with him on the *Minion*, could write without undue exaggeration: "If all the miseries and troublesome affairs of this sorrowful voyage should be perfectly and thoroughly written, there should need a painful man with his pen, and as great a time as he had that wrote the lives and deaths of the martyrs."

The destruction of the English fleet at San Juan de Ulua by the "treacherous villainy" of the viceroy, and the personal losses which Drake suffered there, are commonly regarded as the beginning of the latter's relentless hostility against the Spaniards. But whether this was genuine basis for his enmity or mere excuse, the fact, of course, remains that for nearly thirty years after this incident Drake harassed his Spanish enemies, whether on the high seas or in the colonies or even in the ports of the Peninsula itself, far more persistently and effectively than any other English raider even of that unparalleled generation of daring seamen.

In 1572, after numerous lesser adventures, Drake again made his appearance in the forbidden waters of the Spanish Main. On this expedition he acquired vast fame, considerable fortune, invaluable experience, and the daring conception of a plan which only one gifted with great imagination could conceive and one endowed with great audacity and skill could carry out. Having first raided with partial success the strategically located and traditionally rich city of Nombre de Dios on the Isthmus of Panamá, which served as the shipping port for much of the treasure of the New World, Drake resolved to cross the Isthmus and sack the city of Panamá itself; or failing this, to capture the mule trains which carried the treasure overland from Panamá to Nombre de Dios.

The long delays, adventures, disheartening misfortunes, and eventual success which marked this expedition, the

present narrative must reluctantly exclude. One incident, however, had such direct bearing upon Drake's California voyage that space must be given to it. As the company was crossing the Isthmus, guided by the mixed Negro and Indian savages called Maroons, whom the Spaniards looked upon with terror and mortal hatred, and with whom they waged relentless war, Drake came to the dividing line between the Atlantic and the Pacific slopes. Here he realized one of the great ambitions of his life. The incident, as quoted by Corbett, is thus described by one of Drake's contemporaries:

"In a glade the Maroons had cleared for one of their hamlets rose 'a goodly and great tree in which they had cut and made divers steps to ascent up near to the top, where they had also made a convenient bower, wherein ten or twelve men might easily sit'. . . Here Pedro 'took our Captain by the hand and prayed him to follow him, if he was desirous to see at once the two seas, which he had so longed for. . . After our Captain had ascended to this bower with the Chief Cimarron, and having as it pleased God, at that time by reason of a breeze a very fair day, had seen that sea of which he had heard such golden reports, he besought Almighty God of his goodness to give him life and leave to sail once in an English ship on that sea. And then calling up all the rest of our men he acquainted John Oxnam especially with his petition and purpose, if it would please God to grant him that happiness; who understanding it presently protested that unless our Captain did beat him from his company he would follow him by God's grace. Thus all, thoroughly satisfied with the sight of the seas, descended and after our repast continued our ordinary march through the woods.' 'From that time forward,' says Camden, 'his mind was pricked on continually night and day to perform his vow.'"

Drake returned to England in 1573 from the Nombre de

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Dios-Panamá expedition "in two frigates with ballast of silver and cargo of jewels and gold"—and with only thirty survivors of the seventy-three adventurers who had set sail from Plymouth some eighteen months before. Four years later, during which time he had not allowed his fame to diminish, he went forth from a conference with the Queen ostensibly to enlist an expedition for Alexandria in Egypt, but actually to make preparations for a "voyage into the South Sea, and therehence about the whole Globe of the Earth"—a voyage which became indeed one of the three or four most famous voyages in all the history of navigation.

Much has been written by way of explanation as to the exact motive of this expedition. Apparently, however, Drake and his influential sponsors did not limit the enterprise to a single purpose but had in view three possible objectives—first, to combine injury to the Spanish crown with the attainment of fortune for themselves by the sack of Spanish colonies and treasure ships of the Pacific; second, to plant somewhere a small English colony that might serve as the first step in the development of a New World empire for the English race; and third, to discover a route, free from Spanish or Portuguese monopoly, that would enable English vessels to share in the riches of the Spice Islands and tap the alluring markets of the Orient. It was possible that the expedition might realize all three of these objectives, but circumstances as they developed could alone determine what actually should be undertaken because of reasonable prospect of success, and what, because of adverse factors, should best be left untried.

The expedition, consisting of five small ships, the largest of which was only a hundred tons, sailed out of Plymouth Harbor on November 15, 1577. On board Drake had two hundred men, and "great store of wild-fire, chain-shot, harquebusses, pistols, corslets, bows, and other like

weapons in great abundance." After numerous vicissitudes the fleet found itself far down the coast of South America, not far from the entrance to the stormy Strait by which they trusted to reach the Pacific. Already, however, dissension and threatened mutiny were endangering the success of the expedition, so that Drake, whether in strict justice or not, gave orders that Thomas Doughty, one of the most important figures in the company, whom Drake believed to be in league with his enemies at the English court, if not indeed in the pay of the Spaniards themselves, should stand trial for treason. The outcome of this trial was, of course, a foregone conclusion; and when Drake put the issue, "Therefore, my masters, they that thinke this man worthy to dye let them with me hold upp theyr hands, and they that thinke hym not worthye to dye, hold downe theyr hands," one may reasonably suppose that many hands went up and few indeed went down. At any rate, Master Doughty was very neatly condemned to death and thereafter executed with promptness and dispatch. The account of this incident, as it appears in the narrative of Francis Pretty, a member of the company, reflects so much the temper of the age and the spirit of the Elizabethan adventurers who composed the expedition that one cannot refrain from quoting it.

"Whereupon the company was called together," he wrote, "and made acquainted with the particulars of the cause, which were found, partly by Master Doughty's own confession, and partly by the evidence of the fact, to be true. Which when our General saw, although his private affection to Master Doughty, as he then in the presence of us all sacredly protested, was great, yet the care he had of the state of the voyage, of the expectation of her Majesty, and of the honor of his country did more touch him, as indeed it ought, than the private respect of one man. So that the cause being thoroughly heard, and

all things done in good order as near as might be to the course of our laws in England, it was concluded that Master Doughty should receive punishment according to the quality of the offense. And he, seeing no remedy but patience for himself, desired before his death to receive the communion, which he did at the hands of Master Fletcher, our minister, and our General himself accompanied him in that holy action. Which being done, and the place of execution made ready, he having embraced our General, and taken his leave of all the company, with prayers for the Queen's Majesty and our realm, in quiet sort laid his head to the block, where he ended his life. This being done, our General made divers speeches to the whole company, persuading us to unity, obedience, love, and regard of our voyage; and for the better confirmation thereof, willed every man the next Sunday following to prepare himself to receive the communion, as Christian brethren and friends ought to do. Which was done in very reverent sort; and so with good contentment every man went about his business."

Drake spent the worst of the stormy season in a little harbor on the eastern coast of Patagonia. About the last of August, as the southern winter was drawing to its close, the fleet set sail again and three days later "fell in with the Strait of Magellan, going into the South Sea." The voyage through the Strait required seventeen days, and at no time during this period were the vessels wholly free from danger. Some idea of the difficulties and hazards of the passage may be gained from the account of John Davis, "one of the most famous seamen of his time," who accompanied Cavendish in 1591.

"For the place in viewe is dangerous and verye unpleasing," wrote Davis, "and in the execution to passe Nothing may seeme more doubtful, for fourteen leagues west within the cape of Saint Maria lyeth the first straight,

where it floweth and ebbeth with violent swiftness, the straight not half a mile broad, the first fall into which straight is verye dangerous and doubtfull. This straight lasteth in his narrowness, three leages, then falling into another sea eight leages broad and eight leages through there lyeth the second straight, due west South West from the firste, which course being unknowne it is no small perill in finding this second straightes, and that agayne is not a myle broad and continueth the bredth three or four leages Southwest, with violent swiftness of flowing and reflowing, and there agayne he falleth into an other Sea, through which due South Southwest lyeth the cape froward, and his straight (so rightly named in the true nature of his perversnes, for be the wind never so favorable, at that cape it will be directly agaynst you, with violent and dangerous flaughes) where there are three places probable to continue the passage. But the true straight lyeth from this cape West Nor West, where the land is very high all covered with snowe, and full of dangerous counterwindes, that beate with violence from those huge mountaines, from which cape the straight is never broder than two leages and in many places not halfe a mile, without hope of anchorage, the channell beeing shore deepe more than two hundreth fadomes, and so continueth to the South sea, forty leages only to bee releved in little dangerous coves, with many turnings and change of courses, how perilous then was this passage to Syr Franncis Drake, to whom at that time no parte thereof was knowne. And being without reliefe of anchorage was inforced to follow this course in the hell darke nights, and in all the fury of tempestuous stormes. I am the bolder to make this particular relation in the praise of his perfect constancy and magnanemitye of spirite, because I have thrise passed the same straights & have felt the most bitter & mercyles fury thereof."

Scarcely was Drake out of the dangerous waters of the Strait before he was caught in such a fearful storm that the vessels, tossed about like corks in the sea, were driven far out of their course, and for fifty-two days fled at the mercy of the gale. On the fifteenth day of September, "fell out the eclipse of the moon at the hour of six o'clock of the night. But neither did the ecliptical conflict of the moon impair our state, nor her clearing again amend us a whit; but the accustomed eclipse of the sea continued in force, we being darkened more than the moon sevenfold." In this storm, "the like of which no traveller hath felt, neither hath there ever been such a tempest since Noah's flood," the helpless *Marigold* went down with all hands and the despairing cry of the dying men rang out across the black waters. In this storm also the *Elizabeth* and the *Swan* parted company with the flagship, which Drake had rechristened the *Golden Hind*, and sailed back to England. The little *Benedict*, the fifth vessel of the fleet, had long since been broken up, so that the *Golden Hind* alone was left to complete the voyage.

Drake was now, however, at the actual entrance of the "Treasure House of the World"; and since none of his kind had ever sailed those seas before, almost limitless riches were to be had for the taking. In the harbor of Valparaiso he secured his first prize, raiding the little village of Santiago for good measure, and finding both in ship and in hamlet ample reward for his pains. From this point onward the English adventurers boarded one prize after another or seized treasure from unprotected and unsuspecting villages in such quantity that there was scarce room to carry it on the *Golden Hind*. Sailing along the coast. for example, they came to the port of Tarapaca. Here, having landed, according to the narrative of Francis Pretty, "we found by the sea side a Spaniard lying asleep, who had lying by him thirteen bars of silver, which weighed

4,000 ducats Spanish. We took the silver and left the man. Not far from hence, going on land for fresh water, we met with a Spaniard and an Indian boy driving eight llamas or sheep of Peru, which are as big as asses; every of which sheep had on his back two bags of leather, each bag containing 50 lb. weight of fine silver. So that, bringing both the sheep and their burthen to the ships, we found in all the bags eight hundred weight of silver."

At Arica and again at Lima, Drake added amazingly to his growing booty. At the latter place also he learned that a great treasure ship, bound from Peru to Panamá, was not far ahead. This was the *Nuestra Señora de la Concepción*, or as she is better known, the *Cacafuego*—"the chiefest glory of the whole South Sea"—on board of which was an incredible quantity of gold and silver. After this ship Drake set out in hot pursuit, pausing long enough in his haste, however, to board a small bark which he chanced to encounter and to take from her "80 lb. weight of gold, and a crucifix of gold with goodly great emeralds set in it."

"From hence we departed, still following the Cacafuego," continues Pretty's Narrative; "and our general promised our company that whosoever should first descry her should have his chain of gold for his good news. It fortuned that John Drake, going up into the top, descried her about three of the clock. And about six of the clock we came to her and boarded her, and shot at her three pieces of ordnance, and strake down her mizen; and, being entered, we found in her great riches, as jewels and precious stones, thirteen chests full of reals of plate, fourscore pound weight of gold, and six-and-twenty ton of silver" —a prize, surely, worthy even of the greatest of those English Sea Dogs which had been bred so successfully in Devon.

The account of the capture of the *Cacafuego* given by her

captain, Señor San Juan de Antón, is more detailed and in some respects even more interesting than that of the English narrator. It runs as follows:

"While I was with my ship between Cabo de San Francisco and the Punta de la Galera on Sunday, March 1, at midday, I saw a ship towards land which was following the same course that I was, in the direction of Panamá. I thought it was a vessel from Guayaquil and went up towards it. About nine o'clock at night the English ship crossed the stern of my ship, and shortly came along side abreast of the tack. I hailed her but the corsair did not answer. On asking what ship it was, the answer came that it was a ship from Chile, and believing this I went to the side, the English ship having already run foul of me. Some one said, 'Englishman—Strike sail,' and another said, 'Strike sail, Señor San Juan de Antón! If not, see that we will send you to the bottom.' I said, 'What old tub is that to order me to strike sail? Come on board and do it yourself.' When they heard this, a whistle sounded in the English ship and a trumpet responded. At once they discharged what seemed to be about sixty harquebuses and then many arrows which struck the side of my ship. Shortly, a heavy gun was fired with chainballs which carried away the mizzenmast into the sea with the sail and the yard. Another heavy gun was fired, some one saying that I should strike. At this point the launch came alongside on the portside, with a matter of some forty harquebusiers, who climbed up the channels to which the shrouds are fastened and came aboard my ship. The English ship lay alongside on the starboard and thus they made me strike sail."

The same captain in his deposition gives this very illuminating description of the armament and equipment of the *Golden Hind*. "It seemed to me that the people whom Captain Francis has with him in the ship and in the launch

number eighty-five men, of whom fifty seem to be fighting men, the rest boys and rabble. He has seven pieces of artillery of cast iron on a side on the lower deck, two large pieces of cast iron in the poop near the helm, and above deck six large pieces, two of bronze. I understood from the Captain that he had more artillery below. I saw that he had many machines of war-like character with which to fight, such as bombs and arrows, a certain machine to throw fire to set on fire the sails of a ship, as well as chain balls with which to break the masts and other parts of a ship, tackle, many harquebuses, coats of mail, pistols, armor, pikes, and all kinds of weapons in great quantity."

The capture of the *Cacafuego* was the climax, so far as booty was concerned, of the Drake expedition. The English raiders seized at least two more vessels after the *Cacafuego*, one of which was the outward bound Manila galleon; and also occupied and looted the small town of Guatulco on the Mexican Coast. Then Drake, counting himself at last "both in respect of his private injuries received from the Spaniards, as also of their contemps and indignities offered to our country and prince in general, sufficiently satisfied and revenged," began to plan his voyage homeward. According to one of the Spaniards, who was a prisoner for a time on the *Golden Hind*, Drake had a "sailing chart more than two *varas* long which he said had been made in Lisbon and had cost him eight hundred ducats or *crusadors* and that in order to get out of this sea, he had four ways to reach England; one by the Cape of Good Hope and by India, one by Norway, another by the Strait of Magellan and the fourth he would not name."

Both because of the danger from the Spaniards and the hazardous nature of the Strait itself, Drake dared not venture back by the way he had come. Nor indeed is it likely that he had any desire to retrace his course. Two other routes instead lay open to him. One would take him by

way of the Moluccas around the Cape of Good Hope; and the other—"which he would not name"—was the fabled Strait of Anián, the "northwest mystery" so eagerly and so persistently sought by the Spaniards to provide a northern gateway between the Pacific and the Atlantic oceans.

From April 16, 1579, to June 3, the *Golden Hind* sailed a northwest course, making in all some 600 leagues. By this time she was beyond what is now the boundary line between California and Oregon; but the exact point reached by Drake during this part of his voyage can only be surmised. Most authorities agree that he could not have gone further than the forty-fourth parallel; and some believe that he turned back a degree or two further south. Retracing his way along the coast, at any rate, Drake finally found a "convenient and fit harbour" into which "it pleased God" to send the *Golden Hind*. In the identification of this bay there is again much disagreement. The modern Drake's Bay is commonly regarded as the anchorage, though Bodega Bay and Trinidad both have their champions. But whatever the bay, the weather-beaten, barnacle-covered *Golden Hind*, with its priceless cargo of captured treasure, had at last found anchorage on the California coast and a handful of daring English adventurers had written a new chapter in the intrepid annals of navigation.

Drake remained on the California coast until July twenty-third. Unfortunately the record of this portion of the expedition is almost lacking in noteworthy incident except as it relates to the manners and customs of the Indians with whom the whites came in contact. These natives, "courteously entreated" by Drake, looked upon the English as gods, and could not be persuaded to think otherwise. They came in great numbers to the English encampment, and not only brought presents of various kinds, but worshipped the strangers with so much persistency and

fervor, "tormenting themselves lamentably and tearing their flesh from their cheeks" that those to whom these rather gruesome adorations were paid, found themselves thoroughly embarrassed, and eagerly sought to escape the rôle of gods the savages expected them to play.

These manifestations of good-will on the part of the Indians came to a climax in a most elaborate ceremonial which Drake interpreted as his formal coronation as sovereign of their territory. "In which to persuade us the better," says the narrative, "the king and the rest, with one consent, and with great reverence, joyfully singing a song, did set the crown upon his head, enriched his neck with all their chains, and offered him many other things, honouring him by the name of Hioh, adding thereunto, as it seemed, a sign of triumph; which thing our General thought not meet to reject, because he knew not what honour and profit it might be to our country. Wherefore in the name, and to the use of her Majesty, he took the sceptre, crown and dignity of the said country into his hands, wishing that the riches and treasure thereof might so conveniently be transported to the enriching of her kingdom at home, as it aboundeth in the same."

When the business of repairing the *Golden Hind* and making her seaworthy was at an end, Drake and his men made an expedition into the interior. Here they visited sundry Indian villages and saw those huge herds of wild deer, "most large and fat of body," that later explorers of California were similarly to comment upon with so much enthusiasm. They also found enormous numbers of a small animal which, if the description is correct, must have been a curious cross between the ordinary California ground squirrel and the pocket gopher. The account runs as follows:

"We found the whole countrey to bee a warren of a strange kinde of Conies, their bodies in bigness as be the

Barbary Conies, their heades as the heades of ours, the feet of a Want, and the taile of a Rat being of great length; under her chinne on either side a bagge, into the which shee gathereth her meate when she hath filled her belly abroad. The people eate their bodies, and make great account of their skinnes, for their Kings' coat was made of them."

How far inland Drake travelled on this expedition or how long he stayed, the record unfortunately does not state. Immediately upon his return, apparently, the ship was made ready for sailing and amid a tremendous wailing from the Indians on the surrounding hillsides, the great navigator and his crew, dreaming perhaps someday of returning to plant an English colony on this far Pacific shore, sailed out of the "fair and good bay" into the open sea. But before he left Drake claimed and named the land for England, and for many generations thereafter English map makers fondly kept the name by which he christened it.

"Our Generall," says the account, "called this country Nova Albion, and that for two causes: the one in respect of the white bankes and cliffes, which lye towards the sea, and the other, because it might have some affinitie with our Countrey in name, which sometimes was so called. There is no part of earth heere to be taken up, wherein there is not some special likelihood of gold or silver.

"At our departure hence our Generall set up a monument of our being there, as also of her Majesties right and title to the same; namely a plate, nailed upon a faire great poste, whereupon was engraven her Majesties name, the day and yeere of our arrival there, with the free giving up of the province and people into her Majesties hands, together with her Highnes picture and armes, in a piece of sixe pence of current English money, under the plate, whereunder was also written the name of our Generall."

On July 24 and 25 the *Golden Hind* anchored at one of the Farallone Islands, which the English called the Islands of St. James; and then quitting the California coast forever, Drake turned the prow of his brave and forever famous little vessel across the wide Pacific. But from a description of this homeward voyage, with its fascinating account of strange peoples and new kingdoms and its record of desperate escapes, the present narrative must reluctantly turn aside.

On September 26, 1580, the English adventurers dropped anchor in Plymouth Harbor. As Drake much earlier in the voyage himself had said, they had "set by the ears three mighty Princes," the sovereigns of England, Spain, and Portugal, and no one knew precisely what Elizabeth would have to say as to their raids on Spanish colonies and Spanish ships. Public opinion was also somewhat divided, for many of the English merchants, perhaps fearing reprisals from Spain, denounced Drake roundly and termed him, not altogether incorrectly, the "Master theefe of the unknown world."

Elizabeth, however, was not one to be over-scrupulous in judging the performance of her subjects in adventurous fields. Drake had brought home unbelievable treasure, much of which would find its way ultimately to the Queen's private account; he had done Philip of Spain vast damage, both direct and indirect; he had found a field in the New World where colonies might ultimately be planted; he had opened the door for English merchants to the riches of the Spice Islands and of the East; and lastly he had immeasurably increased the prestige of England and her glory on the seas. It was not long, therefore, before the "Queenes Majestie came aborde his Weather-beaten Barke" as it lay at anchor in the harbor, and there on the deck of the *Golden Hind*, which had perhaps seen more of high adventure and bold undertaking than any

other vessel that ever sailed from English port, Elizabeth knighted Drake and placed the royal seal of approval on all that he had done.

With Drake's later career—his subsequent raids on the Spanish Main, the "singeing of the beard of the Spanish king," his part in the defeat of the Great Armada—this chapter has no space to deal. His end came while he was engaged as joint admiral with Sir John Hawkins on a great expedition against the West Indies in the very waters where he had begun his daring career. Here, on board his own vessel, stricken in soul as well as in body, "hee dyed neere Porta Bella and beeing Coffined was cast into the Sea."—And beeing Coffined was cast into the Sea! How fitting such an end for such a man!

Buccaneer, Freebooter, Pirate, Master Seaman of the English Race—call him what you will—none knew better than Francis Drake the ways of the sea, none appealed quite so strongly to the robust imagination of his time, none among the great Elizabethan seamen so perfectly personified the energy and determined will of the audacious age in which he lived. This was the man who first set Englishfoot on California soil, and who, having named the country after his own land, took possession of it on behalf of his sovereign and thought perhaps some day to return and make it the center of a great imperial domain.

Chapter III

CHAPTER III

Explorers from Manila and New Spain*

DRAKE'S EXPLOITS in the South Sea and his ravages along the coast, as described in the preceding chapter, brought a rude awakening to the Spanish king. Heretofore that part of their far-flung colonial empire which fronted on the Pacific had been regarded as so secure, by reason of its isolation from the outside world, that the Spaniards had given little thought to its protection and had done almost nothing to safeguard it against pirate raid or enemy invasion. The losses inflicted by Drake showed them the folly and danger of this delusion.

Drake's performance, moreover, as was certainly to be expected, soon stimulated imitation. On July 21, 1586, only six years after the return of the *Golden Hind*, two small ships and a bark of forty tons weighed anchor in Plymouth Harbor and set sail on "the admirable and prosperous Voyage of the Worshipful Master Thomas Cavendish, of Trimley, in the County of Suffolk, Esquire, into the South Sea, and from thence round about the circumference of the whole earth." On this expedition Cavendish almost duplicated Drake's earlier performances. He took less booty than his predecessor, however, was guilty of more wanton destruction of Spanish settlements, and made no new discoveries of consequence along the coast.

*See map at end of book.

His crowning achievement was the capture of the great 700-ton Manila galleon, the *Santa Anna*, off Cape San Lucas on the coast of Lower California. The cargo of this vessel, for which the English for some time lay in wait, furnished the raiders with most desirable loot, "to wit, 122,000 pesos of gold; and the rest of the riches . . . in silks, satins, damasks, with musk and divers other merchandise, and great store of all manner of victuals, with the choice of many conserves of all sorts for to eat, and sundry sorts of very good wines."

Having transferred as much as possible of the prize's cargo to his own ships and set her crew and passengers ashore with a considerable supply of food and ammunition, Cavendish burned the *Santa Anna* almost to the water's edge and "set sail joyfully homewards towards England [by way of the Philippine Islands] with a fair wind." The hapless Spaniards, in their turn, but not quite so joyfully, made their way back to Acapulco in the salvaged hulk of the *Santa Anna*.

Seven years after Cavendish had caused such furor in the Pacific, another Englishman, Richard Hawkins, appeared off the South American coast prepared to emulate Drake and Cavendish in his seizure of Spanish treasure. His career was cut short, however, by capture at the hands of the Spaniards before he had gone far beyond Panamá.

These raids of English freebooters, presaging as they did much more frequent and more highly organized attacks on Spain's Pacific colonies, necessitated some plan of defense on the part of the Spanish Crown. In this problem the great expanse of unoccupied coast which stretched from the southernmost tip of Lower California into the unknown mists of the north was especially vulnerable and of strategic significance.

Somewhere on this coast, the Spaniards believed, the Strait of Anián entered the South Sea; and this Strait,

having been discovered by Drake, as they supposed, would furnish the English an easy highway to the Spanish possessions and a practical means of planting their colonies on the Pacific. Down this coast, also, the Manila galleon —the annual trading and treasure ship from the Philippine Islands to Acapulco in New Spain—was forced to sail the last stretch of its long, wearisome and often disease-stricken voyage. Whoever held this coast, moreover, had a sure means of approach to those coveted mines of Central and Northern Mexico whose inexhaustible stores were already making the Kingdom of New Spain the richest and most coveted of all the Spanish possessions.

For all these reasons, the further exploration, and if possible the actual settlement, of the coast of California, was fast becoming an imperative necessity from the standpoint of the Spanish Crown. As early, indeed, as 1584, Francisco de Gali, "the best trained and most distinguished man in Mexico" in the art of navigation, had sailed down the California coast in the Manila galleon and stimulated an interest in the settlement of the region by the report he had rendered to the viceroy.

Three years after Gali's voyage, a certain Pedro de Unamuno, in a small and ill-conditioned frigate, named the *Nuestra Señora de Buena Esperanza*, sailed from the harbor of Macao in China for Acapulco. The vessel carried a small crew, a few natives of the Island of Luzon, and three Franciscan friars, one of whom, Fray Martin Ignacio Loyola, envoy to China, was the nephew of the great founder of the Jesuit order, Ignatius Loyola. After a long and somewhat perilous voyage, Unamuno reached the California coast on October 17, 1587, in latitude 35½°, according to the best reckoning he could obtain, or somewhere in the vicinity of San Luis Obispo. The next day he came to anchor in a bay (which he called San Lucas because he entered it on Saint Luke's Day) where there was "a limit-

less quantity of fish of different kinds, trees suitable for masts, water and firewood and abundant shell fish"—in other words an ideal place for a vessel to find anchorage and obtain fresh supplies after a long voyage. At this anchorage the Spaniards remained several days. During the course of their stay they made a number of inland incursions, Padre Martin "carrying a cross in his hands" and Unamuno guarding carefully against a surprise attack from the Indians.

On the first of these explorations Unamuno found a hill near the shore thickly covered with shells—an Indian kitchen-midden—and here he took possession of the land in the name of the Spanish Crown. Of this ceremony he wrote:

"Arrived at this hill, we found it as above described, and there, because it seemed a suitable place to take possession of said port and land in His Majesty's name, inasmuch as, quietly and pacifically, I and the rest of the party had landed and traversed the said land about the port, as territory belonging to his domain and crown, I took said possession in the name of the king, Philip, our master, in the presence of Diego Vazquez Mexia (one of the alcaldes elected for the purpose) in his capacity of Justicia, and, authorized by this act of possession, in due legal form I ran up a cross, in sign of the Christian faith and of the possession of said port and land taken in His Majesty's name. Having cut branches from the trees which grew thereabouts and gone through the other customary ceremonies, we went on board said frigate."

Unfortunately the Indians, unlike those encountered by Cabrillo or Drake, showed themselves decidedly hostile to the strangers and attacked them savagely at every opportunity, though apparently without provocation. Once, indeed, they did such damage and were so persistent in their attack that there was real danger that the little com-

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pany of Spaniards might be exterminated. At least a part of the description of this first battle between whites and Indians on California soil deserves a place in a volume such as this. Three of Unamuno's rearguard had already been seriously wounded by arrows and javelins, when the leader turned back with the main force to beat off the attack. From this point on the account runs as follows:

"Because he had taken off the coat of mail which he carried, Felipe de Contreras, who was also in the rearguard, was wounded with a javelin which went entirely through his breast, so that he could not retreat, and from this wound and others which he received, being disarmed, he died immediately, according to the report made by the others of his company. Along with him, they killed one of our Indians with a javelin-thrust, which he failed to ward off with his target. Order was issued to look to the wounded, and for the rest to close ranks, for many Indians were again coming down the hill. Seeing their number to be great, and that they continued to come down, we endeavoured to withdraw to the beach in order, since it was the best point from which to defend ourselves and withstand them. The people who had been aboardship, and had landed to our support, and those who were on land, joined forces in good order, and we had encounters and skirmishes with the Indians, in which some of them were killed and many others were wounded. They wounded only one of our men, and seeing this they withdrew and separated into three bands. We withdrew to our post, where it was decided that if the enemy returned it would be well to be provided with a raft, in order that we might all embark together, for the ship's boat was small and could take us aboard only in many trips, so that if we should find ourselves hard-pushed, we would not be able to retire. The raft was made and shortly brought to land, where the ship's boat was. During this time the enemy

attacked us on three fronts, but withdrew with loss, without wounding any of our men. At about five in the afternoon, the enemy retired toward the hill where they had wounded our men, and sent out sentries. Seeing that it was now late, and that the enemy had retired, we embarked on the raft and in the ship's boat."

Having come aboard ship and had supper, Unamuno called a council to decide what course should next be taken. Here "it was resolved that it was advisable to continue on our voyage, coasting the land, and not to go ashore to the enemy; for the powder had burned the day previous, while we were refining it; our men were badly wounded, and medicines with which to treat them were scanty; and the unwounded men were few to resist the enemy without powder or munitions; and, further, that in that port we had done what was to be done and along the coast could find other (and more) harbors; wherefore it was better to go to report to His Excellency on what had occurred. Therefore it was resolved to clear on Wednesday, October 21, before daybreak, as we did." The voyage down the coast was made without special mishap and the *Nuestra Señora de Buena Esperanza* entered Acapulco on November twenty-second.

In 1595, eight years after Unamuno's appearance in California waters, Sebastián Rodríquez Cermeño, a Portuguese by birth who had been in command of the *Santa Anna* at the time of her capture by Cavendish, was made captain of a galleon called the *San Augustín*, sailing from Manila to Acapulco, and instructed to make a careful examination of the California coast. Cermeño, who was described by the viceroy, Don Luís de Velasco, as "a man of experience in his calling, one who can be depended upon, and who has means of his own," brought his vessel in safety across the Pacific and made the landfall of the California coast a little north of Eureka. He then turned southward,

taking soundings as he went and otherwise fulfilling his instructions. A severe storm damaged the ship after it had passed Cape Mendocino, but the *San Augustín* was finally brought to anchor in Drake's Bay, which Cermeño called the Bay of San Francisco. Here the Spaniards remained from November 6 to December 8, extending their explorations into the interior to gather information regarding the resources of the land and the character of its inhabitants.

At this anchorage on November 30, the *San Augustín* was driven ashore in a storm and so badly wrecked that the crew were compelled to abandon her and trust themselves to a small open boat which fortunately was already in process of construction when the wreck occurred. This little craft, named by Cermeño the *Buenaventura*, was made by hollowing out a large tree to form the hull and by building up the sides with planks. It had no deck and was propelled both by sails and sweeps. In such a boat some seventy-two persons embarked on a voyage of over 1,500 miles along an unknown coast. They carried with them almost no provisions, except a few fish and bitter acorns bartered from the Indians, and had such scant facilities for carrying water that more than once the entire company nearly died from thirst.

To this little band of half-starved adventurers, however, belongs the honor of one of the most important incidents of early navigation along the California coast—the discovery of the Bay of Monterey. Cermeño records the event as follows: "During the day I traveled twenty-two leagues without discovering during the whole journey anything worthy of mention. Sailing close to the land and at times within a musket-shot of it, one could see it plainly, and that it was bare, like rough broken country, although above on the mountains there were some pine and oak trees. The land seemed to be unpopulated, as no

people were seen on it in the day time, and at night there was no smoke nor fire.

"Sunday morning I commenced to sail, and discovered a very large bay, which I named the bay of San Pedro [Monterey]. It measures from point to point across the mouth a distance of fifteen leagues travel; and taking the sun in it I found that it was in the latitude of 37°. Sailing seven or eight leagues toward the south, I anchored behind a point so as not to travel at night."

Running on down the coast, Cermeño came to another large bay where he found Indians who had evidently had some previous contact with Spanish seamen and who appeared to understand the meaning of the words Christian and Mexico. His men, by this time desperate from hunger and sickness, now demanded that he should sail direct to the nearest settlement in New Spain. But Cermeño, not yet ready to abandon his explorations, continued to make a survey of the islands and coast until the *San Buenaventura* was south of San Diego Bay. By this time the company was in an extremity of distress and suffering, but succour came to them from unexpected quarters and Cermeño thus gratefully recorded the miracle:

"While at anchor at the south end of this island the wind came up from the south, and we went to take shelter on the north part and anchored there. We went on shore and found many wild onions and prickly pears, and God was pleased that we should find between some rocks a dead fish with two mortal wounds. It was so large that with it we, seventy persons in number, sustained ourselves more than eight days; without it we should have perished of hunger, in such great distress did we find ourselves. Not having any water nor knowing where to find it, it seemed that God was pleased to give us that night, while at anchor, so much wind that the anchor dragged and we were driven more than four leagues down the coast until

the break of day, when, raising the anchor, we entered into a small cove-like port, which is on the island itself and is a good shelter for small ships. Going on shore, we discovered an arroyo of very good water, which falls from the hills of the island, at which we watered."

After some further adventures, much sickness, and even more distressing privations than they had previously experienced, the adventurers reached Navidad on January 7, 1596. Despite the loss of his ship and through all the peril and hardship he was compelled to face after leaving Drake's Bay, Cermeño had shown himself to be possessed of the true spirit of exploration and had added materially to the body of knowledge which the Spaniards were gradually acquiring of the distant but strategic California coast.

Cermeño's voyage, and particularly the loss of the *San Augustín*, went far to convince those most interested in the exploration of California that the Manila galleon was not the vessel to undertake this work, but that a well-equipped expedition, definitely outfitted for the task, must be sent from one of the ports of New Spain itself. After much discussion, long drawn out preliminaries, and an unsuccessful pearl-hunting, colonizing, and exploring venture to Lower California in 1596, this expedition was finally sent forth in 1602. In command of the enterprise was Sebastián Vizcaíno, a man of varied experience and highly romantic background. Part of his career had been spent in the Philippine Island trade; he had been in the *Santa Anna* when Cavendish raided that ill-fated galleon and had lost a considerable fortune as a consequence; he had led the expedition to Baja California referred to above and had named the port of La Paz; later on in life he was to command an expedition in search of the fabulous islands of Rica de Oro and Rica de Plata, and to serve as ambassador of the viceroy of New Spain to the Japanese court.

The fleet which Vizcaíno commanded consisted of two ships, the *Santa Tomás* and the *San Diego*, and a frigate named the *Tres Reyes*. These vessels carried some two hundred souls. A long-boat was also towed along as far as Cape San Lucas but proving more of a nuisance than a help was left here to await the return of the expedition. With Vizcaíno went Torivio Gómez de Corbán as admiral, Francisco de Bolaños, as chief pilot, and Captain Gerónimo Martín de Palacios as chief cosmographer.

Moreover, in accordance with the usual practice, three friars were also sent with the expedition both to care for the spiritual needs of the Spaniards and to convert the Indians to Christianity. Finally, to follow Vizcaíno's devout wording: "As patroness and protector, Our Lady of Carmen was carried. We took her on board the day of the Exaltation of the Cross, in procession, with all the sailors and soldiers in order, with a salute of artillery and musketry, the bow of the bark in which she was carried being covered with awning."

The fleet sailed from Acapulco, then the port of entry for the highly profitable trade between the Philippine Islands and New Spain, on Sunday, May 5, 1602. Remaining a few days at Navidad to take on wood and water, it continued its voyage to the Bay of San Bernabé where Vizcaíno ordered a tent to be pitched "near the beach in the shelter of a large rock, where stopped the men of the ships which the Englishman, Don Tomás, plundered." Here mass was said, the general and many of his men confessed and received the communion, and "Father Fray Tomás de Aquino preached, and all with much joy, health, and peace gave thanks to God for having reached this place."

The voyage from Cape San Lucas, at the southernmost tip of the Lower California Peninsula, to the Bay of San Diego lasted from July 5 to November 10. It is not neces-

sary here to go into the details of this long and wearisome passage. Storms and adverse winds proved both vexatious and dangerous. Not infrequently the vessels were separated and none knew whether the others had survived or not. Drinking water was often scarce, because "the quarter pipes which we carried, for as they had been made in Acapulco of old and gaping and worm-eaten staves, when we thought we had water we were without it." But despite these and many other obstacles, Vizcaíno succeeded in making a careful survey of almost all the western Lower California coast and in securing much valuable information regarding both the resources and the limitations of the land for colonization purposes. Many of the names, too, which he gave to bay and headland (though others—the true discoverers—had perhaps named them long before his voyage) have survived until the present day.

Early in November the expedition was in the latitude of the present boundary line between the United States and Mexico. On Sunday, "the tenth of the month," wrote Vizcaíno, "we arrived at a port, which must be the best to be found in all the South Sea, for, besides being protected on all sides and having good anchorage, it is in latitude 33½°. It has very good wood and water, many fish of all kinds, many of which we caught with seine and hooks. On land there is much game, such as rabbits, hares, deer, very large quail, royal ducks, thrushes, and many other birds.

"On the twelfth of the said month, which was the day of the glorious San Diego, the general, admiral, religious, captains, ensigns, and almost all the men went on shore. A hut was built and mass was said in celebration of the feast of Señor San Diego."

Father Antonio de la Ascensión, one of the religious who accompanied Vizcaíno, wrote a detailed description of this bay and of the Indians who lived in its vicinity.

Part of the good Father's narrative was no doubt colored by his desire to impress the King of Spain with the extreme desirability of California as a field for the establishment of Christian missions. But surely this offense may be forgiven him when one recalls how frequently the advantages of California have since been so much more exaggerated and for so much less worthy ends! At any rate Father Ascensión wrote: "The harbor is large and secure, and has a large beach within, like an island of sand, which the sea covers at high tide. In the sand on this beach there is a great quantity of yellow pyrites, all full of holes, a sure sign that in the neighboring mountains and adjacent to this port there are gold mines; for the water, when it rains, brings it from the mountains, and the whole watershed converges here. On the sandy beach which I said was in this harbor we found some large pieces, like adobe, brown or dark red in color, and very light in weight, like dried cowdung. They had neither a good nor a bad odor, and they are said to be amber. If this is so, there are great riches and an abundance of amber here.

"There are many different kinds of fish, of very good taste and flavor, such as ray, sea-horse, lobster, crab, guitarras, sardine, turtle, and many other kinds. There is much wild game for hunting and fowling; and there are many large grassy pastures. The Indians paint themselves white, and black, and dark London blue. This color comes from certain very heavy blue stones, which they grind very fine, and, dissolving the powder in water, make a stain, with which they daub the face and make on it lines which glisten like silver ribbons. These stones seem to be of rich silver ore, and the Indians told us by signs that from similar stones a people living inland, of form and figure like our Spaniards, bearded, and wearing collars and breeches, and other fine garments like ours, secured silver in abundance, and that they had a name for it in their own

language. To ascertain whether these Indians knew silver, the general showed them some silver bowls and a plate. They took it in their hands and spun it around, and, pleased by the sound, said it was good, and was the same as that possessed and valued highly by the people of whom they had told us. Then he put in their hands a pewter bowl, but when they struck it the sound did not please them and, spitting, they wanted to throw it into the sea."

Vizcaíno remained eight days in this port to which he gave the name of San Diego, though Cabrillo some sixty years before had called it the Bay of San Miguel. On the twenty-fourth of November, "which was the eve of the feast of the glorious Santa Catalina," the Spaniards descried three large islands and after much difficulty, because of a head-wind, came abreast of the one in the center. Here, discovering "a very good cove" and preparing to anchor, they found themselves surrounded by large numbers of Indians who "came out in canoes of cedar and pine made of planks very well joined and calked, each one with eight oars and with fourteen or fifteen Indians, who looked like galley slaves."

Having established cordial relations with these friendly natives, the visitors the next day went on shore where one of the friars said mass. Afterward Vizcaíno "brought to the ship six Indian girls from eight to ten years old, whom their mothers willingly gave him, and he clothed them with chemises, petticoats, and necklaces, and sent them ashore. The rest of the women, seeing this, came with their daughters in canoes, asking for gifts. The result was that no one returned empty-handed. The people go dressed in seal skins, the women especially covering their loins, and their faces show them to be modest; but the men are thieves, for anything they saw unguarded they took. They are a people given to trade and traffic and are fond of barter, for in return for old clothes they would

give the soldiers skins, shells, nets, thread, and very well twisted ropes, these in great quantities and resembling linen. They have dogs like those in Castile."

Some days later, "the general went inland to see the opposite coast. He found on the way a level prairie, very well cleared, where the Indians were assembled to worship an idol which was there. It resembled a demon, having two horns, no head, a dog at its feet, and many children painted all around it. The Indians told the general not to go near it, but he approached it and saw the whole thing, and made a cross, and placed the name of Jesus on the head of the demon, telling the Indians that that was good, and from heaven, but that the idol was the devil. At this the Indians marvelled, and they will readily renounce it and receive our Holy Faith, for apparently they have good intellects and are friendly and desirous of our friendship. The general returned to the pueblo, and an Indian woman brought him two pieces of figured China silk, in fragments, telling him that they had got them from people like ourselves, who had negroes; that they had come on the ship which was driven by a strong wind to the coast and wrecked, and that it was farther on."

This island, with its friendly inhabitants and demon-like idol, Vizcaíno called Santa Catalina. Thus again, though probably unknowingly, he ignored the fact that the great Cabrillo had long before preceded him and had named the island in honor of his vessel and of another saint, San Salvador. Leaving his anchorage at Catalina, Vizcaíno sailed northward through the Santa Barbara Channel. Indians came out to visit the vessels, both from the mainland and from the islands, handling their canoes with great dexterity and paddling "so swiftly that they seemed to fly." The canoes themselves were evidently the product of a very superior craftsmanship. At least Vizcaíno, making, it must be confessed, a singular compari-

son between two very unlike craft, wrote of one canoe which carried five Indians that it was "so well constructed and built that since Noah's Ark a finer and lighter vessel with timbers better made has not been seen."

The little fleet rounded Point Conception and continued up the coast until December 16th when at seven o'clock in the evening the vessels dropped anchor in a "good and commodious port" which Vizcaíno named Monterey in honor of the ruling viceroy of New Spain, Gaspar de Zúñiga y Acevedo, Conde de Monterey. One wonders in passing if Vizcaíno would have dared thus to name the port if he had known that Cermeño had already called it San Pedro after one somewhat more powerful, in celestial regions at any rate, than even the illustrious Count of Monterey! The next day a small exploring party, commanded by Ensign Alarcón, made an examination of the land, finding fresh water and "a great oak near the shore" —the site of which is now marked by a cross—under which he built a hut and arbor for the celebration of mass. After receiving Alarcón's report, Vizcaíno and the entire expedition landed and, having said mass, set about an examination of the port.

Both Vizcaíno and the other chronicler of the expedition, Father Ascensión, found the bay in which they had cast anchor so desirable and wrote so enthusiastically about it that later navigators had some difficulty in reconciling the harbor itself with the description of these two enthusiasts. Partly because of this, and partly because of the diversion of Spanish interest from the California coast for a century and a half after Vizcaíno's visit there arose the tradition of the "Lost Port of Monterey" which was to become so persistent a factor in the later history of California.

The description of Monterey, as it was afterward written by Vizcaíno to the king, in part read as follows: "This

port is sheltered from all winds, while on the immediate coast there are pines from which masts of any desired size can be obtained, as well as live oaks and white oaks, rosemary, the vine, the rose of Alexandria, a great variety of game, such as rabbits, hares, partridges, and other sorts and species found in Spain and in greater abundance than in the Sierra Morena, and flying birds of kinds differing from those to be found there. This land has a genial climate, its waters are good, and it is very fertile—judging from the varied and luxuriant growth of trees and plants; for I saw some of the fruits, particularly chestnuts and acorns, which are larger than those of Spain. And it is thickly settled with people whom I found to be of gentle disposition, peaceable and docile, and who can be brought readily within the fold of the holy gospel and into subjection to the crown of Your Majesty. Their food consists of seeds which they have in abundance and variety, and of the flesh of game, such as deer which are larger than cows, and bear, and of neat cattle and bisons and many other animals. The Indians are of good stature and fair complexion, the women being somewhat less in size than the men and of pleasing countenance. The clothing of the people of the coast-lands consists of the skins of the sea-wolves abounding there, which they tan and dress better than is done in Castile; they possess also, in great quantity, flax like that of Castile, hemp and cotton, from which they make fishing-lines and nets for rabbits and hares. They have vessels of pine-wood very well made, in which they go to sea with fourteen paddlemen on a side, with great dexterity—even in stormy weather. I was informed by them, and by many others I met with in great numbers along more than eight hundred leagues of a thickly settled coast, that inland there are great communities which they invited me to visit with them. They manifested great friendship for us and a desire for intercourse; were well

affected towards the image of Our Lady which I showed to them and very attentive to the sacrifice of the mass. They worship different idols . . . and they are well acquainted with silver and gold, and said that these were found in the interior."

While the vessels lay at Monterey, because of the illness of so many of the men and a dearth of supplies, a council decided to send back the *Santa Tomás* with the sick and incapacitated, together with the journals, maps and other records of the expedition, direct to Acapulco. The remainder of the men set about preparing for a continuation of the voyage. But along the coast, strange as it may appear to the confirmed believer in the mildness of California winters of the present day, the cold was so intense as to prove a serious handicap in the work of preparation. This, at any rate, is the record of Vizcaíno's experience: "The men worked under great difficulties in taking on wood and water because of the extreme cold, which was so intense that Wednesday, New Year's Day of 1603, dawned with all the mountains covered with snow and resembling the volcano of Mexico, and that the hole from which we were taking water was frozen over more than a palm in thickness, and the bottles, which had been left full over night, were all frozen so that even when turned upside-down not a drop ran out."

Having at length completed the necessary preparations and made an exploration inland as far as the Carmel River, those who were left of the original company weighed anchor and sailed northward in the *San Diego* and the *Tres Reyes*. Driven by a favorable wind Vizcaíno ran northward beyond the entrance to Drake's Bay "where was lost the ship *San Augustín*, of which Sebastián Melendez Rodríguez was pilot," but did not put into this harbor until he was forced by stress of weather to cast anchor near the entrance.

Continuing northward, the *San Diego*, which had parted company with the *Tres Reyes*, reached Cape Mendocino on January 12. Here almost every conceivable ill known to seamen, except actual shipwreck, overtook the hapless crew. A furious south wind, bringing dense fog and blinding rain, made it "as dark in the daytime as at night." The seas were so high that the vessel could neither run nor lie by. And, to crown it all, so many of the men were sick that there were only two sailors left "who could climb to the maintopsail." Five nights later the ship was struck by two heavy seas and thrown about so violently that every one, whether sick or well, was pitched out of his berth and Vizcaíno himself suffered a broken rib or two as a consequence.

Though a council, held when the *San Diego* was off Cape Mendocino, had decided that the expedition should turn back at once for Mexico, storms carried the vessel as far north as the forty-second parallel, in sight of a promontory to which was given the name Cape Sebastián. Here, even though the Spaniards thought themselves at the very entrance to the Strait of Anián, which they would "have ventured to explore and pass through" if there had been even fourteen sound men on the ship, it was necessary to begin the homeward voyage. Good time was made down the coast and the *San Diego* was off Monterey by January 25; but the condition of those on board was such that the ship did not even enter the port.

"The sick," wrote Vizcaíno, "were clamoring, although there was neither assistance nor medicines nor food to give them except rotten jerked beef, gruel, biscuits, and beans and chick-peas spoiled by weevils. The mouths of all were sore, and their gums were swollen larger than their teeth, so that they could hardly drink water, and the ship seemed more like a hospital than a ship of an armada. Affairs were in such a condition that anyone who

had ever in his life been at the helm steered, climbed to the maintopsail, and did the other tasks, and all who could walk assisted at the hearth, making gruel and porridge for the sick."

Anxious for the safety of the *Tres Reyes* which he had not sighted for many days, Vizcaíno desired to await her arrival at Catalina Island, but the emergency on board his own vessel was too great to admit of this delay, nor did the commander dare even so much as to cast anchor, for "he did not have men strong enough to raise the anchors, and the sick were dying of hunger."

At the island of Cedros, off the Lower California coast, however, wood and water had to be obtained at any cost. Here, accordingly, the *San Diego* anchored on February 6. But "only one small anchor was cast, with the idea that if it could not be raised it could remain there with the cable. The general went on shore with six men, but the strongest of them could not lift a bottle of water from the ground, and only with the greatest efforts of all could they take on twelve quarters of water." From this anchorage, Vizcaíno sailed around the point of the Lower California peninsula and made directly for the harbor of Mazatlán. The men were now all but done for, and so terrible was their distress that only the account of an eye witness is adequate to describe it. Of this disease and hunger stricken stage of the voyage, the diarist of the expedition wrote:

"Crossing the entrance of the Californias, we arrived there on the eighteenth of the said month, in the greatest affliction and travail ever experienced by Spaniards; for the sick were crying aloud, while those who were able to walk or to go on all fours were unable to manage the sails.

"We cast anchor between the islands and the mainland and the next day the general determined to go to the mainland with five soldiers, since on all the ship there were no

others able to walk. Without knowing the way, he travelled thirteen leagues inland through mountains and rugged places, for the pueblo of Mazatlán, but, because there was no travelled road, and because of the wide, grassy plains, the trail was obscured and he followed the one leading to Culiacan. On the way his supply of food gave out and he straightway would have perished of hunger and thirst had not God miraculously provided a remedy in the form of a pack-train which was going to Culiacan from Mexico. The muleteer noticed him and saw how he had lost his way, and gave him wine and tortillas and bananas and riding animals, by means of which he went on to the pueblo of Sacarita, subject to the villa of San Sebastián.

"Being informed of the necessity which had forced the general to go there to succor his perishing men, the alcalde mayor, Martín Ruis de Aguirre, aided him generously with such gifts as were within his jurisdiction, such as hens, chickens, kids, beef, veal, bread, fruits, and vegetables. These the general sent, and from them his men received great refreshment and nourishment. God, like a father of mercy, caused to be provided in these islands a small fruit like agaves, called *jucoyftlis*. These, because of their strength, when eaten by the men who had sore mouths caused the ulcers to slough off and bleed profusely; but such was the efficacy of the fruit that within six days there was not a single person whose mouth was not healed. Likewise, his Divine Majesty provided that the paralyzed and lame, without any manner of curing, without medicines, with only the fine climate and food, should all be healed, so that within the eighteen days we were on these islands, up to the ninth of March, when we set sail, all became well and were able to assist in handling the ship and at the helm."

On the twenty-first of March, the *San Diego* reached Aca-

pulco where the joy of the return was somewhat marred by the news that most of those who had been sent home from Monterey on the *San Tomás* had died of sickness or privation before they reached their destination. Nearly two months later, Vizcaíno made his report in person to the viceroy at Chapultepec in the City of Mexico. The latter "welcomed the general very warmly and embraced the others, thanking them by word of mouth, and showing himself very grateful for the good work they had done in the exploration."

While he was in the capital, Vizcaíno also found the boatswain, Estevan Lopez, of the frigate, the *Tres Reyes*, from which the *San Diego* had separated so many weeks before in the stormy waters near Cape Mendocino. The *Tres Reyes*, running north, after losing her escort, had come to Cape Blanco before turning back. She had discovered on the coast a "very great bay" and a "very, very great river," which of course were readily identified by later writers as the Strait of Anián. On the return voyage the frigate, with only six men alive, put into port at Monterey, Los Reyes, Catalina, and San Diego, and reached Navidad on February 26, 1603.

On the voyage to California, which has just been described, Vizcaíno and his companions showed themselves men of heroic stuff and explorers of no mean ability. If no settlements followed as a result of their efforts and the frontier line of Spanish advance paused for a century and a half longer before reaching Alta California, this, assuredly, was not because they had failed in any measure in the task entrusted to them, but only because the time for Spanish expansion into California was not yet ripe. For always in history, to accomplish its purpose the deed must wait upon the time. Nor was it the fault of the self-sacrificing friars who accompanied the expedition that the tractable Indians of the California coast were not

brought into the fold of the Church. They would receive the teaching of the faith "well and lovingly," wrote the chief of these friars, the devout Father Ascensión, "but this should be done with great prudence and in the manner that our Master and Redeemer, Jesus Christ, taught us in his Holy Gospel." In truth, if leaders of later exploring expeditions to California had worthy predecessors in Cabrillo, Ferrelo and Vizcaíno, the founders of the missions, such as Serra and Lasuén, had on their part a predecessor equally worthy in the person of the devout and gentle Father Ascensión.

Chapter IV

CHAPTER IV

By Sea to San Diego

With the expedition of Vizcaíno the Spanish Crown for a century and a half gave over all further attempts at exploration or settlement in California; and as a consequence much of the knowledge of the land which had been obtained at so much cost was either lost in the vast graveyard of the Spanish archives or so colored through exaggeration and uncertainty as to partake more of legend than of truth.

It is not necessary here to explain in detail the reasons for this apathy, stagnation of purpose, and curious loss of interest in California on the part of Spain. To some degree it was no doubt due to the gradual ebbing of the bold and energetic spirit which had so abundantly characterized the explorers and conquerors of New Spain in the sixteenth century. To some degree it must be ascribed to the evil days upon which Spain herself so tragically fell after the death of Philip II and the deplorable lack of energy and resources necessary for colonial expansion from which she suffered as a consequence. In part, too, it was the result of certain changes in the field of diplomacy and international relations which lessened somewhat the Spaniard's fear of aggression by rival nations on the Pacific coast.

At any rate, whatever the explanation, from 1603 to 1769 California was entirely cut off from contact with the

outside world. No ship of Spain or of any other nation—unless some hapless and unknown vessel was driven ashore by stress of weather—cast anchor in any of her ports; no stranger from abroad, whether priest, freebooter or explorer, set foot upon her shores; and the province reverted to the utter loneliness and isolation it had known through all the infinite years before the *San Salvador* and the *Victoria* sailed into San Diego Bay.

Shortly after the middle of the eighteenth century, however, a number of factors again began to quicken the long dormant interest of Spain in California. First of these, perhaps, was the tremendous energy, genuine ability and disinterested statesmanship brought to the Spanish throne in 1759 by the new sovereign, Charles III. Fortunately for his colonial policy and ambitions, Charles found his Spanish subjects readily responsive to capable leadership and wise economic reforms, and he was thus able to build up those reserves of strength at home necessary for the accomplishment of any policy of consequence in the colonial field. In the person of José de Gálvez, whom he sent to New Spain in 1765 as Visitor or Inspector General, he was also fortunate to find a man of energy and far-sightedness like himself, and one blessed with the capacity both to initiate large enterprises and to see that they were carried out.

The time, moreover, from the standpoint of Spain's larger interests was now altogether ripe for a renewal of the proposed advance to California. In 1763, with the close of the Seven Years' War, England had fallen heir to the French possessions east of the Mississippi and in Canada. This situation, Charles clearly understood, presaged a new era for Spain's colonial empire in North America and constituted a menace which could not with safety be neglected. Again, therefore, the ancient fear that England —"a nation that spares neither expense, diligence, nor

fatigue in advancing her discoveries"—would seek an approach to the Pacific by way of the Strait of Anián arose to trouble the imagination of the royal officials of New Spain. As though this were not enough, however, danger of uncertain magnitude threatened from still another quarter. This was the prospect of an advance by the Russians down the northwest coast from the Alaskan settlements, and the establishment of a Russian colony at Vizcaíno's "good port of Monterey."

One more factor which entered into the development of interest in California at this time was the sustained enthusiasm and passionate missionary zeal of a handful of Franciscan friars whose amazing faith in the power of the Gospel was not appreciably inferior to that of the saintly founder of their order himself. The chain of circumstances by which these Franciscans came to occupy a position both to furnish the powerful religious incentive necessary for the occupation of California and at the same time to participate themselves in the actual work of exploration and settlement requires a brief word of explanation.

For many years after the discovery of the Peninsula of Baja or Lower California by Cortés, the problem of establishing permanent settlements in that territory, because of its isolation and sterility, had been the despair of the Spanish Crown. Eventually the difficulty was met by giving to the Order of the Jesuits complete temporal as well as spiritual authority in the Peninsula, and laying upon their shoulders responsibility for the government and control of the territory. Through the devotion and energy of the representatives of this Order in the course of time a chain of fourteen missions was established, beginning in 1697 with Our Lady of Loretto in 26° N. latitude, and ending in 1767 with the founding of Santa María de Los Angeles not many miles below the present international boundary line. On the mainland, also, across the Gulf

from Lower California and later in the region known as Pimería Alta, which included a vast stretch of wilderness in what is now northern Sonora and southern Arizona, the same Order erected another line of missions which roughly paralleled those on the Peninsula.

During the latter part of the seventeenth and the opening years of the eighteenth century this missionary activity on the Pimería Alta-Lower California frontiers was especially effective because of three men, all of striking personality and unusual character, who gave their remarkable talents and tireless energies to the prosecution of this work. These pioneers were Juan María Salvatierra, Jacobo Ugarte, and, greatest of all, Eusebio Francisco Kino. In any general history of California the contributions made by these men in preparing the way for the later advance to San Diego and Monterey would merit generous space. This is particularly true of the discoveries around the head of the Gulf and along the Gila and the Colorado rivers made by Father Kino. But this is not the place for more than passing mention of these great missionary frontiersmen. Like many another in their sacrificial calling, both before and since, they sowed generously and gave themselves without reserve, knowing that others and not they themselves would reap the fruit of their labors.

After the last of this great triumvirate had died, the Lower California missions continued under Jesuit control until 1767. In that year, owing to a sweeping decree issued by Charles III against the Jesuit Order throughout his entire realm, the missions of the Peninsula passed into the hands of the Franciscans. At the head of the fourteen members of this brotherhood who journeyed from the College of San Fernando in Mexico to take over the establishments of the exiled Jesuits was Fray Junípero Serra, destined to become the spiritual conqueror of California, and

to the popular imagination of the present day, something of its patron saint as well. In the company also were three other men of the same heroic mold as Serra and equal to him in consecration. These were Francisco Palóu, Juan Crespi, and Fermín Françisco Lasuén. Of these men more will be recorded later.

With the King of Spain intent upon the occupation of at least one port in California; with the inspector-general, Gálvez, exerting himself to the utmost to accomplish this purpose, and the viceroy, Teodoro de Croix, sympathetic toward it; with the shadow of England and Russia, like a cloud, drawing nearer and nearer to Spain's possessions on the Pacific; and with men of consuming religious zeal like Serra, Crespi, and Palóu to give the enterprise something of the flaming spirit of a crusade, the time had come again for the renewal of the explorations to California and for the end of its long day of isolation.

After painstaking consideration, it was determined that the advance to California should be carried out both by land and by sea. Available for the latter expedition were two brigantines, the *San Carlos* and the *San Antonio*, or *Principe*, as she was called up to that time. The experiences and hardships met with by those on board these two vessels will furnish the material for the remainder of this chapter.

The port of La Paz, where Cortés himself had once established a short lived colony, was the logical choice for the starting point of the expedition. As chief center of the pearl fisheries it had long been the most important harbor of Lower California and it had also the advantage of lying so far down the Gulf that the vessels would have comparatively little distance to sail before rounding the Peninsula to begin their long voyage to California. The original plan called for the *San Carlos* and *San Antonio* to sail together from this port, but the *San Antonio*, which

was then at San Blas on the mainland in what is now the State of Tepic, was so delayed in reaching La Paz that it was decided to have the *San Carlos* sail without her. In urging forward the preparation for the voyage and in caring for the innumerable details involved in such an undertaking, the visitor-general, José de Gálvez, who had come to Lower California to strengthen the Spanish settlements on the Peninsula and to oversee in person the expeditions to California, stands out as the principal figure. Not even Serra himself showed more indefatigable zeal in his labors or more consuming anxiety for the success of the enterprise than did this great statesman.

When the *San Carlos* arrived at La Paz, after the voyage across the Gulf, it was found that she was leaking severely and was otherwise so in need of repair that the skeptical and those who perhaps wished to discourage the expedition, spread abroad the report that the vessel was too unsound to make the voyage. These "infamous lies," however, Gálvez heatedly denied; and having himself supervised the careening and thorough overhauling of the packetboat, showed in her sailing powers the same affectionate pride that one might well have displayed who had built her with his own hands. In his eyes, at any rate, the *San Carlos* was in every particular worthy of the great enterprise entrusted to her—"a vessel," he boasted, "without exaggeration one of the best possessed by the King in his armadas."

The commander of the *San Carlos* was Don Vicente Vila, "a Pilot famed on the seas of Europe." With him went Jorge Estorace as mate, and a crew of twenty-three sailors and two boys. There was also a cosmographer and engineer of note, Don Miguel Costansó, who was "to mark and map the ports and lands that might be discovered, and at the port of Monterey to lay out the royal presidio that was to be founded." The vessel carried, too, a skilled

surgeon of the royal army, Don Pedro Prat, "who went for whatever might come up"; a chaplain, Hernando Parrón, "who was going for the consolation of everybody"; two blacksmiths; four cooks; and the redoubtable Lieutenant, Pedro Fages, destined for fame and many honors in the new land, who brought with him twenty-five men from the Company of Catalonian Volunteers recently in service across the Gulf in Sonora.

A cargo of supplies, evidently well assorted and very abundant for Spanish ships of that day, was also placed on board. The list of these supplies, as given by Bancroft in the ship's manifest, in part read as follows: "4,676 lbs. meat, 1,783 lbs. fish, 230 bush. maize, 500 lbs. lard, 7 jars vinegar, 5 tons wood, 1,275 lbs. brown sugar, 5 jars brandy, 6 tanates figs, 3 tanates raisins, 2 tanates dates, 300 lbs. red pepper, 125 lbs. garlic, 6,678 lbs. bread, common, 690 lbs. bread, white, 945 lbs. rice, 945 lbs. chickpeas, 17 bushels salt, 3,800 gallons water, 450 lbs. cheese, 6 jars Cal. wine, 125 lbs. sugar, 275 lbs. chocolate, 10 hams, 11 bottles oil, 2 lbs. spice, 25 smoked beef-tongues, 6 live cattle, 575 lbs. lentils, 112 lbs. candles, 1,300 lbs. flour, 15 sacks bran, 495 lbs. beans, 16 sacks coal, hens for the sick and for breeding, $1,000 in money." In addition to these provisions for the material needs of crew and settlers, the *San Carlos* also carried a considerable quantity of equipment and furnishings for the new missions which were to be erected in California. Most of this had been taken by Gálvez and Serra from the missions of the Peninsula which in truth were sadly impoverished by these forced contributions. The zeal of Gálvez, especially in this matter, was such "that he wished to adorn the new missions as if they were cathedrals, for as he said to the reverend father president, they must be beautified as much as possible, and the vestments must be the very finest, so that the heathen might see how God our Lord was worshipped,

and with what care and purity the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was said, and how the house of God our Lord was adorned, so that by this means they might be induced to embrace our Holy Faith."

All things at last being ready, Gálvez set January 9, 1769, as the day for sailing. "On that day," according to the reçord, "all prepared themselves with the holy sacraments of confession and communion. After the conclusion of the Mass, all of those who were to sail being assembled, his Lordship made them a wise and tender speech, charging them with the affair in the name of God and the king and of their viceroy in New Spain. He said that he was sending them to raise among the heathen of San Diego and Monterey the standard of the Holy Cross, and that in order to facilitate and secure the desired end, he charged them to observe peace and harmony among themselves and obedience and respect to their superiors, especially to the missionary father, Fray Hernando Parrón, who was going for the consolation of everybody, and that they should heed him, love him, and respect him.

"This tender exhortation finished, they made their farewells, and the missionary father received the blessing of the reverend father president, who was present and pronounced a benediction on the ship and banners."

From La Paz, the *San Carlos* sailed down the coast to Cape San Lucas, where she took on fresh water, and on January 15th put out to the open sea. In the meantime the *Principe*, or *San Antonio*, as she is best known, arrived at the Cape and was overhauled "from keel to pennant." When this had been completed and the vessel was ready for sailing, "his Lordship with excellent judgment designated the fifteenth of February as the day for the departure; for, as this is the day of the translation of San Antonio de Pádua, it could be confidently assured that this

saint would transport his ship in all safety to the desired port."

When the fifteenth of February arrived, and the *San Antonio* made ready to sail, much the same ceremony took place that had blessed the departure of the *San Carlos* nearly six weeks before; and in the simple and wholehearted faith of those who watched the vessels depart and in the absolute reliance they placed upon God's blessing for the success of the enterprise, one wearied of the cynicism of this modern age may find some inspiration and refreshment of spirit. Of these things and of the sailing of the *San Antonio*, Palóu wrote:

"The illustrious visitor-general, wishing to realize his desire for the safe arrival of the entire expedition by sea at the coveted ports of San Diego and Monterey, took on himself the measures to accomplish it. Since the best means was to offer the soul and prayers to God and to the patron whom he had chosen for both expeditions, the Most Holy Patriarch San José, in a circular letter he charged and begged all the missionaries to pray God for the success of the expeditions; and he ordered them very especially to sing on the nineteenth day of each month a solemn Mass to that most holy patriarch, patron of the expeditions, concluding it with the litany of the saints as a supplication. He ordered those who were to embark on this second expedition to prepare themselves by confession and communion, as they did on the day named, the fifteenth, the holy sacrifice of the Mass being celebrated by the two fathers, Fray Juan Vizcaíno and Fray Francisco Gómez, who were to go in that bark. The Mass which was sung for the success of the voyage having been concluded, the visitor made them the same exhortation as to the first. Thus encouraged they went to embark, accompanied by the captain of the vessel, Don Juan Pérez, second-in-command by sea, the subaltern officers, and the

crew, with some blacksmiths and carpenters who were going for any work that might come up at San Diego and Monterey. Sail was set and they left the port of San José del Cabo very successfully."

While preparations for the sailing of the *San Carlos* and *San Antonio* were under way, a third but smaller vessel was also being outfitted as a reserve supply boat for the California settlements. It was proposed to send this vessel with a cargo of food and other necessaries to the ports of San Diego and Monterey so that the colonists whether coming by land or sea should not perish for lack of supplies after they had reached the Promised Land. The outfitting and first sailing of this vessel were described by Father Palóu as follows:

"His Illustrious Lordship, Don José de Gálvez, wished to have the christening of the packet with the oath of the banners, and it was pronounced on the first of May, after I sang the Mass on board the bark, with the assistance of two other missionaries who were at that time in Loreto. In this function the illustrious visitor set an example to all by taking communion. He wished the bark to be called San José in honor of his most holy patriarch, patron of the expeditions. It set sail the same day, convoyed by the sloop, for the port of Santa Cruz, whence he sent it back loaded with corn, beans, and chick peas. At Loreto the cargo was completed with four hundred arrobas of dried meat, some more of fish, fifty arrobas of figs and raisins, ten jars, two of brandy and the rest of wine, and some bales of coarse clothing, so that they might have something with which to make gifts to the Indians. I also put on it three steeple bells for the new missions, and all the vestments which, by order of the reverend father president, they had sent to me at Loreto from all the old missions of the north."

The *San José* sailed from Loreto on June 16th, under in-

structions to stop at Cape San Lucas. When many weeks had gone by, however, with nothing heard from her, it was supposed that she had taken advantage of favorable winds to make the voyage directly to San Diego without pausing to call at Cape San Lucas. The case, unfortunately, was far otherwise, for after an absence of three months the *San José* "dropped anchor in the port of Escondido with the fore-mast broken, the captain saying that in the three months' sailing he could not even reach La Paz."

This unfortunate beginning was prophetic of the greater disaster soon to overtake the ill-fated vessel. Having been repaired at the ship yard of San Blas and reloaded at Cape San Lucas, the *San José* sailed again for San Diego in May, 1770. At that port, however, she was destined never to arrive, nor at any other. What became of her or of the many unfortunates she carried no one will know until the hidden depths of the sea give up their innumerable dead. It may be added, too, that the loss of the *San José* with the reserve supply of food which she carried, greatly intensified the privations of the California colonists. And for long and dreary weeks the starving settlers at San Diego, with faces sunken by disease and hunger and despair, turned longing eyes toward the sea, hoping each day to catch some glimpse of the sails of the vanished ship.

But to return to the other vessels. Without noteworthy incident or special hardship the *San Antonio* after a six weeks voyage reached the California coast. But, trusting to the information derived from Vizcaíno's report, the Captain, Don Juan Pérez, "experienced pilot of these seas, who had made several voyages in the Philippine ship," expected to find the port of San Diego much further north than its actual position, and so sailed many leagues beyond that harbor. At last, suspecting his mistake, he turned back down the coast, discovered the bay and an-

chored there on April 10 to await the arrival of the long over-due *San Carlos* before proceeding to Monterey.

At an island where the *San Antonio* stopped to take on water on the voyage north of San Diego, an incident occurred which is well worth recording for the benefit of those interested in the place names of California. As the ship lay at anchor near this island the missionary fathers went ashore to visit an Indian village. Returning late in the evening, they found that they had unintentionally left a staff among the Indians. Thereupon, says the narrative, "they immediately gave it up for lost, on account of the cross that it carried, for it was of iron, and it was known how the Indians coveted this metal. But they were so honest that at daybreak it was discovered that one of the little canoes of the island was coming to the ship, and that one of the heathen was carrying in his hand the staff with the holy cross. Climbing on board, he delivered it to the father, and after being rewarded, returned to the island. For this reason it was called the island of the Holy Cross [Santa Cruz], and as such it has been known ever since."

Though the *San Antonio*, except for the ravages of scurvy, had enjoyed a fortunate and fairly speedy voyage to San Diego, the lot of the *San Carlos* was far otherwise. Storm, calm, and adverse winds conspired together to retard her progress. More than this, when less than a week out from Cape San Lucas, it was found that the staves of the water casks were spreading because of the pitching of the vessel and that the water was leaking rapidly away. Before long it was therefore necessary for the commander, Don Vicente Vila, to seek an anchorage where he could take on a new supply. It was not until the *San Carlos* reached Cedros Island, however, about the tenth of March, that a watering place was found. Even this left much to be desired. The water, obtained by damming up a little stream some

distance back from the shore, was brackish to the taste and perhaps deadly in its effects—at least, so it was afterward believed. The anchorage where the ship attempted to lie while watering was badly exposed and the vessel would certainly have been wrecked but for a timely and divinely-sent gust of wind which suddenly blew from the shore and kept the vessel off the rocks.

The actual labor of filling the casks and of getting them aboard, moreover, was sadly exhausting, "not only on account of the distance from the beach to the watering-place —about three-quarters of a league—but also on account of the roughness of the road, which was full of steep places." This task was carried out under the supervision of Lieutenant Pedro Fages who won, as he evidently merited, the commendation of the commander because he not only encouraged and cheered his men at their work but even loaded "the casks on his own shoulders, like the meanest soldier or sailor," and carried them to the beach.

After having taken on as much of this brackish water as conditions would permit the *San Carlos* was forced to look for another anchorage. Ranging along this shore in the launch, Costansó a few days later found a place where "the running water came down from above through a ravine, amongst green rushes, until the water came out on the beach." Here without much difficulty every cask on board was filled and the *San Carlos* continued on her way to California. Progress, however, was extremely slow. Nine days passed before the highest point of Cedros Island sank out of sight below the horizon. Scurvy, or some other plague, made its appearance and the men began to die. And as happened with the *San Antonio*, so the *San Carlos* unknowingly ran far beyond San Diego and thus unfortunately prolonged the distress and wretchedness of the unhappy crew.

On April 26, a hundred and one days after leaving Cape

San Lucas, Vila wrote in the ship's log-book, "At sunrise I was between four islands and the mainland; the country high and mountainous with several high ridges extending NW-SE, all of them covered with snow, like the Sierra Nevadas of Granada on the coast between Motril and Salobreña near the Mediterranean." Realizing now that he had probably sailed beyond the port for which he sought, Vila began to coast back along the mainland looking for the entrance to San Diego Bay. He attempted to stop at San Pedro Bay, but the wind was strong and the ship began to drag her anchor so that he was compelled to put again to sea. On Sunday, April 30, the *San Carlos* made the entrance to the long-looked-for port of San Diego. "It was five o'clock in the afternoon," wrote the commander, "when I passed through, hauling the wind, which changed to the merest puff from the northward, with flaws. At this hour I discovered the packet *San Antonio* anchored at Point Guijarros, and we broke out our colors. She broke out hers and fired one gun to call in her launch which was ashore. I continued to tack; and as the wind had fallen almost calm I lowered the topsails and anchored in six fathoms of water, loose black sand. At this hour the tide was already running out."

In this dry, matter-of-fact record one sees little of the deep emotion which must have gripped the crews of the *San Carlos* and the *San Antonio* at this dramatic meeting. The port of San Diego had at last been reached; the vessels so long separated were now united; the first great objective of the enterprise had been attained.

But seldom has initial success been confronted by the prospect of more certain failure. For now a dearth of supplies and the terrible plague of scurvy threatened the entire company. Of the twenty-five Catalonian volunteers, but thirteen survived. Only five of the crew of the *San Carlos* remained alive and of these only two were un-

touched by the disease. All but seven of the seamen on the *San Antonio* likewise died, infected as Father Palóu erroneously believed, by the plague on board the *San Carlos*. The origin of this, incidentally, he ascribed to the drinking water obtained from Cedros Island. This, he said, "was so bad, that nothing could be cooked in it; the meat came out tougher than before it was put on the fire . . . and as they drank the same water, for lack of any other, those who were already ill became worse and the plague seized upon the rest."

All of the fresh food and medicines carried by the *San Carlos* having been used up during the long voyage, there was almost nothing left with which to minister to the sick. It was imperative, therefore, both for sick and well, that a landing should be effected as soon as possible and the men transferred to shore. A reconnoitering party, consisting of Costansó, Fages, the mate Estorace, two friars and a few others who were not down with disease, was accordingly sent out to find a suitable place to establish an encampment. The experiences and discoveries of this party, together with an account of the manners, customs, and peculiar characteristics of the San Diego Indians were reported by Costansó as follows:

'They went a matter of three leagues, until they arrived on the banks of a River hemmed in on either bank by a Fringe of Willows and Cottonwoods, very leafy. Its channel must have been twenty varas wide, and it discharges into an Estuary which at high tide could admit the Launch, and made it convenient for accomplishing the taking on of water. Within the grove was a variety of Shrubs and odoriferous Plants, as the Rosemary, the Salvia, Roses of Castile, and above all a quantity of Wild Grapevines, which at the time were in flower. The Country was of joyous aspect, and the Lands contiguous to the River appeared of excellent friableness and capable of pro-

ducing every species of fruits. The River came down from some very high Sierras East and Northeast. At a gunshot aside from it, and outside the wood, was discovered a Pueblo or Rancheria of the same Gentiles who were guiding our people. It was composed of various enramadas [shelters of boughs] and of Huts of a pyramidal shape covered with Earth. On sighting their Companions with the group they were escorting, all came out to receive them, Men, Women and Children, proffering their House to the Guests. The women came in decent garb, covered from waist to knee with close-woven and doubled nets. The Spaniards arrived at the Pueblo, which must have consisted of thirty or forty families; and at one side of it an Enclosure stood guard, made of branches and trunks of trees. In this they gave to understand that they took refuge to defend themselves from their Enemies when they saw themselves attacked; a fortification impregnable to the arms in use among them.

"These Natives are of good figure, well-built and agile. They go naked without more clothing than a girdle of ixtle, or very fine maguey fiber, woven in the form of a net. They get this thread from a plant called Lechuguilla. Their quivers, which they bind in between the girdle and the body, are of skins of Wild Cat, Coyote, Wolf or Buck, and their bows are two varas [66 inches] long. Besides these arms, they use a species of war club [macana] of very hard wood, whose form is like that of a short and curved cutlass, which they fling edgewise and it cleaves the air with much violence. They hurl it to a greater distance than a stone. Without it they never go forth to the Field; and if they see a Viper [rattlesnake] or other noxious Animal, they throw the macana at it and commonly sever it half from half. According to the experience afterward in the continual intercourse which our Spaniards had with them, they are of haughty temper, daring, covetous, great

jesters and braggarts; although of little valor, they make great boast of their powers, and hold the most vigorous for most valiant. They greatly crave whatsoever rag they see; but when we have clothed different ones of them on repeated occasions, they would present themselves the following day stark naked.

"There are in the Land Deer, Antelopes, many Hares, Rabbits, Squirrels, Wild Cats and Rats. The ring-necked Turtle-doves abound; also the Quails, Calendar Larks, Mocking-Birds, Thrushes, Cardinals, and Humming-Birds, Jackdaws, Crows, and Sparrow-Hawks, Pelicans, Gulls, Divers and other maritime Birds of Prey. There is no lack of Ducks nor of Geese, of different kinds and sizes. There is variety of Fishes. The best are the Lenguado and the Solla, which besides being of delicate taste are, of extraordinary size and weigh from fifteen to twenty pounds. In the months of July and August one can catch as much Bonito as one wishes. During all the year there are Halibut, Burgaos, Horse-Mackerel, Dogfish, Rays, Mussels and Cockles of all species. In the months of Winter, the Sardine runs in as great abundance as on the Coasts of Galicia and Ayamonte. The principal sustenance of the Indians that inhabit the Riviera of this Port is Fish. They eat much cockles, for the greater facility they have in catching them. They use Balsas of Rushes, which they manage dexterously with a Paddle or oar of two blades. Their harpoons are of some varas in length; the point is of bone, very much sharpened and inserted in the shaft of wood. They are so dexterous in hurling this that most rarely do they miss their aim."

Upon the favorable report of the scouting party, Don Vicente Vila, himself now sick like so many of the others, ordered a landing party to construct a shelter of earth and boughs and to set up some of the ship's cannon for its defense. He also sent on shore a quantity of ammunition, a

week's supply of food, and a sufficient number of sails and awnings to construct two tents to serve as hospitals for the sick.

When all these preparations had been completed, the sick and dying were set ashore, but for many of them there was no relief. The surgeon, Don Pedro Prat, though seriously ill himself, ministered unceasingly to check the plague and taxed his ingenuity to supply the needed medicines from the plants he found about the encampment. Despite everything that could be done, however, two or three deaths occurred daily, until, as Costansó wrote, "this whole expedition, which had been composed of more than ninety Men saw itself reduced to only Eight Soldiers and as many Mariners in a state to attend to the safeguarding of the Barks, the working of the Launches, Custody of the Camp and service of the Sick."

Gloomier every day grew the outlook. The supply ship, the *San José*, which was looked to for relief, as we have seen, had long since added her ill-fated name to that somber list of vessels of which no trace is ever found. Nor could the faintest sign or rumor be obtained of the eagerly awaited overland expeditions upon which the salvation and success of the whole enterprise depended. This grave anxiety and nerve-wearing suspense, however, were at last temporarily dispelled.

"On the fourteenth day of May the Indians gave notice to some Soldiers who were on the Beach that from the direction of the South from the Port some Men were coming, Armed as they; and explained very well by signs that they were coming mounted on Horses. All were joyous at this news, which was verified from there in a little, sighting the People and the Pack-Train of the first Division of the Expedition by Land. They saluted mutually with festive Salvos from their Weapons; later explaining with arms and voices their content—which was equal on both

sides, since all hoped to find from the others relief in their necessities. The Folk by Land came all without having lost one Man, and without bringing one sick one, after a march of two Months; but on half Rations, and with no more Provisions than three Sacks of Flour, of which they were issuing as the entire daily Ration two Tortillas to each individual."

The arrival of the first of the overland parties, an account of which will be found in the next chapter, did not thus lessen materially the distress and misery from which Vila and his companions suffered. Though not the dramatic or outstanding figures which history delights to exalt, these men who brought the *San Carlos* and *San Antonio* into the far port of San Diego were cast in that same heroic mold of endurance, perseverance, and sacrifice from which came all other true pioneers of California.

Chapter V

CHAPTER V

Soldier and Friar—the Story of the Overland Advance

AS ALREADY explained, the expeditions by sea described in the preceding chapter were designed primarily to support or supplement the larger overland venture in which rested the chief hope of the successful settlement of California. This expedition was composed of two divisions: The first of these left Velicatá near the Mission of Santa María in Lower California on March 24, 1769, and reached San Diego on May 14th; the second set out on May 15th and arrived on July 1st. Though neither of these overland companies suffered hardships equal to those experienced by the crew of the *San Carlos*, the journey was both dangerous and arduous and the account of the undertaking merits a place in any narrative dealing with the important explorations to California.

To outfit the expeditions the resources of the Lower California Missions, especially their herds of horses and mules, were heavily drawn upon by orders of the Visitor-General, Gálvez, and with the whole-hearted sanction of the Father President, Junípero Serra. There was some protest and lamentation on the part of the settlers at having to meet these requisitions, but despite this the work ap-

parently continued to be carried out with thoroughness and despatch. Of the serious effect of this policy upon the Lower California establishments Portolá, the leader of the expedition, in after years wrote with some show of contrition:

"In consideration of the great deserts into which I was going, and of the Russian hunger with which I foresaw we were going to contend, I was obliged to seize everything I saw as I passed through those poor missions, leaving them, to my keen regret, as scantily provided for as I knew the three southern ones had been left in consequence of the orders given by the *visitador* for despatching the packet boats *San Carlos* and *San Antonio* to the port of Monterey."

The list of these forced, or semi-forced, contributions from the missions of Lower California, without which the settlement of Alta California could not possibly have been made, is given here at some length not only because it shows to how great an extent the expedition was compelled to rely upon the supplies thus obtained, but also for the excellent idea it conveys of the equipment required for the journey.

"From the mission of San Francisco Xavier," wrote Palóu, referring to Captain Rivera who was in charge of the collection of supplies, "he took sixteen broken mules, for saddle and pack, and four good horses. The second division of the expedition took two sets of leather harness furnished with everything; two leather bags, and a liquor case with six flasks.

"From the mission of San José de Cumondú he took twenty-three broken mules for saddle and pack, six broken horses, fifteen sets of leather harness furnished with everything, a cowhide for mending, twenty arrobas of figs, a tierce of panocha, ninety arrobas of jerked meat, twenty arrobas of flour, and twenty almuds of pinole.

"From the mission of Purisima de Cadegomo were taken seven broken mules, four good horses, two of them provided with saddles and bridles, twenty-two leather bags, twenty bushels of wheat, eighteen arrobas of figs, four arrobas of panocha, twenty-three arrobas of raisins, eight arrobas of flour, a bushel and seven almuds of pinole, four loads of biscuit in eight hampers of green hide, and three sets of leather harness provided with everything.

"From the mission of Guadalupe sixteen broken mules, four good horses, ten sets of leather harness furnished with everything, four leather bags, two hundred and fifty arrobas of jerked meat and ten arrobas of beef tallow.

"From the mission of Santa Rosalia de Mulege, fifteen broken mules and three good horses.

"From San Ignacio twenty broken mules, six good horses, two jennies, eight sets of leather harness furnished with everything, one bushel of pinole and another of wheat, two jugs of brandy and five of wine.

"From Santa Gertrudis twenty-three broken mules, for saddle and pack, four broken horses, sixteen sets of leather harness furnished with everything, twelve bags made of tanned leather, four flasks of brandy and twelve that they filled with wine.

"From San Francisco de Borja sixteen broken mules, eight horses, six mares, one stallion, ten sets of leather harness, two hundred head of cattle, most of them cows with their calves (all of which went except four head that were killed and carried jerked), a hammer and some branding forceps.

"From Santa María de Los Angeles, four broken mules harnessed and furnished with everything."

In addition to the articles and beasts above enumerated, the Lower California missions were also called upon to furnish "the vestments, sacred vessels, and other utensils for church and sacristy" that would be required for the

missions which the expeditions planned to erect in Alta California. The list of these articles is entirely too long to be quoted in full; but the contributions made by a single mission, that of Dolores, may well be used as an example of the rest. It reads as follows:

"Thirteen complete vestments of all colors, three albs, two altar cloths, a new vestment with gold and silver braid and with tassels; a palio, four choir soutanes, a silver chalice, with a paten and a little spoon, a large silver cup, silver oilstocks, a silver monstrance, a silver baptismal shell, a silver thurible, with boat and spoon of the same metal, three cassocks with their rochets, two surplices, another white vestment with alb and amice, a gold-lined silver chalice with a paten and a little spoon, a pair of silver cruets for wine and water, with a little plate and a bell of the same metal, some silver oilstocks, some silver cruets with a little plate, a silver cross with its pedestal, a carpet, two covers for the same, a large image of Nuestra Señora de los Dolores on linen, a copper-plate print of Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe, a small crib with the infant Jesus, the Virgin and Saint Joseph with several silk and gauze garments, a copper-plated stand for the baptismal font, three tower bells, and a bake-iron for making altar breads."

The first expedition, led by Captain Don Fernando Rivera y Moncado, was composed of "twenty-five leather jacket soldiers of the Company of the Royal Presidio of Loreto; Don José Cañizares, who was going to observe the latitude, and to mark out the routes to be followed; three muleteers for the pack train; and forty-two Christian Indians, neophytes of the last three missions of California, for whatever work might come up in the way of opening roads and repairing bad passes that might be encountered on this unknown and hitherto untraveled way."

In this company went also Fray Juan Crespi, beloved

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companion and former student of Junípero Serra, a man gratefully remembered in California history for many things but chiefly because of the diary in which he wrote down his experiences on the journey to San Diego and to Monterey and the vivid description he left to succeeding generations "of the long roads which, to the greater honor and glory of God, our Lord, and of our king (God save him) were traveled by the apostolic missionaries of the College of San Fernando de Mexico of the Order of Our Father San Francisco."

The twenty-five leather-jacket soldiers who went as military escort for the expedition were equipped, according to Costansó, with "two sorts of arms, offensive and defensive. The defensive arms are the leather jacket and the shield. The first, whose shape is like that of a coat without sleeves, is made of six or seven plies of white tanned deerskin, proof against the arrows of the Indians, except at very short range. The shield is made of two plies of raw bull's hide; it is carried on the left arm and with it they turn aside spears and arrows, the rider not only defending himself but also his horse. In addition to the above they use a sort of leather apron, called *armas* or *defensas*, which, fastened to the pommel of the saddle, hangs down on both sides, covering their thighs and legs, that they may not hurt themselves when riding through the woods. Their offensive arms are the lance—which they handle adroitly on horseback—the broadsword, and a short musket which they carry securely fastened in its case. They are men of great fortitude and patience in fatigue; obedient, resolute, and active, and we do not hesitate to say that they are the best horsemen in the world, and among those soldiers who best earn their bread for the august monarch whom they serve."

The preparations for the departure of the first expedition were completed by March 22, and on that day all the

members of the company confessed and received communion. This was administered by Father Fermín Lasuén, a man who was destined later on to contribute almost as much to the making of California as Junípero Serra himself. Two days later, as Crespi wrote, "in the name of God" the expedition set out. For some days, following the route which a Jesuit, Wenceslaus Link, had taken in 1766 on his journey to the Colorado, the company went on without special mishap or adventure, except for an unaccountable sickness which began to afflict the Indian neophytes. One of these died on the 26th; on the 28th seven others fell ill, one of whom died within a few hours; the next day nine of the remaining Christian Indians ran away, leaving the expedition somewhat short-handed.

On April 1st, Rivera and his company left the route taken by Link and from this time on made their way through a country never before traversed by whites. For the most part it was a dry, desolate, uninteresting region, supporting only cacti and other drought resisting plants, much scarred by barrancas and dry arroyos and only at long intervals gladdening the eye of the traveler with the sight of rushes around some water hole or of green trees growing along the course of a tiny stream.

Not infrequently this lack of water caused considerable suffering to men and animals alike. There was still some sickness with an occasional death among the Indian neophytes; a few of the soldiers also fell ill, and those unable to walk had to be carried along on litters. The natives of the country were very degraded and though for the most part friendly, sometimes caused much anxiety by their hostile attitude. The mission of the expedition, however, was one of peace; common sense moreover dictated that it was much more advisable to win the good-will of the Indians than to incur their enmity, both for the sake of the expedition itself and for the one that was to follow.

Accordingly by kindly treatment, the bestowal of gifts and food, and at times the exercise of much forbearance, the Spaniards reached their destination without an actual skirmish.

While the company was still some distance from San Diego, the supply of food began to run low and the men were placed on greatly reduced rations. Responsibility for this hardship was placed by Crespi directly at the door of Captain Rivera. Between these two, indeed, ill feeling was evidently growing from day to day. How well founded one should regard the bitter criticisms the friar afterward directed against his commander is frankly open to question, but at least they show something of the strained relations between the two. To Father Palóu, his friend and confidant, Crespi wrote from San Diego:

"I do not know how to tell your Reverence what we suffered from hunger on this journey, because the captain brought only sixteen tierces of very old flour and ten packs of jerked beef. This was all the food that was brought; and if he had left eight other tierces of the flour which he did not wish to bring we surely should have perished from starvation halfway along the road. From what he did bring we had two meals a day of poor tortillas, which were mostly bran, and a bit of roasted jerked beef that was so hard and so salty that only necessity could make one eat it, except some days when they boiled it in water. On those days we considered it a great treat to have a little stew, which was more like brine than anything else, but the beef, which softened with cooking, tasted as if it were the finest chicken.

"This was all the food we had on the journey. The beef gave out eleven days before we reached this port, and the soldiers got along with a single dry tortilla, although mine lasted until we arrived here. This, without any seasoning or sauce, and the morning chocolate, which was

more like a poor syrup than anything else, was our only food. Praise God for preserving our health. . .

"Moreover, instead of the fifty-two days that we spent on the way, the journey could have been made in a month or a little over. I do not know why, except that it suited his fancy, we were in some spots two days, and in some even two and a half."

As has been said elsewhere, the Rivera expedition reached San Diego on Sunday, May 14th. It had rained all the night before—a "most unusual thing" for that season of the year in California, as every old resident will emphatically but erroneously assure the newcomer—and the company was thoroughly wet, cold and uncomfortable when the morning broke with the sky still heavily overcast. Another severe shower after dawn, lasting more than an hour and a half, added still further to the discomfort. To break camp, assemble and sort out into individual packs a mass of soggy baggage, handle the wet, cold ropes and pack many score of restless mules and horses in the dripping rain, does not ordinarily put men in the best of humor; and one may well suppose that this last morning of the journey, even though it marked the beginning of a very holy feast, was not as cheerful or as free from uncensored language as it might have been. After describing the state of the company because of the rain, Crespi continues: "Afterwards the day cleared, but the captain was of the opinion that I should not say Mass, because we were all so wet, and also because there was a large crowd of heathen standing there, all armed. Consequently we went without Mass, which I regretted very much, on such a great day as the first day of the Feast of Espiritu Santo.

"We were all anxious to reach the desired port, and we thought that we could get there in one day's march, even though it was somewhat long. In accord with these desires, notwithstanding that we were all so wet, the cap-

tain decided to break camp. We therefore set out a little before ten o'clock, continuing north, over a broad plain, withdrawing a little from the shore of the bay for fear that there might be marshes near the coast. . . The day's march occupied somewhat more than six hours and a half, all over level land, well covered with grass, during which we probably traveled about six leagues, and we arrived very fortunately and happily at the desired port of San Diego.

"As soon as we descried the camp the soldiers discharged their guns, giving a salute, and immediately those who were in the camp, as well as those on the packets, responded with their artillery and firearms. Immediately the three fathers who had come in the barks, and also the officers who were on land, came to meet us and gave us hearty embraces and congratulations that we were all now united in this port of San Diego. We soon had the story of their arrival and of the misfortunes that they had suffered on the sea from scurvy. They also told us that many had died, and how the rest had been stricken with the same disease."

One day after this first division of the overland expedition made its rather sorry entry into the Spanish encampment at San Diego, the second and main division left the starting point at Velicatá. In charge of this company was Captain Don Gaspar de Portolá, governor of the Peninsula since 1767 and commander-in-chief of the entire California undertaking. With him went the Reverend Father Junípero Serra, president of the missions of California; Don José Francisco de Ortega, sergeant of the leather-jacket company; ten soldiers, forty-four Christian Indians (all but twelve of whom deserted or died on the way), four muleteers and two servants.

Portolá himself was a man who deserves better of California history than he has received. In character he be-

longed to that type of soldier which once made the armies of Spain famous throughout Europe. He was somewhat brusque in manner, given to few words, brave, loyal to duty, practical in his outlook upon life, and gifted with the inestimable blessing of common sense. More famous by far, however, even than Portolá, was the friar, Junípero Serra. Serra was born on the Island of Majorca, November 24, 1713. The same day he was baptized and given the name of Miguel José. Before he was eighteen he had formally professed and taken the habit of the order of St. Francis. Some years later he became a professor in one of the Spanish Universities where he taught with "great fame as a man of profound learning, to the satisfaction both of the Province and of the University." In 1749, at his own earnest solicitation, this distinguished scholar was sent to Mexico as a member of a band of missionaries which included besides himself the able and devout Francisco Palóu and Juan Crespi—a famous triumvirate indeed which was later "destined to plant the Faith in New California."

The company landed at Vera Cruz; and here, though offered a horse for the long journey to Mexico City, Serra declined and, "bent on self-discipline—and being a poor horseman—followed the long, steep trail of Cortés over the mountains on foot, with a single companion." From the standpoint of the ordinary mortal at least, this decision cost Serra very dear, for during the journey he suffered an infection in his foot, perhaps from a mosquito bite, from which he never recovered. After reaching Mexico City, Serra remained for five months at the Franciscan College of San Fernando and was then sent to carry on his missionary labors among the Indians of the Sierra Gorda, a mountainous region somewhat less than two hundred miles north of the Mexican capital, near Querétaro. After nine years of service here, Serra returned to the College of San Fernando in Mexico City where he remained until

1767. He was then placed at the head of the band of fourteen Franciscans who were sent to Lower California to take over the work of the Jesuits, and shortly thereafter, with the inauguration of the plan to occupy San Diego and Monterey, his life became wholly identified with the history of the Christianization and settlement of California.

In the literature of California, Serra unquestionably stands out as the most popular figure. Perhaps inevitably in this so-called "Serra legend" there exists much undesirable exaggeration which Serra himself, were he alive, would unsparingly condemn; for he was above all things else a man who humbled himself and gloried little in his own accomplishments. As Bancroft fittingly says, "humility, sincerity, earnestness, faithfulness and all kindred virtues were written in unmistakable lines in his features." Over and above this he was a mystic who believed implicitly in the direct and concrete manifestations of God's workings in his own experience. He was a penitent who fought not like a weakling but valiantly and robustly with scourgings and mortifications of his own body against the lusts of the flesh and the pride and vain-glory of life. He was a latter day St. Francis whose consuming passion was the conversion of souls and the glory of God. Yet with all this, like the great Apostle Paul before him, he was intensely human in his outlook upon life, and is well described by Chapman as "an enthusiastic, battling, almost quarrelsome, fearless, keen-witted, fervidly devout, unselfish, single-minded missionary."

Before the actual journey to California was begun, Serra with characteristic zeal had established a new mission, which he called San Fernando, at Velicatá, the starting point both of the Rivera and the Portolá companies. The account of this ceremony, performed with the meager equipment available and amid the most primitive surroundings,

contains both interest and a touch of pathos. Serra describes it as follows:

"On the fourteenth, the Easter of the Holy Ghost, in the morning, a little Jacal [hut of palisades] was cleaned and adorned. . . In that Jacal, then, the altar was arranged, the Soldiers were drawn up under arms, with their leathern jackets and shields, and with all the neatness of Holy Poverty I celebrated Mass on that so great day, with the consolation that this was first of those [masses] which must be continued with the permanency of that new Mission of San Fernando, which dated from that day. The Mass while it lasted was solemnized by the very repeated discharges of the muskets of the soldiers; the fumes of the powder supplying, in this instance, the place of that of incense, which we could not offer because we had it not. And as there was no more Wax that would burn, except a short end of candle that I found, the Father's only taper for that day was the Mass, and the Father heard the Mass with the rest in fulfillment of the precept. After we had sung the Veni Creator, etc., we made the concourse with the Soldiers and the Indian Neophytes who accompanied us, without a single Gentile being visible. Perhaps they were scared by so many thunders. Then we erected in the precinct the Standard of the Holy Cross. . . .

"On the fifteenth, as the packs had arrived, we two Fathers had Wax to hold services, one after the other; and it was for me a day of much consolation; for soon after the Masses, I being retired inside the Jacal, they advised me that Gentiles were coming and were already near. I praised the Lord. I kissed the earth, giving His Majesty thanks that after so many years of desiring them, He had granted me to see myself among them in their land. I sallied promptly, and found myself with twelve of them, all males and grown, except two who were Boys, one about of ten years, and the other of about fifteen. I saw that

which I had hardly managed to believe when I used to read it or they told me of it—which was their going totally nude, as Adam in Paradise before his sin. So they go, and so they presented themselves to us, and we conversed a long while; without there being perceptible in them in all that [while], though they saw us all clothed, the least blush for being in that manner. I put my two hands on the heads of them all, one by one, in token of affection; I filled both their hands with dried figs, which they at once began to eat; and we received with signs of much appreciating it the regalement which they presented to us—which was a net full of mescal tatomado [roasted in the oven] and four fish, more than middling—although, as the poor fellows had not had the advertency to disembowel them, and much less to salt them, the cook said that they were already of no account."

During the afternoon of this same day, the expedition made a belated start. The next morning the company arrived at a place "with plenty of water, and pasture, willows, tule, and a glad sky," where the Sergeant, Ortega, had previously brought part of the horses and mules to recuperate. By this time Serra's foot was in such shape that he could hardly stand, even for the celebration of the Mass. The infection spread so that his leg was swollen half way up to the knee and he was compelled to spend most of his time lying at full length upon his blankets. Portolá wished him to return and abandon the arduous journey to California but Serra flatly refused. Then, according at least to one authority who may have woven something into the narrative to make it that much more worth the telling, Serra had recourse to an unusual though seemingly effective remedy. The story runs as follows: "That evening he called the *arriero* [muleteer], Juan Antonio Coronel, and said, 'Son, canst thou not make me a remedy for the ulcer on my foot and leg?' But he answered,

'Padre, what remedy can I know? Am I a surgeon? I am an *arriero*, and have healed only the sores of beasts.' 'Then son, suppose me a beast and this ulcer a saddlegall from which have resulted the swelling of the leg and the pains that I feel and that give me no rest; and make for me the same medicament that thou wouldst apply to a beast.'" Thereupon, the story continues, the muleteer took a little tallow and having crushed it between two stones, "mixed it with some herbs of the field which he found at hand, and having heated it well, he applied it to the leg and foot, leaving it placed over the sore like a poultice." This relieved the pain so that Serra was able to sleep and the next day was well enough to proceed.

Portolá's company followed in the main the trail left by the pioneer division under Rivera. The journey, contrary to so many in the annals of California explorations, was accomplished without stark tragedy or overwhelming disaster. Yet there were hardships in plenty, danger enough at times to add spice to the undertaking, and enough experiences of a humorous or unusual character to break the monotony of many a day's hard march. Thus, on one occasion the neophytes who accompanied the expedition, after some strategy, succeeded in capturing one of the untamed Indians who had been spying upon the Spaniard's line of march.

"They tied him," wrote Serra, "and it was all necessary; for, even bound he defended himself . . . and flung himself upon the ground with such violence that he scraped and bruised his thighs and knees. But at last they brought him. They set him before me; and setting him on his knees I put my hands upon his head and recited the Gospel of St. John, made the sign of the cross upon him and untied him. He was most frightened and very disturbed. . . . All of his much talk in the midst of his alarm was to excuse himself for having looked at us from the hill,

the day before as well as today. And in exonerating this venial sin he committed a pretty mortal one, with saying that he came there sent by his Captain to spy on us, in order that when we took up our march onward the said Captain and his ranchería, and four other [captains] with their [rancherías], who had all been convoked, hiding behind some cliffs, should sally forth to kill the Padre and his Retinue, although they were many. We pardoned him his suchlike intentions, and having regaled him well we dispatched him to recount to his people how we had treated him, and what we had told him, and that they should come to treat with us. But not one came, although this evening some have been descried on the same ridge. He went naked like all, with his bow and arrows, which were returned to him, his disheveled hair long and bound with a little cord of blue wool, very well made, but we could not discover where he had got it."

After leaving the *ciénaga* or marshy meadow where the trail turned off from the route followed by Link, the expedition found the Indians much more numerous and inclined to display a decidedly hostile attitude. They were not bold enough to attack the company, however, and were presently left behind. Then says the diarist "to temper the disgust we had had with them, God our Lord presented us with other Indians of very different customs. For about a league before arriving at the stopping-place to which we were going, twelve new Gentiles joined us, very merry, saying they would show us the way and the stopping-place; and they kept their word. . . So it befell that after we had eaten and rested, they came down with their nets of cooked mescal and all their arms; and putting the latter on the ground, they began to explain to us the use of them, one by one, in their battles. They played all the rôles, as well of him who gave the wound as of him that was wounded, with so much liveliness and grace

that we had a good bit of recreation. For so much as they wished to tell us in this matter, the interpreters were very superfluous. Until now we had not seen any Woman among them; and I desired for the present not to see them —fearing that they went naked as the men. When amid these fiestas two [women] appeared, talking as rapidly and efficaciously as this sex knows how and is accustomed to do; and when I saw them so honestly covered that we could take it in good part if greater nudities were never seen among the Christian women of the Missions, I was not sorry for their arrival. The most girlish one—who was, they said, the wife of the Captain, who was there—carried upon her head the treat, which I had never seen—which was a great pancake of a thing like dough, but full of some fibers. I went to put my hands upon her head, and the dough was left on them; and at once she and her husband began to explain to me how it was eaten. The old woman also talked, more than all, and in yells. The explanation of the Captain and his Companions continued, and all were so absorbed in it that we did not notice when the women went back."

During the next day's march the company passed through a village belonging to these friendly Indians, but their unrestrained good-will came near working considerable mischief to the Spaniards. "From the slope which soon followed," runs the narrative, "the said Indians of the day before came sliding down on us, already in much greater number, in fulfillment of their vow that they must accompany us; and they came with great hurrahings. But as the way was bad and narrow, they happened to do us other harm, [despite] their good intention; for the beasts took fright, and were in peril of falling headlong down the bluff. . . The Captain of them was called and was charged concerning the matter, and tried to compose and gather his people, in which he succeeded only in part. At

last the Señor Governor, who had gone forward, turned back and reinforced the request. And seeing that it was not enough, he ordered a musket shot into the air in their direction. They ceased, and the trouble was ended—although I already felt that with this demonstration we left them some doubt of our love toward them."

The character of the country changed little from day to day, but occasionally the dreariness and desolation of the desert gave place to the welcome relief of flowing river or inviting pool. With never failing gladness and a thankful heart, Serra, and doubtless many another of the company greeted these unexpected places of refreshing beauty. "It seems," wrote Serra on June 2nd, "that the thorns and the stones of California are finished. . . Flowers there are many, and beautiful as I have noted before; and that there should be nothing lacking, today on arriving at the camping place we have met the Queen of them all, which is the Rose of Castile; when I write this I have before me a branch of rose bush, with three roses opened, others in bud, and more than six unpetaled. Blessed be He who created them!"

Deer and antelope were sometimes killed by the Spaniards, their flesh furnishing a welcome addition to the regular rations carried by the pack train. Luck, however, sometimes went against the hunters, and on one occasion, particularly, the good—and doubtless hungry—Father Serra sadly records that the hunters were most unfortunate for the "animals mocked at their shots, and have remained walking about, and of fresh meat we have had but the desire."

When a few days' march from San Diego, the Spanish camp was visited by an Indian who carried in one hand a stick and in the other a rattle, and who at first refused to eat anything the Spaniards set before him. The description of the curious performance he later enacted may be

of interest both to the general reader and to the student of Indian customs.

"At last he explained that he was the dancer of that country and that he could eat nothing without dancing for it first. That if we wished to give anything, we should put it on the ground, and that we should let him dance, and afterward he would eat. We gave him all the license, and he began the function of dancing, and singing round about the offerings. In the meantime a Soldier would come, now with a piece of tortilla, or panocha, or meat, and they wishing to put it in his mouth, he always resisted, with the sign that they should put it on the pile so that he could dance for it. And as the new gifts came, he changed his song. Presently the room around his pile seemed to him little, and with our license, which he asked, he danced around all our loads and provisions for us, so that it seemed he would now be able to eat everything we brought. With this he was very content and said that now he had taken away from himself all the fear. He ate, and began to reply to our Interpreters with much frankness. He told us that now we lacked only four days and a half to reach San Diego. . . He said that if we wished, he would come with us as far as there, and that if he liked, there he would remain, and if not he would return to his land, but with the condition that we must permit him to go dancing all along the road. In all we agreed with much pleasure, and I entered into great hopes of baptizing him there, and now we called him nothing but the Dancer, reserving the Pascual for the day of Baptism. But all went wrong, because at the time of setting out from the place, I do not know what one of ours said to him, and he understood something else, and he escaped running to the hill, like a deer, without carrying anything of what had been given him, only the stick and rattle with which he had come."

So, meeting with experiences of many kinds, the wayfarers continued their journey. On Sunday, June 11, the grateful diarist writes, "God our Lord who alternates troubles with consolations gave us today a road all level, straight, and happy; and after four hours of walking we halted in a valley and arroyo very pleasant, green, and leafy with cottonwoods, with enough and good water." The day following, however, the character of the country again changed and the travelers were greatly exhausted because of the barrancas and steep hills they were compelled to overcome. The next day's scarcity of water and continued bad trails gave to their stopping place the name of San Antonio of the Hardships.

On the fourteenth, one of the muleteers—for all Mexicans of the lower rank for long generations have been inveterate prospectors—discovered some outcroppings of silver, "that all say," wrote Serra, "is very rich. May it do them good." The same day nine of the Christian Indians, fearing they would be compelled to remain permanently in California, deserted in a body. "God our Lord bless them," wrote the Padre, though one suspects that Portolá may have had other thoughts on the subject, "as well for the good service they have rendered us as for the lack they will be to us in the future."

Four days later three of the other Indians ran away, to the great grief of the good Father. The trail also became more circuitous and rough, and the lack of water caused much distress. A shallow well was dug, but the seepage was insufficient for the animals and the water too brackish for the men. So the company, thirsty and tired, set out again on its march leaving the tiny waterhole to the birds that soon flocked to it, and to the poor Gentiles who might pass that way before the water should be "swallowed up by the sand and the fallen leaves." On the nineteenth a tragedy occurred, committed apparently as the

result of one of those terrible gusts of anger to which mortals are sometimes subject. The tale runs as follows:

"On today's journey a servant of the Señor Governor, of the Genoese nation and of the office of Cook has demonstrated the valor of his sword by running it through a she burro, and leaving her dead at his feet, because she got in front and retarded the walking of his beast of burden. And the said Señor Governor being assured of the burrocide by eye-witnesses, and confession of the culprit, deprived him of office, commanded that his Arms should be taken away, and he condemned him to follow the expedition on foot, and that he should pay for the burro in quadruplum, that is for forty pesos." Doubtless the punishment meted out in such summary fashion to this bloodthirsty "servant of the Señor Governor, of the Genoese nation and of the office of Cook," was well deserved. But before passing judgment, one acquainted by experience with the perverse and diabolical nature of burros would demand more of the facts and circumstances. There *are* times when burrocide is not only excusable but altogether laudable and just.

On the twenty-second, following the usual custom of stopping every third or fourth day to graze and rest the animals, the expedition remained in camp. The men also sought some relaxation in hunting and fishing but the fishermen caught not a fish and the hunters failed to "hit even one sure shot at the jack rabbits and cotton tails that were crossing the plain." The next day's march brought the company to the ocean; and, following the coast, in the late afternoon, they came to a green meadow with pools of water where a hill came down to meet the sea. Here they pitched camp, close to an Indian ranchería with whose inhabitants the Spaniards soon established most cordial relations. Of these Indians, Serra wrote:

"Their beautiful figure, deportment, affability and joy-

ousness have enamored us all. They have given us fish and mussels, have gone with their little canoes to fish on purpose for us, have danced for us, in their manner, and they told us we should sleep here two nights. All we said to them in Castilian they repeated to us with all clearness. In fact, all the Gentiles have pleased me but these in especial have stolen my heart from me. Only the Mules have caused them astonishment and much fear, and being among us very confident, if they saw the mules draw near, they all trembled, and said, 'Mula, Mula,' as they had heard us call them, and they wished to go, until some one got up to scare the mules away. . . They wear the hair cut, in the form of perruque, and plastered with white clay with some cleanliness. May God give them that of the soul. Amen.

"After Mass, the soldiers and Gentiles were trading little white handkerchiefs, which they greatly crave, for various strings of fresh fish, in which they well showed themselves not to be in any way fools, because if the handkerchief was small, also the fish were less that they gave for it, without haggling or disputes doing any good. And if the cloth were a half larger, they corresponded to it with a doubled quantity of their fish."

As the company drew nearer San Diego, the Indians became more friendly and at the same time more thievish. They coveted articles of wearing apparel, especially, and were so adroit and bold in their pilferings that the Spaniards were in danger of being stripped of all they possessed. These Indians had a great abundance of food and were so fat and physically well developed that "the Señor Governor would like most of them for Grenadiers." They begged incessantly, however, for pieces of cloth, and before long became a source of no little vexation to the Spaniards. At last even their friendliness degenerated into an annoying familiarity. "For if in sign of affection,"

wrote Serra, "we put our hands on their heads or shoulder, they did the same to us, and if they saw us seated, there they sat close to us, and always with the mania that we should give them everything they saw, without stopping at little things. They begged my habit from me, from the Governor his leather jacket, waistcoat, breeches, and all he had on, and thus to the rest. Even they bothered me enough to give them my spectacles. And because for one whose actions it seemed to me signified that I lend them to him to see what it was, and I took them off, God knows what it cost me to recover them again, because he fled with them. At last after a thousand difficulties I recovered them after they had been in the hands of the Women who hankered for them."

The Indian who caused Serra so much concern over his spectacles had also proved exceedingly annoying to the first expedition under Rivera from whom he had stolen some spurs and other articles without being detected. His thievish disposition consequently won for him from the Spaniards the appropriate name of Barrabás.

Barrabás and his companions, however much they might lose the favor of the whites by their annoying tactics, at least brought the good news that San Diego was only a short distance away. Accordingly, on the twenty-eighth, while the expedition was encamped for the day, Sergeant Ortega, who had gone on ahead some days before, returned from the port with ten soldiers sent back as an escort by Captain Rivera, and also with some fresh riding animals for the tired travellers.

Two days more, however, and part of a third were required to complete the journey to San Diego. This was accomplished on July 1st, a little before noon. The feelings of those who were thus united—in the midst of an unknown wilderness, separated by so many leagues of danger and hardship from civilization, with sickness and

death abroad in the camp, having only a very indefinite plan for the future and no certain knowledge of the obstacles and risks to be overcome—may better be imagined than accurately described. This much, however, is evident, that neither Serra nor Crespi nor Portolá nor Rivera nor, so far as we know, any of their companions, showed weakness or cowardice or aught but a brave and heroic spirit. As Chapman has pointed out, in

> the record of this first settlement of California
> there is merit enough for both priest
> and soldier without seeking to
> detract from the one in order
> to exalt the other.

Chapter VI

CHAPTER VI

The Long Trail to Monterey*

UPON THE ARRIVAL of Portolá at San Diego, as described in the preceding chapter, the combined companies found themselves confronted by serious problems. According to their instructions and in keeping certainly with the desire of the leaders of the expedition, the establishment of the settlement at San Diego was only preliminary to the occupation of Monterey. But the men were in no fit condition to push forward to this port, which lay an unknown distance to the north through unknown dangers over unknown trails. On Sunday, July 2nd, the Feast of the Visitation of our Lady was celebrated and Mass was sung to "her most holy spouse, San José, the patrons of both expeditions by sea and by land," accompanied by the salvos of troops discharging guns and muskets. Afterward the Governor, Don Gaspar de Portolá, and the commander of the marine division, Don Vicente Vila, held a council to decide what move should next be made. At this council Portolá proposed that Vila with sixteen of the soldiers should continue the voyage to Monterey in the *San Carlos*. But as there were no sailors among those whom Portolá offered for the voyage, and as all the ship's officers, in addition to the boatswain, quartermaster and cockswain, had died from

*See map at end of book.

scurvy, it was decided that this plan could not be carried out. The Governor, however, "was of the opinion that the unforeseen misfortune of the ships did not excuse him from continuing his journey to Monterey by land, in view of the fact that all his soldiers and the rest of his men were in good health, and that he had in his division one hundred and sixty-three mules laden with provisions. He also counted upon the supplies which the packet *San Joseph* was to bring, as, according to the arrangements and advices of the inspector-general, this vessel could be presumed to be on its way to the same destination. He therefore determined to continue his march in search of that port, without waiting till the season had too far advanced, so as to avoid the risk of the snows blocking passage across the mountains that might be encountered on the way. For it was known already, from the experience of that year, that it snowed much, even at San Diego where the hills were seen to be covered with snow by the men who had arrived by sea in April of the same year."

Having thus decided to press on by land to Monterey, Portolá ordered the packet boat, *San Antonio*, to return to San Blas with a letter to the Visitor-General requesting immediate reinforcements and fresh supplies. The voyage required twenty days. During this time nine of the crew died and were "cast into the sea," so that the *San Antonio* "reached the port without enough men to manage the ship."

The expedition to Monterey left San Diego on July fourteenth. It consisted "of the governor and commander-in-chief, Don Gaspar de Portolá, with one servant and twenty-seven leather-jacket soldiers; the lieutenant, Don Pedro Fages, with seven of his volunteer soldiers of the Free Company of Catalonia; the engineer, Don Miguel Constansó; seven muleteers, and fifteen Christian Indians from [Lower] California. The reverend father president

also decided that two of the missionaries should go with that company, and he named Fathers Fray Juan Crespi and Fray Francisco Gómez."

A start was made about four o'clock in the afternoon "on this day of the seraphic doctor San Buenaventura." The company, to judge at least by the description of the Governor, must have made a most forlorn appearance, for Portolá wrote later on, "I gathered the small portion of food which had not been spoiled in the ships, and went on by land to Monterey with that small company of persons, or rather say skeletons, who had been spared by scurvy, hunger and thirst." The order of march, as recorded by Costansó, was as follows: "At the head, rode the commander with the officers, the six men of the Catalan volunteers, who had joined the expedition at San Diego, and some friendly Indians with spades, pick-axes, crowbars, axes, and other implements used by sappers, to cut the brush and to open a passage wherever necessary. Next followed the pack train which was separated into four divisions, each one with its muleteers and an adequate number of soldiers of the garrison as an escort. In the rear-guard came Captain Fernando de Rivera, with the rest of the soldiers and friendly Indians, convoying the spare horses and mules."

Progress was necessarily very slow, and the route itself, of course, entirely unknown. Often it led over almost impassable mountains or through heavy underbrush or across streams where quicksands were much more to be dreaded than the force of the current. Every day's march had to be mapped out in advance by scouts sent on ahead. The labor each morning of collecting the animals and arranging the packs also required much time so that the ordinary day's travel did not exceed more than a few hours or cover more than a few miles. Halts also had to be made at intervals of three or four days to recuperate both the men

and the animals, and at times, when sickness was particularly frequent or severe, these stops were naturally much more prolonged. One of the most dreaded of all inconveniences suffered by the expedition was the stampede of the horses and mules. The description of this danger, as given by one of those who participated in the expedition, explains the serious consequences which followed from it:

"At night, and in a country they do not know the animals are very easily frightened. The sight of a coyote or fox is sufficient to stampede them—as they say in this country. A bird flying past, or dust raised by the wind is likely to frighten them and to make them run many leagues, throwing themselves over precipices and cliffs, defying human effort to restrain them, and it afterwards costs infinite pains to recover them, nor is this always possible; and those that are not killed by falling over a precipice, or lamed in their headlong race, are of no service for a long time." Fortunately, however, the expedition suffered comparatively little in its actual experience from this particular difficulty.

As has been said, the start of the expedition was made about four o'clock on the afternoon of July 14th. For many days thereafter the company, with its large number of pack animals, traveled some three or four leagues a day through a country generally well watered, with pasturage, frequent groves of trees, and occasional thickets of wild roses. Many Indians were encountered, all of whom were of a friendly disposition, but like their fellows of Lower California they startled the religious of the expedition, particularly, by an utter absence of clothes.

Four days out of San Diego the company came to a beautiful valley, "so green that it seemed to us that it had been planted." Here many Indians came to meet them, bringing presents of fish-nets to the Spaniards, and receiving in return beads and other trinkets. The diarist of the com-

pany has left us a pleasing picture of this valley, where later the mission of San Luís Rey was established, and also a naive description of its Indian inhabitants.

"The women," he says, "were modestly covered, wearing in front an apron of threads woven together which came to the knees, and a deerskin behind. To cover the breasts, they wear little capes made of hare and rabbit skins, of which they make strips and twist them like rope. They sew these strips together, to protect them from the cold as well as for covering for modesty's sake. Most of the women go clothed in the same manner, but all the men go as naked as Adam in Paradise before he sinned, and they did not feel the least shame in presenting themselves before us, nor did they make any movement to cover themselves, just as though the clothing given them by nature were some fine garment.

"This valley must be about two leagues long from northeast to southwest, and about half a league wide in the narrowest place. To the southwest it ends on the beach, which must be about half a league distant from the camp, although there is a hill which prevents us from seeing the ocean. We found no running water, although we saw three arroyos which are dry and apparently run only when it rains. There are, indeed, pools of good water, with tules on the banks. The valley is all green with good grass, and has many wild grapes, and one sees some spots that resemble vineyards. I gave this valley the name of San Juan Capistrano, for a mission, so that this glorious saint, who in life converted so many souls, may pray God in heaven for the conversion of these poor heathen. Next morning the Indians came back, and my companion, taking up the image of the Holy Christ, spoke to them by signs about God and Jesus Christ crucified, and about heaven and hell, and they showed that they understood some of it, and looked remorseful and sighed. But, al-

though they saw that the two fathers, the commander, and all the officers venerated the images of Christ, and we told them to do the same, and with this object raised it to their mouths, they were never willing to kiss it, but drew back and pushed it away with their hands. But this was attributed to their lack of knowledge and their failure to understand what we told them."

From this camp, which is not to be confused with the later site of the mission of San Juan Capistrano, the company followed a route in the main parallel with the coast, but back some little distance from it. On the twenty-second they came to another Indian ranchería, where an incident occurred which showed the simplicity of faith and the tenderness of heart of the friars of the company. "The explorers informed us," wrote Crespi, "that on the preceding day they saw in the village two sick little girls. After asking the commander for some soldiers to go with us to visit them we went, and we found one which the mother had at her breast apparently dying. We asked for it, saying that we wished to see it, but it was impossible to get it from its mother. So we said to her by signs that we would not do it any harm, but wished to sprinkle its head, so that if it died it might go to heaven. She consented to this, and my companion, Fray Francisco Gómez, baptized it, giving it the name of María Magdalena. We went then to the other, also small, who had been burned and was apparently about to die. In the same way I baptized it, giving it the name of Margarita. We did not doubt that both would die and go to heaven. With this, the only success that we have obtained, we fathers consider well worth while the long journey and the hardships that are being suffered in it and that are still awaiting us. May it all be for the greater glory of God and the salvation of souls. For this reason this place is known to

the soldiers as Los Christianos; I named it San Apolinario; others called it Valley of Los Bautismos."

This deep love for the Gentiles and the desire of the missionaries for their conversion appear everywhere throughout the narrative. As another illustration of it, for example, one may cite Crespi's description of the visit of the Indians from another village two days after the incident above recorded.

"They came," he says, "without arms and with a friendliness unequaled; they made us presents of their poor seeds, and we made return with ribbons and gew-gaws. Nearly the whole day they remained with us, men, women and children; and these heathen listened with more attention to what we told them by signs, of God, of Jesus Christ, and of their salvation, and several times they devoutly venerated the Holy Christ and the cross of the crown. . . . Because we arrived at this place today, the day of San Francisco Solano, Apostle of America, we gave it his name, so that with his intercession the conversion of these docile heathen may be accomplished by founding for them on this spot a mission dedicated to him as patron, since the place and the docility of the heathen invite it, for I have made them say the acts of Faith, Hope, and Charity, and, without knowing what they did, they repeated it with devotion and tenderness, or at least their voices caused tenderness in my heart."

On the twenty-seventh of July the expedition was in the hills northeast of the present city of Orange. Here they encamped in Santiago Canyon, to which they gave the name it still bears. The next day, says the narrative, "after travelling a league and a half, we came to the banks of a river which has a bed of running water about ten varas [approximately 30 feet] wide and half a vara deep. It is not at all boxed in by banks. Its course is from northeast to southwest, and it empties through this place, ac-

cording to the judgment of those who sailed to the bay of San Pedro. It apparently has its source in the range that we have in sight on the right, about three leagues from the road that we are following. The bed of the river is well grown with sycamores, alders, willows, and other trees which we have not recognized. It is evident from the sand on its banks that in the rainy season it must have great floods which would prevent crossing it. It has a great deal of good land which can easily be irrigated." On the left bank of this river, the Spaniards pitched their camp across from a large village of Indians, who received them with great friendliness and who offered to divide the region with them if they would remain. While they were here encamped they had an experience from which later visitors to California have also sometimes suffered. "I called this place," wrote Crespi, speaking of the river, "the sweet name of Jesús de los Temblores, because we experienced here a horrifying earthquake, which was repeated four times during the day. The first, which was the most violent, happened at one in the afternoon, and the last one about four. One of the heathen who were in the camp, who doubtless exercised among them the office of priest, alarmed at the occurrence no less than we, began with frightful cries and great demonstrations of fear to entreat heaven, turning to all the winds. This river is known to the soldiers as the Santa Ana."

From this camp on the bank of the Santa Ana River, the expedition pursued its course, frequently disturbed by earthquakes, through La Brea Canyon and across the Puente hills by way of the present site of La Habra until they came to a second river. The description of this valley, which still merits all that these first visitors had to say in praise of it, is worth recording.

"We then descended to a broad and spacious plain of fine black earth, with much grass, although we found it

burned. After traveling for an hour through the valley we came to an arroyo of water which flows among many green marshes, their banks covered with willows and grapes, blackberries, and innumerable Castilian rose-bushes loaded with roses. In the midst of the verdure runs a good channel of water which when measured was found to have a volume of three quarters of a square yard. It runs along the foot of the mountains, and can be easily used to irrigate the large area of good land that the valley has. The valley has a length from north to south of about three leagues, and is surrounded by ranges of hills. The one to the north is very high and dark and has many corrugations, and seems to run farther to the west. The others are not so high and they run from east to west. The plain must be about six leagues long. We camped near the arroyo of running water, whose banks were covered with watercress of which we ate. This valley was named San Miguel Arcángel."

From this camp on the bank of the river which is now known as the San Gabriel, near the present site of the little community of Bassett, the expedition continued across Lexington Wash, which they described as "a very miry arroyo of running water," and made camp south of the present site of the Mission of San Gabriel. In this camp on Tuesday, August 1st, the expedition rested "especially to celebrate the jubilee of Our Lady of Los Angeles de Porciúncula." Here the hunters succeeded in killing some antelope, of which there were great numbers, and three more violent earthquakes occurred during the day. The next day the expedition "after traveling about a league and a half through a pass between low hills, entered a very spacious valley, well grown with cottonwoods and alders, among which ran a beautiful river from the north-northwest, and then, doubling the point of a steep hill, it went on afterwards to the south. Toward

the north-northeast there is another river bed which forms a spacious water-course, but we found it dry. This bed unites with that of the river, giving a clear indication of great floods in the rainy season, for we saw that it had many trunks of trees on the banks. We halted not very far from the river, which we named Porciúncula. Here we felt three consecutive earthquakes in the afternoon and night. We must have traveled about three leagues today. This plain where the river runs is very extensive. It has good land for planting all kinds of grain and seeds, and is the most suitable site of all that we have seen for a mission, for it has all the requisites for a large settlement."

While the Spaniards were encamped on this plain, destined later to become the site of the city of Los Angeles, a number of Indians who lived "in this delightful place among the trees on the river," came bringing baskets of pinole made from the seeds of native grasses to the Spaniards. At half past six the next morning the expedition left the camp, crossed the Porciúncula or Los Angeles River, passed through "a large vineyard of wild grapes and an infinity of rose bushes in full bloom" and noted with extreme delight the fertility of the soil and its adaptability to the raising of every kind of grain and fruit. Some leagues further on they came to another similar stream of water, whose banks were "grassy and covered with fragrant herbs and watercress." Here, after pitching camp, the Spaniards experienced another terrific earthquake. In explanation of this they came to the following conclusion:

"We judge that in the mountains that run to the west in front of us there are some volcanoes, for there are many signs on the road which stretches between the Porciúncula River and the Spring of the Alders, for the explorers saw some large marshes of a certain substance like pitch;

they were boiling and bubbling, and the pitch came out mixed with an abundance of water. They noticed that the water runs to one side and the pitch to the other, and that there is such an abundance of it that it would serve to caulk many ships. This place where we stopped is called the Spring of the Alders of San Estévan." It is scarcely necessary to add that this Spring of the Alders of San Estévan and the marshes which boiled and bubbled with pitch are today the famous Brea pits, near the present Wilshire Boulevard in west Los Angeles, from which have come so many remarkable fossils.

After leaving this camping place Portolá conducted his company along the foot of the low hills where the campus of the University of California at Los Angeles is now located, until he reached the beach west of Santa Monica; then turning up Sepulveda Canyon, the expedition crossed the Santa Monica Mountains into the San Fernando Valley, to which they gave the name of the Valley of Santa Catalina de Bononia de Los Encinos. Here, as usual, they met with many Indians, all of whom were well disposed and friendly. Crossing the San Fernando Valley and the mountains beyond they next came to a river which they called the Santa Clara, the name it still bears, and followed this down toward the coast. It was this lovely valley, one might add parenthetically, that was so terribly devastated by the great flood which resulted from the failure of the St. Francis Dam in April of the present year. This course carried the Spaniards near the present location of the towns of Fillmore and Santa Paula and finally brought them to the sea at a point where there were large numbers of Indians. This village, where Ventura now stands, they named La Asunción de Nuestra Señora. The Indians of this part of the coast lived in houses spherical in form, covered with reeds and sometimes as much as twenty yards in diameter. Each house contained three or

four families. The women were very skilful in the weaving of baskets and vessels of reeds "to which they give a thousand different forms and graceful patterns according to the use for which they intend them—for eating, drinking, holding seeds or other purposes." The men made beautiful bowls of wood, inlaid with coral and bone. These were highly polished and excited the admiration of the Spaniards because of their symmetry and beauty. In preparing the seeds which they used instead of flour, the Indians roasted them in large bowls by placing red hot pebbles and stones in the vessels. These were shaken and stirred so that the seeds would not burn and afterwards the seeds were ground in mills or stone mortars. The maritime skill of these Indians also greatly surprised Portolá's men and aroused their admiration, as indeed it had done with Vizcaíno more than a century and a half before.

"The expertness and skill of these Indians," wrote Costansó, "is unsurpassed in the construction of their canoes of pine boards. They are from eight to ten yards in length from stem to stern-post, and one yard and a half in breadth. No iron whatever enters into their construction, and they know little of its use. But they fasten the boards firmly together, making holes at equal distances apart, one inch from the edge, matching each other in the upper and lower boards, and through these holes they pass stout thongs of deer sinews. They pitch and caulk the seams, and paint the whole with bright colors. They handle them with equal skill, and three or four men go out to sea to fish in them, as they will hold eight or ten [men]. They use long double-bladed oars, and row with indescribable agility and swiftness. They know all the arts of fishing, and fish abound along their coast, as was said of San Diego. They hold intercourse and commerce with the natives of the islands, from which they obtain the coral beads, which in all these parts take the place of money. They value,

however, more highly the glass beads which the Spaniards gave them, offering in exchange for them all they possess, such as baskets, otter-skins, bowls, and wooden dishes. But above everything else, they esteem any kind of knife or sharp tool, admiring its superiority over those of flint; and it gives them much pleasure to see use made of axes and cutlasses, and the ease with which the soldiers felled a tree to make firewood by means of these tools."

Leaving these Indian villages, the expedition pursued its way northward, passing through the site of the present town of Carpenteria—a name which Portolá applied to an Indian ranchería because the natives were there building a canoe—and came to the beautiful bay of Santa Barbara. Here they were beset by some five hundred Indians of both sexes and all ages. The camp was placed on the edge of a large lagoon surrounded by many huge live oaks and seemingly fed by a hidden spring. To this place the Spaniards gave the name of Laguna de la Concepción. The Indians were becoming increasingly friendly, indeed so much so that their friendliness became a source of decided vexation to the Spaniards because they did not permit the strangers sufficient sleep. They were "very wide awake and active, and had no fault except that of being very nimble with their fingers." "In the afternoon," says Crespi, speaking of the overhospitality of these natives, "the chief men came from each town, one after the other adorned according to their usage, painted and loaded with plumage and some hollow reeds in their hands, to the movement and noise of which they kept time with their songs and the cadence of the dance, in such good time and in such unison that it produced real harmony. These dances lasted all the afternoon, and it cost us much trouble to rid ourselves of the people. They were sent away, charged with emphatic signs not to come in the night and disturb us; but it was in vain, for as soon as night fell they

returned, playing on some pipes whose noise grated on our ears. It was feared that they might frighten the horses, for which reason the commander went out to meet them with his officers and some soldiers. They gave them some beads and implored them to go, telling them that if they came again to interrupt our sleep they would not be welcome and we would give them an unfriendly reception. This induced them to depart and leave us in peace for the rest of the night."

Continuing up the coast, the Spaniards passed through the present site of Goleta and pitched camp where the beautiful ranch of Dos Pueblos belonging to Mr. Herbert G. Wylie is now situated. Some distance beyond this they came to a place which one of the friars named San Luís, but which the soldiers called La Gaviota because they had there killed a sea gull. Here an Indian attached himself to the expedition to whom the Spaniards gave the name of El Loco because of his craze for dancing. Further along they came to Point Conception, near which the soldiers gathered some excellent flints for their guns, and later to the Santa Ynez River, which the Spaniards variously named the San Bernardo and the Santa Rosa.

Some two days' travel beyond the Santa Ynez River, the Spanish hunters had their first experience with a California bear; but it was not until they reached the vicinity of the modern San Luis Obispo that they found these animals in great numbers. "In this valley," wrote Crespi, "we saw troops of bears, which kept the ground plowed up and full of holes which they make searching for roots which constitute their food, and on which the heathen also live, for there are some which have a very good flavor and taste. The soldiers went out to hunt and succeeded in killing one with bullets, in doing which they learned the ferocity of these animals. When they feel themselves wounded they attack the hunter at full speed, and he can escape

only by the dexterity of his horse. They do not yield until they get a shot in the head or the heart. This one that they killed received nine balls before he fell, which did not happen until one struck him in the head. Some of the soldiers were fearless enough to chase one of these animals mounted on poor beasts. They fired seven or eight shots, and I had no doubt he would die from the balls; but the bear upset two of the mules, and it was only by good fortune that the two mounted on them escaped with their lives. This valley they named Los Osos [The Bears], and I called it La Natividad de Nuestra Señora."

From here Portolá led his men to the coast, which he followed northward until the way became impassable because the steep mountains of the Santa Lucía range here came down to the sea. After several days of scouting and investigation it was found necessary to cross these mountains through a rough and precipitous pass, and for all hands to assist in the clearing of a trail. After several days of the hardest labor the summit was reached. "Then," says the diarist, "we set out in the morning and the first thing was to begin to go over the crest, with a prayer in our mouths, for this day's journey called for nothing less." For several days the Spaniards floundered through the gorges and ridges of the Santa Lucía mountains. On September 20th they reached a high ridge where they could command a view of the entire range. Before them, mile after mile, stretched an inhospitable and discouraging prospect, for nowhere could they see a break in the mountains or an outlet to the plains which they believed lay beyond. "It was a sad spectacle for poor travelers, tired and worn out by the fatigue of a long journey, by the labor of leveling bad spots, and of opening roads through hills, woods, sand dunes, and swamps," wrote one of the company. "They now began to feel the cold, and some of the soldiers were also afflicted with the scurvy and inca-

pacitated for work, by which the labor was made harder for the rest. All these considerations were such as to oppress our hearts, but, remembering the object to which these labors were directed, which was the greater glory of God in the conversion of souls, and the service of the king, whose dominions would be extended by this expedition, all took courage to work with pleasure, over which we rejoiced exceedingly, blessing our God and Lord and supplicating Him to grant health to everybody and success to the expedition, naming as intercessor our patron, the most holy patriarch San José."

It was not until September 23rd that the scouts succeeded in finding an outlet in the mountains and in bringing back the cheering word that they had discovered a river lined with cottonwoods, willows, oaks, and other trees, which they believed to be the Carmelo. This news revived the drooping spirits and discouraged hearts of the travelers so that they set forward the next day with renewed enthusiasm and vigor, but had they known it, they were only at the beginning of their discouragement. The river, which the scouts had mistaken for the Carmel, was in reality the Salinas. This stream, with its wide, sandy bed and its mere trickle of water, the expedition reached near the present site of King City and followed down to the sea. By this time the leaders of the expedition, as well as the men, were greatly disturbed because of their failure to discover the port of Monterey. Taking the description which Vizcaíno had written so long before, they expected to find an amply sheltered, well-nigh perfect harbor which no one could possibly mistake. Misled by this conception they consequently failed to recognize the port of Monterey when they came to it, though they rightly surmised that the two headlands which they saw were the points the mariners had named Año Nuevo and Los Pinos. In a letter to the visitor-general, José de Gálvez, Crespi thus

describes the disappointment and perplexity of the company: "On the first of October the river and plain again placed us on the beach, in sight of a very large bay and a beautiful point of pines, which extends far into the sea and from afar makes a fine view. We were all very happy, for we had not the least doubt that this was what the histories call the Point of Monterey, and that the port of this name must be there.

"Captain Don Fernando de Rivera went at once with nineteen of his leather-jacket soldiers, in high spirits, to explore this place, and we all eagerly hoped that he would return with the joyful news that the desired port was found at last, so that we might all move there. But on the second day after his departure he returned with the report that after exploring the entire vicinity of the point, no trace was found of any port, large or small. He said that where the Point of Pines began there was a little bay into which emptied a small stream, with a scraggly growth of blackberries, and forming an estuary on the beach of this little bay; that the Point of Pines, which must be scarcely a league and a half long, had on the other side four small lagoons of very salt water, and that on this other side of the point and the lagoons there were chains of very high sand dunes, which looked like high mountains, in front of a plain about two leagues long and extending to a mountain. They said they had traveled along the whole beach without seeing trace or sign of a port; but that the Point of Pines was undoubtedly the one so-named in the histories, and that it was thickly covered with pines down to the sea, but that the pines were all very scraggly, knotty, and with low branches. . . This report was a sad disappointment to everybody, especially since there were now twenty and more leather-jacket soldiers very ill with scurvy, twelve totally incapacitated and the rest not far from it."

In this crisis, a council was called to decide upon some course of action. To it Portolá summoned Costansó, Fages, Rivera, and the two friars, Gómez and Crespi. The last two were charged "to say the Mass of the Holy Ghost that it might enlighten all and help them to give their opinions as to what was the best course to pursue," for the situation was indeed critical. "There were at that time as many as seventeen men afflicted with scurvy. The season was advanced, and the labor of looking after the animals and watching them at night; the loading of the pack-animals; the guarding of the camp; and, above all, the reconnoitering and exploring of the country, which was of necessity toilsome, required a larger number of men than were in condition to perform these duties."

Despite these grave handicaps, however, the council decided to continue the journey, "for," they argued, "if they did not reach the port and destination of the vessels so as to receive the supplies, utensils, and munitions necessary for the settlement to be made at Monterey, they could not expect the relief which they so much needed, nor would it be possible to make the settlement which had been ordered; and, finally, it was better to proceed in search of the port—which, according to all evidence, could not be far—than to adopt a course now which could at any time be adopted, in case the sick should get worse or their number should increase.

"They therefore resolved to continue the journey, thus turning their backs on the port they were seeking. The sick suffered much on this march, and some of them were reduced to the last extremity. This considerably delayed the march, as it was necessary to rest at each stopping-place. At this time—the latter part of October—the rains had set in, and with them came an epidemic of diarrhoea which attacked everybody, without exception. It was even feared that this disease, which exhausted the strength

and broke the spirit of the men, would entirely put an end to the expedition. But quite the opposite happened, for all those who were ill and suffering from scurvy—being crippled and swollen in all their limbs, and tormented with pains—from now on began to feel relief from their ailments. The swellings gradually disappeared, the pains ceased, they recovered the use of their limbs, and ultimately were restored to perfect health without any medicine whatever."

After leaving the unrecognized port of Monterey, the expedition turned back a little from the coast, and passed through a "very verdant and pleasant plain, full of cottonwoods, alders, tall oaks, live oaks," and many other species of trees which were not familiar to the Spaniards. Through this plain ran a stream near which the Spaniards found a huge bird stuffed with straw by the Indians, measuring eleven spans between the tips of its outstretched wings. For this reason they called the stream Rio del Pájaro. A little further on they had the first sight of the California redwood, which, said Crespí, although it "resembled cedar somewhat in color, is very different and has not the same odor." There was a great abundance of these trees and as they were unknown to the Spaniards, they called them redwoods because of their color.

From this point onward, the route of the expedition lay through Pleasant Valley, touched Soquel Creek, the San Lorenzo River, and the present site of the city of Santa Cruz. Following the coast beyond this point, the Spaniards finally made camp on Half Moon Bay. By this time provisions had been reduced to a minimum. Each man received only five tortillas a day, "one for breakfast, two for dinner, and two for supper." There was some talk of killing a few of the mules for food, but the soldiers were not yet reduced to the point where they were willing to accept this extreme emergency diet, particularly as

the beasts were very thin! Later on, however, they were thankful for even this addition to their menu. Portolá himself fell ill and the continued rain added further to their misfortune and hardships.

On the last day of October the expedition sighted Point Reyes and the Farallones. It was now obvious that the company had in some way missed the port of Monterey, and the men were naturally greatly perplexed and concerned. They had as yet not seen the true Bay of San Francisco, but before them lay the great Gulf of the Farallones, with many distinguishing landmarks referred to by the earlier mariners along the coast. As the chronicler wrote:

"On the eve of Todos Santos we came in sight of a very large port with six or seven farallones stretching across its mouth for a distance of about a league. There are three barrancas in this bay, and by the middle one a large and round estuary penetrates into the land. There is a point of land which runs far into the sea and forms a point like an island, but is in reality terra firma. In view of what we all saw before us we all conceived the idea that this very great and magnificent port was that of San Francisco [i.e., Drake's Bay], for it is only in that bay that the histories put the six or seven farallones, the barrancas, and the rest. This caused disappointment and confusion to all, for we now saw that Monterey was behind us, in the sierra which we had left there."

Portolá, however, decided to explore the country as far as Point Reyes and in so doing brought about the discovery of the true Bay of San Francisco; for by some curious chance, which still constitutes one of the great mysteries of California history, this immense bay had apparently never before been sighted by any of the mariners who from time to time sailed along the California coast from the days of Cabrillo, Drake, and Vizcaíno, down to the time of the Portolá expedition. The discovery of the

great bay from a spot somewhere on the Berkeley hills, came about, according to Costansó, as follows:

"Wednesday, November 1. Some had not yet been convinced that we had left the port of Monterey behind, nor would they believe that we were at the port of San Francisco. Our commander ordered the scouts to set out to examine the land for a certain distance and gave them three days within which to return. . .

"Thursday, November 2. Several of the soldiers requested permission to go hunting, as many deer had been seen. Some of them went quite a long way from the camp and reached the top of the hills so that they did not return until nightfall. They said that to the north of the bay they had seen an immense arm of the sea or estuary, which extended inland as far as they could see to the southeast; that they had seen many beautiful plains studded with trees; and that from the columns of smoke, they had noticed all over the level country, there was no doubt that the land must be well populated with natives."

The discovery of the Great Bay by the band of hunters was verified by the scouts whom Portolá had sent out under Sergeant Ortega and indeed by the whole company within the next two days. To these weary, disheartened and half-sick men, however, the event meant nothing except a definite end of the discouraging struggle to find the Bay of Monterey further along the coast. Accordingly, following the collapse of a false report that the long awaited packet, the *San José*, was lying at anchor in the harbor, a formal council of the leaders unanimously decided that the expedition must now turn back and renew the search for Monterey where they had first sought to find it.

The return journey was even more laborious and distressing than the march northward. Provisions were reduced to the barest minimum, and though the hunters

killed many wild geese, sea gulls, and pelicans, the men suffered much from hunger. The cold increased, and with it the suffering and sickness which had afflicted the expedition for so many months. On December 5th, the party reached the foot of the Sierra de Santa Lucía and were convinced that it was idle to search longer for the harbor of Monterey. There now remained but sixteen sacks of flour, and since all hope of encountering the supply ship had long before been abandoned, another council was held to map out some definite course of action. The meeting of this council and its decision are thus described:

"This day [December 7th] after having repeated the supplications to God for success in the holy sacrifice of the Mass, the council was held. Some were of the opinion that it was best to remain at the Point of Pines until the existing provisions should be entirely consumed, and then start on the return with the determination to eat mule meat for the rest of the journey. Others were of the opinion that the expedition should be divided, part to remain at this place and the rest to go on to San Diego, but several difficulties came in the way of both plans. Everything considered, the small amount of provisions remaining, the extreme cold that was now prevailing, and the snow that was beginning to cover the neighborhood, the commander himself decided to retreat, remarking that if the pass through the mountains should be closed against them it was inevitable that all should perish."

Before starting the return to San Diego, Portolá erected a large cross at the site of his last camp and on this cross wrote, "DIG AT THE FOOT AND YOU WILL FIND A LETTER." This letter, which was placed in a bottle, contained such an excellent summary of the experiences of the expedition that it is well worthy of quotation. It read as follows: "The land expedition which left San Diego on the fourteenth of July, 1769, by order of the

governor of California, Don Gaspar de Portolá, entered the channel of Santa Barbara on the ninth day of August, passed Point Concepción on the twenty-seventh of the same month; arrived at the foot of Sierra de Santa Lucía on the thirteenth of September; entered that range on the seventeenth of the same month; finished crossing the range or completely rounding it on the first of October; observed on the same day the Point of Pines and the bays to the north and south of it, without seeing any signs of the harbor of Monterey, and resolved to go on in search of it. On the thirtieth of October it came in sight of the point of Los Reyes and the farallones of the port of San Francisco, seven in number. The expedition attempted to reach Point Reyes, but some immense estuaries which penetrate extraordinarily into the land made it necessary to make a very long detour. And there were other difficulties, the greatest being the lack of provisions, which made it necessary to return, thinking that the harbor of Monterey might perhaps be within the mountains and that the expedition had passed it without seeing it. It started on the return from the head of the estuary of San Francisco on the eleventh of November; passed Point Año Nuevo on the nineteenth of the same month, and again arrived at this Point and Bay of Pines on the twenty-seventh of the same month. From that day until the present ninth of December it has made efforts to find the harbor of Monterey within the range, skirting it by the shore, in spite of its ruggedness, but in vain. At last, disappointed and despairing of finding it after such efforts and labors, with no provisions except fourteen sacks of flour, the expedition set out today from this bay for San Diego. It prays the All-Powerful God to guide it, and that His Divine Providence may lead thee, sailor, to the port of salvation. At the Bay of Pines, December 9, 1769."

From this point on to San Diego, the expedition strug-

gled against increasing hardships. On December twentieth, the supply of flour had been so greatly reduced that it was apportioned among the members of the expedition, each man receiving only eight small cups, from each of which only five very small tortillas could be made. "By liberal count," as the diarist wrote, "there would be forty round, well-trimmed tortillas, which any one in the expedition, judging by our hunger, could finish in two days." This division of the food was made necessary because it was discovered that some of the men were stealing the flour from the general supply. To supplement the small allowance of flour and the occasional supply of wild game, recourse was now had to the meat of the emaciated and unspeakably tough mules. As described by Portolá himself, this diet was not one to stimulate the appetite. Long afterward he wrote, "In order that we might not die meanwhile, I ordered that at the end of each day's march, one of the weak old mules which carried our baggage and ourselves, should be killed. The flesh we roasted or half fried in a fire made in a hole in the ground.

"The mule being thus prepared, without a grain of salt or other seasoning—for we had none—we shut our eyes and fell to on that scaly mule (what misery!) like hungry lions. We ate twelve in as many days, obtaining from them perforce all our sustenance, all our appetite, all our delectation."

There is a touch of pathos in the account of the celebration of Christmas by the half-starved and discouraged company. "On this day of the Nativity of the Lord," wrote Crespi, "we could not celebrate in any other manner than by saying Mass, we two, one Mass for each, for the march gave time for no more. The cold is so biting that it gives us good reason to meditate upon what the Infant Jesus, who was this day born in Bethlehem, suffered for us. We made three leagues and half, and went to stop

a little farther to the south of the estuary of Santa Serafina, close to a small village of Indian fishermen, from whom a great deal of fish was obtained, in exchange for beads, with which all provided themselves. So we celebrated Christmas with this dainty, which tasted better to everybody than capons and chickens had tasted in other places, because of the good sauce of San Bernardo, hunger, which all had in abundance. And there was not lacking a Christmas gift of good baskets of pinole and atole, which, being white and made of acorns, tastes like *manjar blanco* [a dish made of the breast of chicken and other ingredients], because of its color and the pleasure with which it is eaten."

By the first of January, the travelers were near the present site of the little town of Surf. By the eleventh, they had reached Ventura and on the fifteenth they entered the San Fernando Valley. The next day they passed through Cahuenga Pass and camped where Hollywood now stands. From this point onward, the return journey was made over much the same route that the company had followed on its outward trip to Monterey. By January 24th, the weary men were almost within sight of San Diego and spent the whole day "in conjecturing what state we would find it in, whether settled by the few people that we left there and the packets in the harbor, or whether it might have been entirely deserted in the six months since we had left it. Everyone decided according to his nature and humor."

The fate of the San Diego settlement was, of course, of vital importance to the returning Spaniards. If the port had been abandoned or destroyed by the Indians, it could mean nothing less than death through starvation and hardship to Portolá's company. "While we were still engaged with these thoughts and discussions," wrote Costansó, "which for days had been wearying us, we received

an unexpected pleasure at the sight of fresh tracks of men and horses, at more than half a league from the presidio which we saw soon afterwards.

"As soon as we saw the palisade inclosure and the humble buildings which it contained, we gave a salute, discharging our arms—the first announcement to its occupants of our arrival. They immediately came out with the greatest joy to receive us in their arms."

Thus after a lapse of some six months and ten days the exploring party had returned to its base. Meantime, many of those left at San Diego had died of the scurvy; the Indians had become insolent and thievish, at one time even going so far as to rush the Spanish settlement; and gloom and discouragement were taking hold of all but the most valiant and stout-hearted. At the presidio there was a considerable quantity of flour, corn, and other grain; but with the arrival of Portolá's men it was evident that this would soon be exhausted. The governor, accordingly, decided to dispatch a relief expedition overland to the mission of Velicatá where he hoped to obtain food and cattle. Before this expedition returned, however, the arrival of the *San Antonio* with food and supplies from the port of San Blas saved the hard-pressed San Diego settlement from almost certain ruin and enabled Portolá to undertake a second expedition to Monterey. To make this second venture doubly sure, the *San Antonio* was dispatched by sea to the port while Portolá led his men by land over the trails he had followed on his previous journey.

Without serious difficulty or noteworthy incident the land expedition reached Monterey Bay on March 24, 1770. Camp was established on the Carmel River and Crespi, Fages, and a soldier set out to find the cross which had been erected by Portolá the preceding December. When they came to it they "found the cross all surrounded by arrows and darts with plumes stuck in the ground; a dart

with a string of sardines, still nearly fresh; another dart with a piece of meat hanging to it; and at the foot of the cross a little pile of mussels, all put there by the heathen in token of peace." The friars regarded these things as an evidence that in some way the heathen were "offering worship to the sacred wood, even though without light or understanding of what it represented," and they were thus encouraged to believe that the Indians would readily accept the preaching of the Gospel.

From this spot the four men returned to the bay "and as the day was clear they saw the great bay which is formed by the Point of Pines and the other point, which projects much farther into the sea, and which was still thought to be Point Año Nuevo. They observed that the sea in the whole immense bay was so calm that it resembled a large lake. In it were swimming and barking innumerable sea wolves, and near the shore there were two large whale cubs, not farther than five yards from the land, a clear indication that there was a good depth. They traveled a short distance along the same beach and soon perceived that the bay was locked by points Año Nuevo and Pinos, in such a manner that the great bay resembled a round lake like an O. Upon seeing this the three broke out with one voice: 'This is the port of Monterey that we were seeking, for this is the letter described by Sebastian Vizcaíno and Cabrera Bueno.'"

With this positive identification of the Bay, Portolá moved his camp from the River Carmel to the present beach of Monterey. Eight days later the *San Antonio* dropped anchor in the harbor. Then, "on the third of June, 1770, Sunday of Pentecost, first day of the Feast of Espiritu Santo, the commander, Don Gaspar de Portolá, together with his subaltern officers, soldiers, and the rest of the land expedition, and Don Juan Pérez, captain of the packet *San Antonio*, alias *El Príncipe*, with his second captain,

Don Manuel del Pino, with all their crew and the others who composed the sea expedition, the reverend father lecturer and president of all the missions, Fray Junípero Serra, and Father Fray Juan Crespi, being assembled all together on the beach of the harbor of Monterey, an arbor was built on the same spot and near the oak where in the year 1603 the holy sacrifice of the Mass had been celebrated by the reverend Carmelite fathers who went on the expedition of the commandant Don Sebastian Vizcaíno. An altar was arranged, and the bells were hung up, whereupon the festival began with the peal of bells.

"Then the reverend father president, dressed in alb and stole, with all the people kneeling, implored the assistance of the Holy Spirit, whose coming with the small flock of the apostles and disciples of the Lord was being celebrated that very day by the Universal Church, and they sang with all possible solemnity the hymn of the day, Veni Creator Spiritus. Afterwards he blessed some water and with it sprinkled a large cross which they had ready, and among them they all raised it, planted it, and venerated it. He then sprinkled all the fields and beach of the harbor with holy water, to frighten away the infernal enemies. Then began the chanted Mass. The altar was adorned by the devout image of Our Lady, given by the hand of the visitor-general for the expedition to Monterey in the name of the illustrious Don Francisco de Lorenzana, then archbishop of Mexico and now of Toledo, and primate of the Spains. This first Mass was sung by the father president, and he afterwards preached the gospel from that altar, the place of musical instruments being taken or supplied by repeated salvos from the cannon on the packet, and the guns and other firearms. The Mass concluded, the salute to the devout image of Our Lady was sung, and the ceremony ended with the Te Deum Laudamus."

HOWARD SIMON

Following this ceremony, Portolá took formal possession of the harbor and of the bay in the name of the Spanish king, Charles III. The cross was erected, the royal standards unfurled, and the ancient acts of possession, symbolized through the pulling of grass and the throwing of stones, were ceremoniously performed. Thus at last the occupation of Monterey, so long dreamed of, was accomplished. In Mexico the achievement was regarded as of such outstanding significance that "His Excellency [the Viceroy] wanted the whole population forthwith to share in the happiness which the information gave him, and therefore he ordered a general ringing of the bells of the cathedral and all the other churches in order that all might realize the importance of the Port of Monterey to the Crown of our monarch and also to give thanks for the happy success of the expeditions; for by their means the dominion of our king had been extended over more than three hundred leagues of good land."

Chapter VII

CHAPTER VII

Conquerors of the Desert*

BY MEANS OF the expeditions discussed in the two preceding chapters, the Spaniards had at last established themselves in the long-desired province of Alta California. The foothold they had thus obtained, however, was so unstable and precarious that any one of a dozen factors might easily bring it to an abrupt end.

To prevent the enterprise from meeting such an inglorious fate and to hold the land for Church and King it was therefore necessary not only to reinforce the missions and settlements already established, but also to plant many similar posts at strategic locations in the California wilderness. But how could this plan be carried out? In the province there was critical lack of food, supplies, settlers, soldiers and all other essentials for permanent occupation. Moreover, to transport these things by sea from the mainland of Mexico, as was shown clearly enough in the case of the *San Carlos*, the *San Antonio*, and the ill-fated *San José*, was a dubious undertaking at best and one inevitably fraught with risk, misery and death. The poverty and sterility of Lower California made the Peninsula an inadequate base for furnishing either men or food for the settlements in the north. And as a consequence the task of opening an overland route from Sonora to Monterey

*See map at end of book.

became equivalent to the task of saving the Spanish settlements in California from extinction.

The preliminary work on this problem to some degree had already been accomplished prior to the founding of San Diego. Three-quarters of a century earlier, that altogether remarkable explorer and pioneer, Father Eusebio Francisco Kino, to whom reference has already been made in a previous chapter, had opened the trail from the Sonoran frontier to the Colorado River, and even beyond this point to the Gulf. The chief authority on this man's life and career, Professor Herbert E. Bolton, says of him: "To Kino is due the credit for first traversing in detail and accurately mapping the whole of Pimería Alta, the name then applied to southern Arizona and northern Sonora. Considered quantitatively alone, his work of exploration was astounding. During his twenty-four years of residence at the mission of Dolores, between 1687 and 1711, he made more than fifty journeys inland, an average of more than two per year. These journeys varied from a hundred to nearly a thousand miles in length. They were all made either on foot or on horseback, chiefly the latter. In the course of them he crossed and recrossed repeatedly and at varying angles all of the two hundred miles of country between the Magdalena and the Gila and the two hundred and fifty miles between the San Pedro and the Colorado. When he first opened them nearly all his trails were either absolutely untrod by civilized man or had been altogether forgotten. They were made through countries inhabited by unknown tribes who might but fortunately did not offer him personal violence, though they sometimes proved too threatening for the nerve of his companions. . . In the prosecution of these journeys Kino's energy and hardihood were almost beyond belief."

The geographic discoveries made by Kino in the Sonora-Gila-Colorado region were supplemented by expeditions

of his scarcely less distinguished contemporaries and successors among the Jesuit missionaries of Sonora and Lower California. In no way inferior to these missionary explorers in eager desire to penetrate the wilderness and push forward the Spanish borderlands was also a certain Juan Bautista de Anza, a captain of the frontier, who was in command of the presidio of Santa Rosa, or Fronteras, in the semi-wilderness of northern Sonora. In this man dwelt the restless and indomitable spirit of the true explorer. He was one in dreams and purpose with Columbus, Magellan and La Salle and with all that company of kindred souls who found life's satisfaction not in wealth or luxury, but in privation and hardship and loneliness and in the appeal and mystery of the unknown.

While captain of the frontier garrison, Anza made numerous expeditions into the interior, chiefly as escort to the companies of missionaries who from time to time went northward toward the Gila. In 1736 one of the most extraordinary and curious incidents recorded in the history of American mining also drew the attention of the Spanish officials to this frontier wilderness and aroused Anza's hope for royal sanction to an extended exploration of the interior. This incident, as recorded by Chapman in his *History of California*, was the discovery of remarkable deposits of silver "at or near a place called Arizonac, or Arizona, just south of the border of the present-day state of Arizona. The more usual name for the mine at that time was Bolas de Plata (Balls of Silver), or Planchas de Plata (Nuggets of Silver), because the precious metal was found in balls, or nuggets, of almost pure silver. These were on or near the surface, and were of immense size, some of them weighing a ton or more. Accounts differed, but there were several stating that the largest nugget weighed 3,500 pounds; one of the reputed finders, Fermín,

spoke of a 4,000-pound nugget, and said that there were many of about 500 pounds."

With the stimulus of this unusual discovery to aid him, Anza addressed a memorial to the viceroy, praying him to authorize the exploration of the vast wilderness which stretched so many unknown leagues beyond the Spanish settlements in Sonora. This request met with favorable response both from the viceroy and from the king and might indeed have borne much useful fruit if Anza himself, the moving spirit of the whole undertaking, had not been killed by the warring Apaches in 1739.

Five years after Anza's death, a Jesuit missionary of German extraction, Jacob Sedelmayr by name, ascended the Colorado as far as Bill Williams Fork and by his discoveries and the reports he heard of a river flowing westward into the Pacific, which was later believed to be the Carmelo, aroused again the fear, never long dormant, of French and English intrusion into California and other parts of New Spain. During the first quarter of a century after Sedelmayr's explorations, the idea of more thoroughly occupying the Gila-Colorado region and of opening an overland route thence to Monterey was consequently frequently advanced.

It would require too much space to pursue this subject further, though mention should at least be made of the interest aroused in 1757 by the memorials of one of those little known but ardent California enthusiasts, a certain Captain Don Fernando Sánchez of Sonora, in the exploration of an overland route from the Colorado to Alta California, which he referred to as "the richest and most abundant land this vast kingdom [of New Spain] contains"; and of the similar effect accomplished by the anonymous publication in 1757 of a three volume work entitled, "*Noticias de la California*," by Father Andrés Burriel.

Before any thought could be given to the actual over-

land expedition to California, however, it was first necessary to pacify the northern frontiers of Sonora, which must serve as a base of operations and supply, and make them secure against the constant menace of the Indians. This was no easy task. In the south the Yaqui tribe, which even in our own day not infrequently takes heavy toll of settlers in its territory, was then a source of constant dread. Elsewhere, too, the Seris, Pimas, and especially the Apaches, constituted a similar and never-ending menace to the Spanish settlements. It was indeed not until 1771 that this northern region of Sonora could properly be regarded as pacified. The discovery of rich gold placers in the Altar valley at this time also brought a large inrush of settlers and helped correspondingly to lessen the menace of the Indians and to strengthen Spanish rule.

In 1772, conditions were accordingly ripe for the next great undertaking in the field of California exploration. The sea approaches were known; the trail from Lower California to San Diego had been opened; and the long and tedious road had been traveled from San Diego to Monterey and even beyond to the silent reaches of San Francisco Bay. But as yet no one had linked the struggling settlement overlooking the curving beach of San Diego and the little presidio on the pine-encircled shore of Monterey with the Spanish outposts of Sonora, and through them with the center of Spanish culture and authority in the New World. The opening of this route, it is true, would not bring California into very intimate contact with the civilized world or in any complete fashion break down her isolation. For this the lapse of three-quarters of a century would still be required, together with a change of sovereignty and the discovery of gold. But the new route would at least make it easier for colonists, missionaries, soldiers, and the herds of cattle, which were the main dependence of all such frontier settlements

for food, to find their way into the province and thus make permanent the occupation begun by Portolá and Serra.

In the opening of this route from the Colorado to the coast, two men deserve recognition and honor in almost equal measure. These were the Franciscan missionary, Father Francisco Garcés of the Mission of San Xavier del Bac, which still stands in an excellent state of preservation a few miles south of Tucson; and Captain Juan Bautista de Anza, altogether worthy son of that early explorer and frontiersman of the same name, who died at the hand of the Apaches in 1739.

Coming in 1768, with the expulsion of the Jesuits from Pimería Alta, from the Franciscan college at Querétaro to San Xavier, Garcés almost immediately began that remarkable series of explorations which "without the aid of a single white man, covered more than a thousand miles of untrod trails, and furnished an example of physical endurance and human courage that has rarely been excelled."

In August, something less than two months after reaching his new post, this intrepid friar set out to visit the Pápago Indians and reached a point on the Gila River a short distance below Casa Grande. Two years later he again journeyed to the Gila, on this occasion going beyond Salt River to the western end of the Great Bend before he began the return to his mission. In 1771, Garcés undertook a third expedition into the Pápago territory and the region beyond which was to prove the first stage in the opening of the route from the Colorado to Monterey—an expedition in itself sufficient to give him an assured place in the list of the pathfinders of California.

Leaving San Xavier on August 8th, when the heat of summer was most intense, Garcés, with three Indian guides, travelled westward on horseback to an abandoned station called Sonóita which Kino had established in 1699.

From Sonóita he continued west, facing perils which can best be appreciated from Bolton's graphic description of his route: "To the foot of the Gila range he was still on a known road for it had been travelled several times by Father Kino. But it was a terrible trail none-the-less—a forbidding, waterless desert, which has since become the graveyard of scores of travellers who have died of thirst, because they lacked the skill and endurance of a Kino or a Garcés. Its terrors have justly given it the name of Camino del Diablo, or Devil's Highway."

Six days after leaving Sonóita Garcés reached the Gila River some twenty-five or thirty miles from its junction with the Colorado. Failing to recognize the latter stream when at last he came to it, but thinking he was still on the Gila, which was then greatly swollen by unprecedented rains, the explorer made his way down the Colorado until after twelve days of confused wandering he came to its mouth near the place now called Heintzelman's Point.

Leaving the mouth of the Colorado, Garcés travelled toward the northwest to a place called San Jacome. Nearby a bare, solitary mountain lifted its black summit from the plain, and across the floor of the valley, like a scar, ran "a dirty salty arroyo with a deep bed." The arroyo, which Garcés named San Lino, is today known as New River; but the lone black mountain still bears the name, Cerro Prieto, by which he called it. From San Jacome, Garcés pushed westward and northward for several days, sometimes going incredible distances without water, until he came within sight of the San Jacinto Mountains and was able to distinguish two well-defined openings which he supposed led through the range. At this point, because of lack of water and uncertain knowledge of the country, he judged it unwise to attempt further progress northward; and, accordingly, over a slightly different

route, made his hazardous way back to the Sonoran settlements. Of the heroism and noteworthy accomplishments of the intrepid explorer on this expedition, the first beyond the Colorado made by any European, Bolton writes: "The significance of this arduous journey, made by a lone man with a single horse, is greater than would appear from a glance at the map. By the time Garcés got back to Caborca he estimated that he had travelled 300 leagues, or 780 miles, not counting the windings. He had crossed the Yuma desert in two places, a feat never before recorded. He had opened a new trail from the head of tidewater to upper California; on his return he had crossed the terrible Colorado desert for a distance of nearly a hundred miles." Here, too, it should be noted that on this expedition Garcés also won the friendship of the powerful chief, Salvador Palma, of the Yuma Indians, who occupied the territory at the junction of the Gila and the Colorado rivers, and whose good-will or hostility could spell the success or failure of subsequent Spanish expeditions through that region.

The return of Garcés from his single-handed venture to the back side of the California mountains gave the needed impetus and supplied the required information to make possible the long-thought-of expedition from Sonora to Monterey. On the frontier the leading spirits in this enterprise were naturally enough Garcés and Anza. Anza indeed more than any other supplied the initiative and persistent agitation necessary to secure official sanction for the expedition. And to this little known captain, commanding a lonely and almost negligible post on the desolate Sonoran frontier, Californians are more indebted for the permanence of the first white settlements in their state than they are ever likely to appreciate or in any adequate measure even to understand. Of this man's zeal, one of his contemporaries wrote: "This gentleman [Anza] in-

herited the fervor of his deceased father. . . He did not put a hand to the undertaking at the time of the expedition by sea and land to look for the ports of San Diego and Monterey because he did not obtain permission from the superior government. But he remembered the wishes of his deceased father, and, just as though it had been required of him in a clause of a will, he volunteered to the illustrious visitor-general to make an expedition at his own expense by land from the last presidios and frontiers of Sonora to the great sea, to meet the expedition which was going in search of these ports. . . The occupation of both ports being accomplished, he now placed his proposal before his excellency Don Fray Antonio María Bucareli, offering to make the expedition at his own expense."

On May 2, 1772, a letter from Anza brought the question of the expedition to California definitely before the viceroy. In this communication Anza declared that both he and Garcés, particularly after the latter's expedition in 1771, were convinced that "the distance from Tubac to Monterey is not so great as formerly was thought," and that the journey was not at all impractical. He also suggested that the start should be made in October, 1773, and urged that Garcés be permitted to accompany the expedition. Fortunately Father Junípero Serra, who had left Alta California to present the spiritual and temporal needs of that province to the viceroy, arrived in Mexico about this time and lent Anza's proposal his influential and energetic support. More fortunately still a viceroy, Bucareli, was then in power who had capacity, imagination, and a genuine interest in the fortunes of the province.

After careful consideration, supplemented by such expert opinion as could be obtained, Bucareli gave his official sanction to the plan proposed by Anza. The expedition was organized at the presidio of Tubac, which was

situated some distance south and a little west of the Mission of San Xavier. The company consisted all told of thirty-four persons, twenty of whom were volunteer soldiers from Anza's command. In addition there were Indian muleteers and servants, one interpreter, two guides, two friars, and the commander. One of the guides was a soldier named Juan Valdéz who had already seen service in Alta California. The other was an Indian neophyte and refugee, Sebastián Tarabal, who had reached Sonora only a short time before after fleeing from the Mission of San Gabriel and crossing the desert wastes between the Sierra Madre and the Colorado, with the loss of his wife and brother who accompanied him. The two friars, Franciscan missionaries from the college of Querétaro, were Francisco Garcés and Juan Díaz. The former indeed, since he had already covered the most perilous portion of the route to be traversed, on his lonely exploration of 1771, was the chief guide of the expedition until it reached the foot of the San Jacinto Mountains.

Though brief mention has already been made of Juan Bautista de Anza, the commander of the expedition, who has been described as "one of the most remarkable men who ever appeared in the field of California history," both his character and accomplishments deserve some further consideration. Born in the northern borderland of New Spain, of a family belonging to the military aristocracy, trained from his youth up in Indian warfare and frontier accomplishments, possessed of the heritage and instincts of a true explorer, Anza was in every way a worthy son of his distinguished father, and altogether fit to command the perilous expedition which Bucareli so confidently entrusted to him. "He was an officer of unblemished character and unusual abilities," writes Chapman. "Simple and self-contained in manner and speech, generous of spirit, dignified in bearing, he exemplified on his

intimately personal side the delightful qualities of the Spanish cavalier. As an officer he was kind and just to his men and prompt and energetic in action. Strong-bodied and courageous, he was also cool-headed, resourceful, self-reliant, and tactful, but above all was a man of initiative and enterprise."

With this man at its head, the expedition left Tubac on the afternoon of January 8, 1774. Unfortunately the vital problem of transportation, difficult at best, was rendered much more serious on the very eve of departure by a thieving band of Apaches who raided Anza's carefully selected horse-herd, killed a number of the guard and drove off the larger part of the animals. This misfortune necessitated a long detour from Tubac southwest to the presidio of Altar where additional horses were obtained. These, however, were so ill-conditioned and in such sorry shape —"stacks of bones," as Anza styled them in disgust—that they were ill adapted to the demands made upon them and broke down continually under the hardships of the journey.

On January 22nd, Anza left Caborca, the last settlement on the frontier, and struck out into the wilderness. During this first stage of the journey he followed the trail traversed by Garcés in 1771—the Camino del Diablo, which has already in part been described. That portion of it particularly which lay between the sink of the Sonóita and the Gila-Colorado junction ran through a waterless waste where for 120 miles there was "not one permanent inhabitant and only two known watering places"—a grim highway indeed which during the great migration to California in the days of the Gold Rush took toll of over four hundred lives even of that comparatively small number of rash or ignorant travellers who ventured upon its passage.

The first real relief from the lack of water and insuffi-

cient pasturage on this route was found at Tinajas Altas. These were peculiar tanks or natural reservoirs in the rocks which for untold generations have supplied the wanderers of that arid region with a never failing supply of water. These tanks are described by Zoeth S. Eldredge as follows: "They are set in the side of a natural semi-circular area on the east side of the Gila mountains, about three and a half miles north of the boundary line, and consist of a number of tanks worn in the solid rock by the waters of a narrow valley several hundred feet above, which during the rains come tumbling through the narrow gorge, and fill the tanks. There are seven large tanks and a number of small ones. . . The water, surrounded and protected by overhanging walls, is deliciously cool and palatable. The tanks will hold from fifteen to twenty thousand gallons."

Despite the lack of water and the dangers incident to such a route, Anza reached the friendly villages of the Yuma chief, Salvador Palma, near the Gila-Colorado junction without serious mishap. The Yuma Indians at that time, according to the testimony of all who visited them, and for at least two generations thereafter, were an uncommon people. They were above the average Indian in intelligence and almost perfect in their physical development. In the art of agriculture especially they had become so proficient as to excite the admiration of the Spaniards. They lived in populous villages which were surrounded by fields of corn, beans, wheat, pumpkins, and watermelons. The yield of many of these crops per acre was larger than that obtained in Mexico, and with unusual thrift and foresight the Yumas stored their surplus grain in large, well-made jars of clay.

Because of the number of these Yuma Indians and the strategic location they occupied, it was necessary for the Spaniards to win their cordial and permanent good-will.

So long as this was forthcoming the overland route could be kept open; but when in later years the friendship of these Indians was lost, the trail from Sonora to Monterey was virtually abandoned. Thanks largely to the earlier visit of Garcés, and most fortunately indeed for Anza, the Yuman chief, Salvador Palma, was devoted in his loyalty and friendship to the Spaniards and welcomed the company with the greatest hospitality. To strengthen this friendship still further, Anza presented him with a necklace of coins and a gaily colored sash, a trivial gift at best, but one "which so delighted the naked giant that 'he neither had eyes enough to look at it, nor words with which to express his gratitude.'"

Crossing the Colorado near Palma's villages, Anza descended the river until he reached a lake to which Garcés on his previous visit had given the name of Santa Olaya. This lake, which was the last camping place between the Colorado and the Sierra Madre where adequate pasturage and water could be obtained, was situated near a small stream known as the Rio Padrones, about twelve miles south of the present international boundary line and eight miles west of the main channel of the Colorado. It had probably been formed by the overflow waters of the river and consequently, though of considerable size, was not of permanent character. Beyond this lake lay the fearful waste of sand and thirst known as the Colorado Desert, the shifting dunes of which are still the terror of any wanderer caught in that inhospitable region. These dunes or sand hills stretch from a point some ten or twelve miles below the international boundary to nearly forty miles above, and vary from ten to thirty miles in width. From the time of the earliest explorers onward until the opening of the overland stage routes, they presented a barrier which only skill, careful forethought, extraordinary endurance, and some measure of good fortune could over-

come. In the days of the Gold Rush they became the graveyard of many an expedition which attempted the southern route; and their yielding sands, which so closely resembled the curving billows of the ocean, engulfed the bodies of men and of beasts and left behind almost no trace of their victims. In more recent years, until the construction of a paved highway offered an easy route from Holtville to Yuma, these vast sandhills also proved a great deterrent to automobile traffic between California and Arizona; and the same shifting dunes have so far stood as an effectual barrier in the way of the construction of an all-American canal for the diversion of the waters of the Colorado directly into the Imperial Valley.

At Santa Olaya, says Bolton, "began the real test of Anza's mettle. . . On the fifteenth of February, with the Indian Tarabal now guiding, Anza reached the terrible dunes, where the shifting sands had completely obliterated the trails. Before night the pack mules were so used up that Anza decided that their burdens must be lightened, and he proposed to send half the packs back to Palma's village with part of the soldiers and one friar. Garcés objected and Anza yielded. Encountering now a great mountain of sand which the tired mules could not even attempt, Anza turned south toward a hill near which Garcés thought was the large village of San Jacome, which he had visited three years before.

"But no village could be found. Both Garcés and Tarabal were now completely lost in the sea of sand dunes; the animals were played out; part of the horses had been made ill by eating a noxious herb; there was no near prospect for either water or pasturage; in short, there was nothing for Anza to do but to retreat to Santa Olaya. Even this was most difficult, and before it was accomplished several horses and mules had died. But after sev-

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enty-five miles of wandering, at the cost of six days, Santa Olaya was again reached."

Anza now remained at Santa Olaya for two weeks. Then leaving part of his baggage and a number of his men, he mounted the remainder on the strongest horses and with the best of the surviving pack mules set out again to cross the desert. Instead of trying to push directly across the sand dunes, however, he followed the river southwestward; then passing through the Cócopa Mountains he crossed the extreme lower part of what is now the great Imperial Valley on a long diagonal which ran almost through the present site of the city of Mexicali until he came to the Sierra Madre on the west. This route, as given in the diaries of the expedition and identified by Eldredge, brought Anza after some days' travel to a pasturage which he called Los Pozos de Santa Rosa de Las Layas, or the Wells of Santa Rosa of the Flat Rocks. This watering place, if such one may call it, was situated a short distance north of the international line, about fifty miles from Santa Olaya, and is now known as Yuha Springs.

From this camping place Anza marched northward and northwestward to the sink of the San Felipe River, near its junction with Carrizo Creek, close to the foot of the San Jacinto Mountains. This place, which marked the end of the desert stage of the journey, was called San Sebastián del Peregrino, and here Anza made preparations to cross the mountains. The pass through which the expedition travelled has been the subject of much dispute. The earlier authorities, following Bancroft, took it for granted that Anza led his company through the wide and easy gap, now known as San Gorgonio Pass, between the two great peaks, Mount San Jacinto and Mount San Gorgonio, which today serves as natural outlet for the Coachella and Imperial valleys. Later writers located the route through San Carlos Pass directly into the Hemet Valley.

The final decision, however, embodying also the best description of the actual passage of the mountains, is given by Bolton in his most readable book, *The Spanish Borderlands*. Of the crossing of the mountains and the arrival of the expedition at San Gabriel, he says: "This trail of the first white man to cross the Sierras is historic. Anza entered the great range by way of San Felipe Creek. 'The canyon is formed by several very high, rocky mountains, or it would be better to say, by great heaps of rocks and stones of all sizes, which look as though they had been gathered and piled there, like the sweepings of the world.' Continuing up Coyote Canyon, past starved Indians living in the cliffs and caves 'like rabbit warrens,' three days after leaving the desert he emerged through a rocky pass into Cahuilla Valley. The desert now gave way to mountain verdure. 'At this very place,' says Anza, 'there is a pass which I named Royal Pass of San Carlos. From it are seen some most beautiful valleys, very green and flower strewn; snowy mountains with live oaks and other trees native to cold lands. The waters, too, are divided, some running on this side to the Gulf, and others to the Philippine [Pacific] Ocean.' Anza crossed the plateau, a distance of some fifteen miles, and, little hindered by falling snow on the mountains, which turned to mist in the valley, descended Bautista Canyon and camped on San Jacinto River. A few days later, as the Southern California sunset blazed upon the peaks, Anza knocked at the gates of San Gabriel Mission."

From San Gabriel, Anza continued northward to Monterey and upon his return took his old route back to the Colorado. When he reached Tubac on May 26th, he had been absent more than four months and a half and had travelled mostly through an almost unknown wilderness, nearly 2,200 miles. His discovery of the route from Sonora to the coast, and the fact that it could be used by

immigrants and colonists as well as by explorers, aroused in the new viceroy, Antonio María Bucareli y Ursúa, a great enthusiasm which he immediately sought to express in action. To make the Spanish hold on California secure he proposed, "with generous heart and fervent zeal," not only to send reinforcements and supplies to the existing establishments in the province, but also to found a presidio and two additional missions on or near the shores of San Francisco Bay.

To Anza, who in the meantime had been raised to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, was naturally entrusted the responsibility for organizing and leading the large expedition necessary for this purpose. Anza received his commission while he was still in the City of Mexico and "immediately took steps to provide in that capital arms, leather-jackets, and clothing for the soldiers and settlers as well as for their wives and families." In Sinaloa he opened a recruiting station, unfurling there "the banner of the expedition and of the settlements on the port of our Seraphic Father San Francisco." Moreover, as soon as persons enlisted "he clothed them from head to foot, the men as well as the women, and also their children, big and little, arming those who enlisted as soldiers. He provided everybody with mules for their transportation, and rationed them for their subsistence, allowing them, finally the pay of soldier or settler from the very day when they took their places."

The terms of this enlistment, especially to those ignorant of the hardships they would be called upon to face both on the journey and in the new country after their arrival, were unusually attractive. Not only were the recruits privileged to draw pay and rations from the very beginning of their service, but this was to continue, in the case of the wage for two years and in that of the food for five. Each settler, also, as stated above, was to be clothed

and transported at the king's expense. If the truth must be told, however, most of the colonists attracted by these terms were sadly lacking both in morals and in rank. On the contrary they were deeply "submerged in poverty and misery and could not be trusted with money with which to outfit themselves because they would immediately gamble it all away." In outfitting the company, Anza drew heavily upon the generosity of the viceroy. "The list of essentials," says one writer, "included—besides arms, horses, mules, cattle, and rations—shirts, underwear, jackets, breeches, hose, buckskin boots and buttoned shoes, capes, hats, and handkerchiefs for the men, also ribbons for their hats and their hair; for the women, chemises, petticoats, jackets, shoes, stockings, hats, rebozos and ribbons. . . Spurs, bridle and bit, saddle and saddle-cushion, and a leathern jacket (*cuera*) of seven thicknesses, were a few more of each man's requirements. And the dole of each family seems to have included all inventions known at the time from frying pans to blank books!" It is no wonder then that the purveyor of the expedition estimated that the royal treasury spent about eight hundred pesos—a huge sum for that day—for each soldier and his family in addition to the daily wage before the company reached Monterey! Besides these settlers Anza also secured twenty soldiers and their families from the garrisons of Sonora and Sinaloa and ten more from the presidios on the frontier.

The expedition assembled at the little frontier post of Horcasitas in September, 1775. Altogether there were some two hundred and forty souls, including a great company of children, whose number was to be somewhat increased before the expedition reached its destination. The

roster of the expedition, as given in Chapman's *History of California*, and elsewhere, was as follows:

Lieutenant-Colonel Anza	1
Fathers Font, Garcés and Eixarch	3
The Purveyor, Mariano Vidal	1
Lieutenant José Joaquín Moraga	1
Sergeant Juan Pablo Grijalva	1
Veteran Soldiers from the Presidios of Sonora	8
Recruits	20
Veterans from Tubac, Anza's Escort	10
Wives of the Soldiers	29
Persons of Both Sexes Belonging to Families of the Said Thirty Soldiers and Four Other Families of Colonists	136
Muleteers	20
Herders of Beef-Cattle	3
Servants of the Fathers	4
Indian Interpreters	3
TOTAL	240

When the expedition was about to start, the Apaches, as they had done on Anza's first expedition, raided the horse herd and drove off some fifteen hundred head of stock. As a consequence the riding and pack animals were reduced to less than seven hundred in number and most of the immigrants had to come "without change of mounts, in some cases with two or three children on a single horse." The company also drove along over three hundred and fifty head of cattle to be used in part for food on the journey but chiefly to stock the pasture lands of California when the colonists should establish there a permanent abode.

The start of the expedition, as already said, was made from the presidio of San Miguel de Horcasitas. Here, when the entire expedition had been assembled and all the preparations completed, "the departure was arranged for the twenty-ninth of September, the day dedicated to the holy prince of the celestial militia, San Miguel Arc-

angel, and for its complete success the expedition was commended to his holy patronage." To the name of San Miguel there were also added those of St. Francis of Assisi and the Blessed Virgin of Guadalupe as guardians of the expedition.

From Horcasitas, Anza took the familiar trail to the last fortified post on the frontier, the presidio of Tubac. Here the caravan remained from October 15th to the 23rd; and here, on the last night before the expedition moved, a poor woman, wife of one of the soldiers, gave birth to a child and died. From Tubac, instead of following his former route over the Devil's Highway, Anza led the expedition almost due north to the Gila. On the way they passed through an Indian ranchería called Tuquisón [Tucson], which was then only a "place of visitation from the Mission of San Xavier and the last Christian town in this direction."

The routine and method of travel may prove of interest. The day's march began ordinarily at eight or eight-thirty in the morning and continued until two or three o'clock in the afternoon. The average *jornado*, or day's journey, was from five to seven leagues, but frequently under stress of thirst or other emergency, this distance was greatly increased. The order of march given in Padre Font's Diary and described by Elliott Coues was as follows: "At the proper hour in the morning the order was given to round up the *cavallada* and the *mulada*, the soldiers going for the horses and the packers for the mules. As soon as the three pack-trains were ready to start the commanding officer gave the order to mount—*Vayan Subiendo!*—and they all mounted, forming a column in this wise: Four soldiers went ahead as scouts. Anza led off with the vanguard. Font came next, and after him came men, women and children, escorted by soldiers; then the lieutenant brought up the rear guard. Behind these

followed the three pack trains, with the loose horses, and last of all the beef herd. As soon as they started Font would strike up a hymn, the *Alabado*, to which all the people responded. . . At night the people recited their beads, each family by itself, and finished by singing the *Alabado*, or *Salve*, or something of that sort, everyone for himself, and Font remarks that the variety had a very pleasing effect."

Picturesque indeed, one may well imagine, were those nightly camps—the tents erected and the baggage piled about some spring or beside some tiny stream, the herds of animals grazing beyond the circle of the camp, scattered family groups busy with the evening meal, sleepy cries of tired little children, snatches of laughter or of plaintive song, swarthy faces caught by the camp-fire's flickering blaze, the violet twilight giving place to night, then silence and sleep and the blazing desert stars—this, or something like it, is the picture!

Without noteworthy incident the expedition reached the Gila on October 30th. Here they were met by some friendly Pápago Indians who hospitably "presented to the soldiers the scalps of two Apaches whom they had killed the day before." The Spanish camping place was near the remarkable archeological remains known as Casa Grande. These ruins Fray Pedro Font, one of the diarists of the expedition, described in some detail, measuring their extent with a lance belonging to one of the soldiers. He found the structure "perfectly oriented to the four cardinal points, east, west, north, south," and recorded its legendary origin as follows: "The great house or palace of Moctezuma, according to the stories and meager accounts which there are of it, and what the Indians say, may have been built some five hundred years ago. It seems that this place was founded by the Mexicans when, during their

migration, the devil led them through various countries until they arrived at the promised land of Mexico."

From Casa Grande Anza followed the Gila to the Colorado. At the pasturage now known as Maricopa Wells several of the company were made seriously ill by something of a poisonous nature in the water and for this reason the place was named Laguna del Hospital. On November 19th, another baby was born and because of the mother's condition the company was compelled to lie by for three days until she was able to travel. On the thirtieth Anza reached the Colorado and found a friendly reception again waiting for him from the Yuma chief, Salvador Palma.

One of the first real obstacles which the Spaniards had so far encountered now presented itself. This was the wide, muddy, swift-flowing current of the Colorado. The Indians told Anza this river could not be forded; but after a day's search he found where the stream, dividing itself into three channels, was sufficiently shallow for the company to cross. The task, however, was not accomplished without much labor, vast inconvenience, some genuine danger and perhaps a little humor. The account of it, as given by Pedro Font, runs as follows:

"All the people got over safely though there might have been trouble, because the beasts were swimming before they got through . . . but the Virgin wanted us to get over without anything worse than a wetting . . . the whole beef-herd, horse-herd and pack mules went over with felicity, except that my pack was wetted in which were the holy oils and ornaments; for they made so little of me and of everything I said, though I charged the muleteer not to wet this pack, and I supplicated the *señor commandante* to the same effect. . . Three Yumas took Padre Garcés over on their shoulders, two by his head and one at his feet, stretched out stiff, face upward, like a corpse.

. . . The whole train was so large that it took three hours to cross."

In the Yuma territory on the west bank of the Colorado, the weary colonists, especially the women and little children, found much needed rest and relaxation. Doubtless, too, many of the latter at least, cut off during their long journey from all fresh fruit, enjoyed the luxury of stuffing their round little bellies with the huge watermelons the Indians brought into the Spanish camp in inexhaustible quantities, until the griping pains of colic laid hold upon them and made them repent of their gluttony. Here Anza presented Salvador Palma with a gift sent by the very viceroy himself. This was an elaborate costume "consisting of a shirt, a pair of trousers, a waistcoat yellow in front, a laced blue cloth coat and a gemmed and plumed black velvet cap." Certainly if a mere sash and necklace had so pleased him on the previous occasion, the elaborate costume he now received must have indeed filled the Indian's heart with boundless gratitude to his friends, the Spaniards, and puffed up his vanity beyond all measure as he exhibited himself in his new finery among his people.

At this place the two missionaries, Tomás Eixarch and Francisco Garcés, according to the plan agreed upon before the expedition started, bade Anza and his companions good-bye and prepared to establish themselves permanently among the Yumas. Almost immediately thereafter the indefatigable Garcés set out from this new base with only the California Indian, Sebastián Tarabal, and a heathen Yuma as his companions, upon a major exploring adventure, which was to carry him across hundreds of miles of wilderness where no white man had ever been before, result in the opening of the famous overland route to California by way of the Mojave River and the Cajon Pass, lead him, the first of his race, into the heart

of the great San Joaquin Valley, and make known for the first time the passes by which that great valley still finds its outlet to the south. Of this intrepid explorer and his wanderings, Bolton writes:

"On this remarkable journey Father Garcés, one of the hardiest of American explorers, ascended the Colorado River to the Mojave Indians near Needles. Thence he crossed the terrible Mojave Desert to Mojave River, turned southward through Cajon Pass, and reached Mission San Gabriel, his trail from the Yumas being an entirely new one to white men. Proceeding north from San Gabriel, he threaded the mountain passes and descended the San Joaquin Valley for a long distance. Retracing his steps, he traversed the Sierras through Tehachapi Pass, recrossed the desert to the Mojaves, and continued northeast to the Hopi town of Oraibe. Back-tracking now, he returned to the Gila-Colorado junction to rejoin Father Eixarch. Few journeys by a lone white man ever equalled this remarkable feat of pioneering."

Having recuperated his party for six days at the Yuma villages, Anza renewed his journey on December 4th, and brought the company as far as Santa Olaya. Here, for passage across the desert, he divided the expedition into three sections, for it was hoped in this way, by leaving a day's interval between each company, that the few waterholes which lay along the route would have time to replenish themselves between the departure of one party and the arrival of another.

Anza left Santa Olaya on December 9th at the head of the first company. Instead of following his trail of the preceding winter he pursued a more direct route across the sand hills to the pasturage and water supplied by the wells of Santa Rosa of the Flat Rocks. This oasis he reached on December 12th after a difficult journey of three days during which there had been little water for either

man or beast. From Santa Rosa two days more were required to reach San Sebastián. The weather was now anything but mild, and the colonists, little inured to cold, suffered severely from the biting wind which blew down upon them from the snow-covered peaks of the San Jacinto Mountains.

At San Sebastián Anza remained four long days waiting for the other divisions of the expedition to appear. When at last the company was all together again, it was found that many of the people were ill from cold and privation and that the beasts had suffered even more because they had gone for several days without water. "But human nature is buoyant," as one historian writes, "and the reunion at San Sebastián was celebrated with a noisy dance; a bold widow sang a naughty song; her paramour punished her; Anza reprimanded the man; and Father Font reproved Anza."

Just beyond San Sebastián began the passage of the mountains. The company followed Anza's former trail up the San Felipe River and through the Royal Pass of San Carlos. Here the winter cold, as the author of this book from his own experience in these mountains can feelingly testify, was intense enough to cause great suffering. The weaker members of the party were in despair; half the cattle died before the summit was reached; and even the bold spirit of the leader himself must have felt some measure of discouragement and dismay before the difficulties were overcome. On Christmas Eve the expedition camped almost in the entrance of the Pass, with the snow-covered peaks all about them. Here, too, "for the reason that on the holy night of the Nativity, a little before midnight, the wife of a soldier happily gave birth to a son, and because the day was very raw and foggy," the expedition spent a quiet Christmas.

The summit of the range was crossed on the twenty-

sixth and twenty-seventh, and by the thirty-first the expedition reached the banks of the Santa Ana River where Riverside now stands. Four days later, on January 4, 1776, at eleven o'clock in the morning, with the marvelous record of not having lost a single member by death, since leaving the settlements in Sonora, the weary travellers entered the confines of the mission of San Gabriel. Here at last in unlimited abundance were the grass and water lacked so long on the desert. Here was a pleasant climate with sunshine and warmth after the stark cold and desolation of the mountains. Here were groves of oak and willows and the blowing thickets of the roses of Castile. Here, too, and perhaps best of all, were the faces of fellow countrymen and the familiar, commonplace things that reminded the strangers in this new land of the humble little homes that they had left so far behind.

The remainder of Anza's stay in California must be dealt with very briefly. No sooner had he arrived at San Gabriel than he was called upon by Governor Rivera to join a punitive expedition against the Indians who had destroyed the San Diego Mission and were threatening the entire Spanish control of California. From his forced march to San Diego, which through no fault of his own was almost futile, Anza returned to San Gabriel and led his company on to Monterey. This he reached on March 10th, after a march of nearly three weeks rendered especially disagreeable because of the heavy rains. At Monterey Anza was taken violently ill and suffered intensely for several days; but without waiting for complete recovery he set out on the twenty-third to make the reconnaissance of San Francisco Bay and select the sites where the presidio and mission might be located, which were the objectives of the expedition.

Having completed his task and made a careful survey of this "port of ports," Anza next sought to explore the

so-called "River of San Francisco," which was supposed to empty into the Bay. Because of high water and the tule swamps he was prevented from obtaining an accurate conception of the two great rivers which came together at the head of the Bay, but he succeeded in reaching a spot somewhat beyond the site of the modern city of Antioch before he was forced to turn back. Ignorant of the rough and well-nigh impassable region which now lay between him and Monterey, he sought to return by a more direct route than the one over which he had come, and after some difficulty succeeded in reaching the plains near Gilroy Hot Springs. He arrived at the Spanish settlements at Monterey on the eighth of April.

Anza's work in California was now at an end. Six days later he left Monterey, and took the long trail back to his post in Sonora. His departure was the signal for a great outburst of grief among those whom he had led through so much of danger and suffering, and the affection he had won from the humble souls who composed the body of the expedition was an unfeigned tribute to the sympathetic and generous nature of a great leader. "This day," wrote Anza of his departure, "has been the saddest that the presidio [of Monterey] has experienced since it was founded. As I mounted my horse in its plaza, the greater part of the people I had brought from their country . . . came dissolved in tears, which they shed publicly . . . and with embraces and wishes for my happiness bade me farewell, giving me praises I do not deserve."

Anza's return from San Gabriel to the Colorado was without noteworthy incident, except perhaps for a forced march across the desert to Santa Olaya during which he travelled from four in the morning until ten forty-five at night, covering a distance of twenty leagues or about fifty miles. On June 1st, eight months from the time of his departure, he reached the presidio of Horcasitas. This

was his last visit to California. Never again was he to take the long trail from Sonora to the sea; never again to know the weariness and thirst of the Colorado Desert; never again to watch the purple shadows of evening soften the harsh outlines of the San Jacinto peaks; never again to see the western sun sink behind the entrance of the Great Bay. Yet he had done his work, and as much as any other man had made possible the permanence of the Spanish settlements on the lonely reaches of the California coast.

Chapter VIII

CHAPTER VIII

Visitors from Other Lands

THE ANZA EXPEDITION represents the last of the explorations from Mexico to California to be included in this volume. With the opening of the overland route from Sonora to Monterey, the outstanding work of the Spanish pioneers came to a close and the stage was set for the drama of the American advance. In the interval, however, between the period of the Spanish explorers and the coming of the American pathfinders, a number of expeditions from other countries reached the coasts of California. These, it is true, did not open any new routes nor add greatly to the geographic knowledge of the province, but they left behind valuable descriptions of the California of the long ago and of customs and institutions which have long since disappeared. Historically, too, the appearance of these European vessels in California waters was of some significance; for each of the nations which they represented was fully alive to the fact that Spain's hold upon the province might be relinquished at any time and that under favoring conditions a knowledge of California could be used to excellent advantage to further certain of its own colonial ambitions.

The French

The first of these visitors, who combined political motives with scientific observation, was the French count,

La Pérouse. In 1791 there was little in common between the restless City of Paris, already touched with the madness of the great Revolution, and the lonely adobe presidio and mud-walled huts of the tiny Spanish settlement at Monterey. On February 9th of that year, however, the National Assembly of Louis XVI issued a decree in which both France and California had some measure of common sympathy. It read in part as follows:

"That the king be requested to give orders to all the ambassadors, residents, consuls and agents of the nation in foreign countries to intreat in the name of humanity, and of the arts and sciences, the different sovereigns of the nations in which they reside, to enjoin all navigators and agents of every description under their command, wherever they may be, but particularly in the southern part of the Pacific Ocean, to make all possible search after the two French frigates, the *Boussole* and the *Astrolabe*, commanded by M. de la Pérouse, and after their crews."

This unfortunate Frenchman, whose full name was Jean François Galaup de la Pérouse, sailed from Brest on August 1, 1785, under commission from the French government to undertake a voyage around the world. The objectives of the expedition were of a threefold character: to determine if there were favorable regions still open to the planting of French colonies; to discover new fields for the development of French commerce; and to gather material of a scientific character on the various peoples and countries with which he came in touch.

La Pérouse was specifically charged to visit the coast of California, and especially "to examine those ports, which were not seen by Captain Cook, and of which no idea can be formed from the accounts of the Russian and Spanish navigators." He was also instructed "to make a strict search in the parts not yet known, to see whether there be not some river, or some narrow gulph, forming

a communication, by means of the interior lakes with some part of Hudson's Bay." So far as the Spanish settlements in California were concerned, the French government did not believe these extended north of Monterey and were at best only "small forts, garrisoned by detachments from [Lower] California or New Mexico." La Pérouse accordingly was ordered "to learn the condition, strength, and object of these establishments; and to satisfy himself whether they be the only ones formed by Spain on this coast. He will likewise inquire," continued his instructions, "in what latitude furs may begin to be procured; what quantities the Americans (or Indians) can furnish; what commodities are best adapted for the trade; and what conveniences may be found for making a settlement on this coast, if this new trade should offer the French merchant sufficient advantages to enduce him to engage in it, with the view of exporting the furs to China, which is said to be a ready market for them."

Sailing by way of the Strait of Magellan, La Pérouse reached the Sandwich Islands in the spring of 1786. Thence he sailed to the North American coast and came in sight of Monterey on September 14th. Pedro Fages, who had been such an outstanding figure in the Portolá expedition of 1769 and in the discovery of Monterey, was now governor of the province and his reception of these French visitors was altogether in keeping with that open-handed spirit of Spanish hospitality which was to become the most gracious of all the traditions of this romantic period of California history. As La Pérouse wrote:

"He [Fages] did not confine himself to mere verbal politeness. Cattle, garden stuff and milk were sent on board in abundance. . . The garden stuff, milk, poultry, and the assistance of the garrison in wooding and watering were afforded gratis; and the cattle, sheep and corn were charged at so low a price, that it was evident an ac-

count had been presented to us merely because we had insisted upon it. To these generous proceedings of M. Fages the utmost politeness was added. His house was our home, and all his people were at our disposal."

Hospitality no less sincere was extended La Pérouse and his companions when they went to visit the mission at Carmel. Here they were received "like the lords of manors when they first take possession of their estates" and a solemn Te Deum was chanted at the foot of the high altar "in thanksgivings for the happy success of our voyage."

Pérouse remained only ten days at Monterey. He was keenly interested, however, in all that went on in the presidio and at the nearby mission, and his observations throw much light upon the social and economic conditions of those early times. Though a Catholic in faith and also open-minded enough to recognize the difficulties which the problem presented, he found much to criticise in the friar's methods of dealing with the Indians. On this subject he wrote at very considerable length, but a single extract will be sufficient to show the general nature of his conclusions:

"The colour of these Indians, which is dark like that of negroes, the house of the missionaries, their storehouses, which are built of brick and plastered, the appearance of the ground on which the grain is trodden out, the cattle, the horses, everything in short, brought to our recollection a plantation at St. Domingo or any other West India Island. The proselytes are collected by the sound of a bell; a missionary leads them to work, to church, and to all their exercises. We observed with concern that the resemblance is so perfect that we have seen both men and women in irons, and others in the stocks; and lastly, the noise of the whip might have struck our ears, this punishment also being admitted, though exercised with little severity."

Though he might thus condemn certain of the practices or shortcomings of the mission system, for the missionaries themselves La Pérouse had a sincere admiration and testified with deep feeling to their personal piety and goodness, paying an especial tribute to Fray Fermín Lasuén, successor to Junípero Serra as father president of the missions. Concerning him Pérouse wrote: "He is one of the most worthy and respectable men I have ever met and his mildness, charity, and affection for the Indians are beyond expression."

Like many another visitor to California, Pérouse came almost immediately under the spell of its alluring charm. As old, almost, indeed, as the first contact of civilized man with California, is this ardent enthusiasm for its climate, soil, resources of forest and stream, and the compelling beauty with which nature has so very richly blessed it. "No country is more abundant in fish and game of every description," wrote La Pérouse, ". . . The trees are inhabited by the most charming birds. . . The soil likewise is inexpressibly fertile. . . The crops of maize, barley, wheat and peas can only be compared to those of Chile. Our European cultivators can form no conception of so abundant a fertility. The medium produce of wheat is seventy or eighty for one, and the extremes sixty and a hundred. . . The forest trees are the stone pine, the cypress, the evergreen oak, and the occidental plane tree. They stand apart from each other without underwood, and a verdant carpet over which it is a pleasure to walk, covers the ground."

Upon leaving Monterey, the French frigates ran into a calm which held them for two days within sight of the harbor. Then a breeze sprang up, the sails filled and La Pérouse with his companions disappeared over the rim of the southern horizon eventually to meet shipwreck on one of the islands of the New Hebrides and a fate which no

man knows even to the present day. Fortunately, however, all the records and journals of the voyage, together with the scientific data gathered by the expedition almost up to the time of the disappearance of the vessels, had been forwarded to Paris and so were saved to enrich the world's literature of discovery and scientific knowledge, and to add to our understanding of early California life.

It is interesting to note, too, in connection with the political objectives of the expedition, that in the manuscripts thus preserved was a letter, dated at Monterey, from La Pérouse to the Minister of Marine, one paragraph of which read as follows: "On the coast of America we have made discoveries which had escaped former navigators, and have taken possession of a port very convenient for the establishment of a factory, and which a hundred men might easily defend against a considerable force. Sea otter are so abundant there that we procured by barter a thousand skins in the course of a fortnight." Odd, indeed, that French empire should thus for one brief fortnight find foothold on the Pacific coast, and one can only wonder if the name and location of the secret port were lost with La Pérouse.

The English

The next European explorer to visit California after the departure of La Pérouse was the distinguished English navigator, George Vancouver. The direct occasion of Vancouver's voyage to the Pacific was the critical difficulty, known as the Nootka Sound Controversy, in which England and Spain became involved in 1789 over the question of the control of the northwest coast.

The voyage, begun on April 1, 1791, was made in the sloop, *Discovery*, and the tender, *Chatham*. A third vessel, the supply ship *Daedalus*, somewhat later on also joined the expedition. Sailing around the Cape of Good Hope,

and prolonging his voyage by many visits to lands and islands at that time little known, Vancouver required more than a year to reach Nootka Sound; and it was not until November 14, 1792, that the British vessels sailed into San Francisco Bay. Here Vancouver remained for eleven days, taking on wood and water and enjoying the hospitality of the officers of the presidio and of the priests of the mission.

To the Spaniards these English explorers, bringing with them a refreshing and stirring breath of the outside world, were indeed welcome guests, and all they had was freely placed at their disposal. But the limited variety the Californians had to offer showed that the land was still almost wholly without the comforts—and indeed without most of the necessities—of civilized society. The primitive conditions under which the people lived, their neglect of the infinite natural resources in which the land abounded, and especially the sorry defenses they relied upon to protect the province against invasion, forcibly impressed themselves upon Vancouver's practical and far-seeing mind. Of the presidio at San Francisco—the only defense for one of the greatest harbors "which the known world affords" —and of the neglect everywhere apparent of great economic opportunities, the English navigator wrote:

"The only object of human industry which presented itself,was a square area,whose sides were about two hundred yards in length, enclosed by a mud wall, and resembling a pound for cattle. Above this wall the thatched roofs of their low, small houses just made their appearance. On entering the Presidio, we found one of its sides still uninclosed by the wall, and very indifferently fenced in by a few bushes here and there, fastened to stakes in the ground. The unfinished state of this part afforded us an opportunity of seeing the strength of the wall, and the manner in which it was constructed. It is about fourteen

feet high, and five feet in breadth, and was first formed by uprights and horizontal rafters of large timber, between which dried sods and moistened earth were pressed as close and as hard as possible; after which the whole was cased with the earth made into a sort of mud plaster, which gave it the appearance of durability, and of being sufficiently strong to protect them, with the assistance of their fire-arms, against all the force which the natives of the country might be able to collect.

"The Spanish soldiers composing the garrison amounted, I understood, to thirty-five; who, with their wives, families, and a few Indian servants, composed the whole of the inhabitants. . . Instead of finding a country tolerably well inhabited and far advanced in cultivation, if we except its natural pastures, the flocks of sheep, and herds of cattle, there is not an object to indicate the most remote connection with any European, or other civilized nation.

"This sketch will be sufficient, without further comment, to convey some idea of the inactive spirit of the people, and the unprotected state of the establishment at this port, which I should conceive ought to be a principal object of the Spanish crown, as a key and barrier to their more southern and valuable settlements on the borders of the north Pacific. . . It possesses no other means for its protection than such as have been already described; with a brass three-pounder mounted on a rotten carriage before the presidio, and a similar piece of ordnance which (I was told) was at the s.e. point of entrance lashed to a log instead of a carriage."

During his stay at San Francisco, Vancouver and a number of his officers had the opportunity, on invitation of their hosts, of travelling on horseback to visit the Mission of Santa Clara. The country through which they passed, now famous for its beauty of flower and orchard,

was then wholly untouched by the hand of man. But its natural charm was not lost on these far-travelled strangers.

"We had not proceeded far from this delightful spot," wrote Vancouver, "when we entered a country I little expected to find in these regions. For about twenty miles it could only be compared to a park, which had originally been closely planted with the true old English oak; the underwood, that had probably attended its early growth, had the appearance of having been cleared away, and had left the stately lords of the forest in complete possession of the soil, which was covered with luxuriant herbage, and beautifully diversified with pleasing eminences and vallies; which, with the range of lofty rugged mountains that bounded the prospect, required only to be adorned with the neat habitations of an industrious people, to produce a scene not inferior to the most studied effect of taste in the disposal of grounds."

Arrived at the Mission of Santa Clara, the Englishmen found the same cordial welcome which they had received at San Francisco. One of the features of the entertainment provided by their hosts was a small *rodeo*, or round-up. To Vancouver, who had never before witnessed such an event, the performance was full of novel excitement. In describing it he wrote: "Each of the soldiers was provided with a strong line, made of horse-hair, or of thongs of leather, or rather hide, with a long running noose; this is thrown with great dexterity whilst at full speed, and nearly with a certainty, over the horns of the animal, by two men, one on each side of the ox, at the same instant of time; and having a strong high-peaked pummel to their saddles, each takes a turn round it with the end of the line, and by that means the animal is kept completely at bay, and effectually prevented from doing either the men or horses any injury, which they would be very liable to, from the wildness and ferocity of the cattle. In this situ-

ation the beast is led to the place of slaughter, where a third person, with equal dexterity, whilst the animal is kicking and plunging between the horses, entangles its hind legs by a rope, and throws it down, on which its throat is immediately cut. Twenty-two bullocks, each weighing from four to six hundred weight, were killed on this occasion; eighteen were given to the inhabitants of the village, and the rest were appropriated to the use of the soldiers, and the mission, in addition to their regular weekly allowance of twenty-four oxen, which are killed for their service every Saturday: hence it is evident, as the whole of their stock has sprung from fifteen head of breeding cattle, which were distributed between this and two other missions, established about the year 1778, that these animals must be very prolific to allow of such an abundant supply."

From San Francisco Vancouver sailed down the coast to Monterey where he came to anchor on November 26, finding his supply ship, the *Daedalus*, already in the harbor. Here he was received with somewhat more formality but with no less genuine hospitality than he had been shown at San Francisco. One of the features of his stay was a visit to the Mission of San Carlos where he met the venerable Father Fermín Lasuén. As was the case with La Pérouse, the English captain recognized in this good man with his gentle manners, tranquil mind, and "venerable and placid countenance," a soul of extraordinary sincerity and worth.

In the Indians around the Mission, however, again like La Pérouse, Vancouver saw little to admire or commend. Their method of hunting, indeed, was about the only thing to arouse his interest or call forth any extended comment. Of this he wrote: "After dinner we were entertained with the methods practised by the Indians in taking deer, and other animals, by imitating them. They

equip themselves in a dress consisting of the head and hide of the creature they mean to take; with this, when properly put on and adjusted, they resort to the place where the game is expected and there walk about on their hands and feet, counterfeiting all the actions of the animal they are in quest of; these they perform remarkably well, particularly in the watchfulness and the manner in which the deer feeds. By these means they can, nearly to a certainty, get within two or three yards of the deer, when they take an opportunity of its attention being directed to some other object, and discharge their arrows from their secreted bow, which is done in a very stooping attitude; and the first or second seldom fails to be fatal. The whole was so extremely well contrived and executed, that I am convinced a stranger would not easily have discovered the deception."

The presidio at Monterey, like that of San Francisco, Vancouver found totally unequal to the task of defending the harbor. It was surrounded by a wall three hundred yards long by two hundred fifty yards wide, at each corner of which was a small block house. "On the outside, before the entrance into the presidio, which fronts the shores of the bay," Vancouver continued, "are placed seven canon, four nine and three three-pounders, mounted; these, with those noticed at San Francisco, one two-pounder at Sta. Clara, and four nine-pounders dismounted, form the whole of their artillery. These guns are planted on the open plain ground, without any breastwork or other screen for those employed in working them, or the least cover or protection from the weather. Such, I was informed, was also the defenceless state of all the new settlements on the coast, not excepting St. Diego, which from its situation should seem to be a post of no small importance."

But though he had such a poor opinion of Spanish en-

ergy and military foresight as exemplified in California, for the treatment accorded him, at least on this first visit, Vancouver could scarcely find sufficient praise. "Their friendly and hospitable behaviour," he wrote, "daily proved the sincerity of their professions, by making our residence whilst amongst them, as comfortable and agreeable as their circumstances would permit."

From Monterey, Vancouver sailed for the Sandwich Islands, afterwards returning to the Northwest coast and later making a second appearance at San Francisco. Here, because of orders recently received from Mexico, the California authorities, in direct contrast to their attitude on his previous visit, gave him a distinctly frigid welcome; so that Vancouver, naturally surprised and somewhat piqued, soon weighed anchor and made for Monterey.

At Monterey, however, he found no friendlier welcome than he had fled from at San Francisco. The governor, Arrillaga, had been instructed by the viceroy to keep foreign visitors from securing a knowledge of the military weakness of the country. These instructions were quite impossible of enforcement and were probably little relished by the governor; but certainly he could not wholly disregard them by inviting Vancouver to wander at will through presidio, mission and over the entire countryside, as he had done before, without proving disloyal to his office and exposing himself to the risk of severe censure by his superiors.

But it was not the part of diplomatic wisdom for the governor to violate too bluntly the laws of hospitality. Accordingly he met the dilemma, if we may believe Vancouver's account, by following a policy which nominally was fair enough but actually granted little of what the English explorer desired.

"The situation pointed out by him, where we might be allowed to lodge such of the provisions and stores as re-

quired to be landed," wrote Vancouver, "was not only inconvenient on account of the surf which generally ran very high in its vicinity; but the place proposed for their reception, was in the midst of the common slaughtering of all their cattle, the neighborhood of which, to a considerable distance in all directions, was rendered extremely offensive and unwholesome, by the offal having never been cleared away, but left from time to time in a continual state of putrefaction. In addition to which, the stores thus deposited were to be left every night under the care of the governor's troops, without any check on the fidelity of those people, which I had some reason to believe would be very necessary. In the center of this intolerable nuisance we had also leave to erect the observatory, and to attend to our astronomical pursuits, but in the daytime only; and in its vicinity, and within sight of it and the Presidio, we might be allowed to recreate ourselves on shore."

Professing to feel outraged by these proceedings, Vancouver sailed southward from Monterey and some days later entered a small bay "which bore the appearance of a far more civilized place than any other of the Spanish settlements. The buildings appeared to be regular and well constructed, the walls clean and white, and the roofs of the houses were covered with red tile. The Presidio was nearest to the sea shore, and just shewed itself above a grove of small trees, producing with the rest of the buildings a very picturesque effect."

This "more civilized settlement," so picturesque and lovely in that far time even as at the present day, was Santa Barbara, and here Vancouver found once more a cordial reception from his Spanish hosts. For some days the vessels lay in the harbor, taking on wood and water and replenishing their stores with beef, poultry, vegetables, and other fresh supplies. From the Mission of San

Buenaventura, nearly thirty miles to the south, came Father Vicente María to greet the foreign visitors and to satisfy the cravings of his hungry soul, starved by the years of isolation and exile, through this brief contact with men of the great outside world and of his own intellectual type and training. As pledge of his hospitality, moreover, he brought with him "half a score of sheep, and twenty mules laden with the various roots and vegetables from the garden of his mission."

From Santa Barbara Vancouver passed on down the coast to San Diego. The picture he drew of conditions here was not especially flattering, nor did anything of particular interest occur during his stay in the harbor. From San Diego he sailed for the Sandwich Islands but was back on the Northwest coast again in the spring of 1794 and shortly thereafter paid his fourth and last visit to California. Argüello, with whom Vancouver had previously established a warm personal friendship, was by this time in command at Monterey, and consequently there was none of the strained unpleasantness between the Spanish officials and the English explorers which had marked Vancouver's previous visit.

For the most part, however, this last voyage by Vancouver along the coast was uneventful. As the vessels sailed south of Mendocino a great cloud of smoke above the mountains appeared to Vancouver to issue from some volcano; but whether this was in fact a violent eruption of Mt. Lassen, or some very different natural phenomenon, cannot be definitely determined. At Monterey a few deserters, who had left the expedition on one of the earlier visits, were taken aboard; there was an exchange of courtesies between the English vessels and the governor; then Vancouver sailed for the last time out of the placid Bay of Monterey and began his long journey to England by way of Cape Horn.

Vancouver's voyage awoke in English minds a long continued interest in California—an interest which later was to blossom into definite ambition to bring this strategically located but miserably defended Spanish province, with its wealth of rivers and harbours, its genial climate and fruitful soil, within the ever expanding bounds of British rule. Drake had christenéd the land New Albion, claiming it for England, and Vancouver persistently and with purpose called it by the same name. In part, at least, to make the land an object of desire to his countrymen, he wrote:

"Such is the condition of this country as it respects its internal security, and external defence; but why such an extent of territory should have been thus subjugated, and after all the expence and labour that has been bestowed upon its colonization turned to no account whatever, is a mystery in the science of state policy not easily to be explained. . . Should the ambition of any civilized nation tempt it to seize on these unsupported posts, they could not make the least resistance, and must inevitably fall to a force barely sufficient for garrisoning and securing the country; especially that part which I have comprehended under the denomination of New Albion, whose southmost limits lie under the thirtieth degree of north latitude. . . .

"The Spaniards, in doing this much, have only cleared the way for the ambitious enterprizers of those maritime powers, who, in the avidity of commercial pursuits, may seek to be benefited by the advantages which the fertile soil of New Albion seems calculated to afford. By the formation of such establishments, so wide from each other, and so unprotected in themselves, the original design of settling the country seems to have been completely set aside, and, instead of strengthening the barrier to their valuable possessions in New Spain, they have thrown ir-

resistible temptations in the way of strangers to trespass over their boundary. . . All these circumstances are valuable considerations to new masters, from whose power, if properly employed, the Spaniards would have no alternative but that of submissively yielding. That such an event should take place appears by no means to be very improbable, should the commerce of northwest America be further extended."

The Russians

The last expedition, with which this chapter deals, to enter the ports of California was that commanded by a Russian nobleman, Nikolai Rezánof, in the year 1805. The occasion of the visit of this Russian vessel requires a brief word of explanation.

During the second half of the eighteenth century Russian fur hunters and explorers had forced their way across Bering Sea to the American continent. Here they had taken root; but the struggle to maintain themselves in the new territory was for many years a matter of doubtful issue. Cold, starvation, plague, merciless warfare between rival groups, disorganization and anarchy threatened to exterminate the scattered settlements and wipe out the entire enterprise. To remedy this situation a powerful company, known as the Russian-American Fur Company, was organized in 1799 and given a monopoly of the Russian fur business in America. The activities of this company, however, were by no means limited to the ordinary fields of trade and commerce. It had definite political, as well as economic, ends to serve, and was regarded as the natural agency for Russian expansion down the northwest coast. To this purpose it was admirably adapted.

The first governor of the company was Alexander Baránof, a man of "merciless ambition, far-sighted imperialism and driving energy," whose title, the "Little Czar,"

was sufficiently indicative of his arbitrary powers. At this time Sitka, or New Archangel, was the chief center of Russian activities in America. Here a considerable number of colonists had been forcibly settled and some semblance of a civilized community established. Conditions in the settlement, however, were almost intolerable because of harsh and inhuman treatment, scarcity of food, lack of almost every comfort, and the constant ravages of disease. It was indeed a dreary, brutalizing life which went on from day to day in this frontier Russian post if one may judge by the following contemporary description:

"In the month of February," wrote Von Langsdorff, a visiting surgeon, "out of a hundred and fifty of the youngest and most healthy men that had been selected from the different settlements and brought hither, eight were already dead, and more than sixty were laid up in the barracks with their strength wholly exhausted, and full of scorbutic sores; the chambers in which they lay had neither stove nor chimney, and the windows were shut close and nailed down. The rooms were only warmed by the pestilential breath of such numbers huddled together; and to crown all, not the remotest idea of cleanliness prevailed among them. Besides all this, the workmen often came home in the evening wet through, perhaps covered with snow, and lay down upon the beds in their wet clothes or sheepskins, or hung them up in the room to dry, without anyone appearing to think of the pernicious consequences that might ensue."

The constant lack of fresh provisions and the critical scarcity of food of any kind which often threatened the entire Russian-American Fur Company's settlement with starvation, made it necessary for Baránof to find a base of supplies more certain and convenient than that afforded by the Russian outposts of Kamchatka. This, augmented by the great dream of an empire stretching from Alaska

down the Pacific Coast to Mexico, and perhaps beyond, led him to turn his eyes toward the spacious harbor of San Francisco and to work out a plan for the establishment of a Russian colony in California which should ultimately absorb the Spanish province.

With this object in view, the Russian company purchased a New England vessel named the *Juno*, which visited New Archangel in 1805 on a commercial and fur trading venture, and sent her south to California. In this vessel sailed the surgeon, Von Langsdorff, and the Chamberlain of the Czar, Nickolai Rezánof, who was then on a tour of inspection of the Russian-American fur posts in Alaska. The crew of the *Juno* was on the whole a miserable lot, some thirty-three in number, many of whom were so seriously incapacitated by disease and hunger that they were not able to perform the ordinary duties of seamen. Only a scant supply of provisions was available for the voyage, so that the prospects of reaching San Francisco in safety were not altogether bright. The *Juno* left Sitka on March 8, 1805. About one week later she was off the mouth of the Columbia which the Russians hoped eventually to make the center of their sovereignty on the northwest coast. Here Von Langsdorff wrote:

"Our chief, Von Resánoff, had already sketched his plans for removing the settlement from Sitcha to the Columbia River, and was busied building ships there in the air, when all our hopes and schemes were frustrated by the wind shifting suddenly to the south-east, and becoming so squally, with such a cloudy sky and thick atmosphere, that it was impossible to think any longer of running into an unknown harbor."

For some days more futile attempts were made to bring the *Juno* into the entrance of the Columbia, but wind and tide made the risk so great that the undertaking had to be given up. By this time the condition of the crew was

pitiable in the extreme, and the only hope for many of them lay in finding fresh vegetables or fruits to relieve the dread attacks of scurvy. Rezánof, accordingly, determined to sail as quickly as possible for the Spanish settlements at San Francisco. This decision of the commander greatly relieved the stricken crew, whose spirits were still further cheered by the liberal award of a great bowl of punch made from Russian brandy "with the assistance of acid of vitriol and sugar"—a beverage "universally admired."

On the twenty-sixth the *Juno* was in the vicinity of Cape Mendocino and two days later, at daybreak, after a voyage of four and a half weeks, entered San Francisco Bay. Mistaken for an English vessel, with which nation Spain was then at war, the *Juno* aroused no little excitement among the Californians, but when it was found she was under Russian command, apprehension turned to open-handed hospitality.

"We were received by a Franciscan monk," wrote Von Langsdorff, "and several military officers, when a well-looking young man, who was no otherwise distinguished from the rest but by a very singular dress, was presented to us by the commandant of the place. He had over his uniform a sort of mantle of striped woolen cloth, which looked very much like the coverlid of a bed, his head coming through an opening in the middle, so that it hung down over the breast, back, and shoulders. He, as well as the rest of the military officers, wore boots embroidered after a particular fashion, and extravagantly large spurs; most of them also had large cloaks."

The young man, whose *poncho* to Von Langsdorff's uninitiated eyes looked so ridiculously "like the coverlid of a bed," was Don Louis Alférez Argüello, son of the *comandante*, Don José Argüello, in whose house the officers of the *Juno* were afterward entertained. The house itself

was "small and mean," with bare, white-washed walls, scant furniture and straw matting. But the meal proved appetizing; the service, to the vast astonishment of the guests, was on massive silver plate; and, most delightful of all, the whole atmosphere of the home was one of friendship and unmistakable hospitality toward the unexpected guests.

The entire Argüello household—and like all other California families of that day it was most abundantly large—interested the Russian visitors; but the most charming of all was the lovely daughter, Doña Concepción. For her, however, this chance Russian visit was soon to bring love, romance and weary years of uncertainty and grief.

"She was lively and animated," wrote Von Langsdorff, "had sparkling, love inspiring eyes, beautiful teeth, pleasing and expressive features, a fine form, and a thousand other charms, yet her manners were perfectly simple and artless." Before the *Juno* sailed out of San Francisco Bay, Rezánof, the leader of the expedition, had won the glowing heart of Doña Concepción and her promise of marriage as soon as he should return. This marriage, however, was destined never to take place. Rezánof died in Siberia soon after his visit to California, and Doña Concepción, ignorant of her lover's fate, waited the long years through for his return. Indeed she did not learn the details of his death until she heard them from an English visitor, Sir George Simpson, in 1842. Long before this she had taken the vows of a nun; and thus, devoting her life to charity and making herself greatly beloved she died at the Convent of St. Catherine in Benicia in 1857.

Candor compels one to add that it is still a much debated question whether Rezánof's ardent wooing was inspired by true affection or only by a calculating desire to win the friendship of an important California family for political purposes. But in such a case, where proof can-

not be found for either side, who but a cynic would not wish to give romance the benefit of every doubt?

But to return from this excursion into the field of tragedy and disappointed love. While the *Juno* remained at San Francisco, the visitors enjoyed much the same form of entertainment that Vancouver had shared during his stay in the harbor. Conditions at the presidio had undergone some slight improvement since the English explorer's visit. The Indians were so well fed each day, especially on a stew of meat and vegetables, that it was incomprehensible "how any one could three times a day eat so large a portion of such nourishing food." The herds of cattle and horses had amazingly increased. Life had taken on a somewhat more settled appearance, and at the mission a few material improvements had been effected. These now included "a building for melting tallow, another for making soap, workshops for locksmiths and all kinds of smith's work; for cabinet makers and carpenters—magazines for storing up tallow, soap, butter, salt, wool, and ox hides . . . with store chambers for corn, pease, beans, and other kinds of pulse."

Despite a few such changes, however, the general manner of life and the fundamental state of the Spanish settlements remained the same. Comforts and luxuries were few; amusements were primitive; life was simple and unhurried. Eagerly the women folk looked upon the shawls and cloth, the shoes and ornaments included in the cargo of the *Juno*. With equal, though probably more suppressed, desire, the friars of the mission and the officers at the presidio saw the well made boots, the blue English cloth, the tools and implements which the Russians had brought for purposes of trade. Rezánof and his companions, on their part, were equally anxious to obtain wheat, meat and vegetables to carry back to the waiting colonists at Sitka. Unfortunately, however, Spanish law definitely

forbade all trade with foreign vessels, and it was not until much persuasion and resort to various expedients that the Californians and the Russians were able to induce the governor, Arrillaga, who came up from Monterey, to waive the restrictions sufficiently to permit the mutually desired trade.

While these negotiations were in progress a small party from the *Juno* visited the Mission of San José. Here, among other novel experiences, they were entertained by an Indian dance, one feature at least of which was most unusual. It is thus described by Von Langsdorff: "Another party of Indians were dancing round a large fire, from which several of them from time to time, apparently for their pleasure took a piece of glowing ember as big as a walnut, which, without further ceremony, they put into their mouths and swallowed. This was no deception; I observed them very closely, and saw it performed repeatedly, though it is utterly incomprehensible to me how it could be done without burning their mouths and stomachs."

Shortly before the twentieth of May, Rezánof was ready to sail. After much dickering with the governor, he had succeeded in taking on board a full cargo of corn, flour, peas, beans, salted meat, tallow, soap and the like and in disposing of some $24,000 of merchandise in exchange. Accordingly, with the governor, other officials, and the whole Argüello family assembled outside the walls of the presidio, the *Juno* sailed along the path of the setting sun out through the Golden Gate. As a steady breeze drove the vessel past the fort and out through the portals of the harbor, one can see in imagination the little group of soldiers, priests, and women standing on the shore waving farewell until the ship drops down behind the far horizon's edge. One figure, however, watching her lover sail forever from her sight, supplies the motif of the picture—

the sweet-faced daughter of the Argüellos, Doña Concepción.

The *Juno* reached Sitka, where conditions were steadily going from bad to worse, without noteworthy incident. The reports brought back from California served to crystallize Baránof's purpose of establishing a colony close to San Francisco Bay and thus the voyage takes its place as one of the important factors in the program which the Russians a few years later actually carried out. What might have developed from this Russian colony in California, had conditions been more suitable, to change the course of American expansion and radically alter the current of the world's history one has neither wisdom nor temerity enough to say.

Chapter IX

CHAPTER IX

Merchant Adventurers from New England

For over three-quarters of a century after its first settlement, California remained a Spanish-Mexican province. Then in 1848, by the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo it passed permanently under American control. For fully half a century, however, prior to this formal cession by Mexico to the United States, American seamen, fur traders, explorers, emigrants and other adventurers were making their way to the Pacific and deliberately or unwittingly preparing the way for the drama of American annexation. Among the factors directly affecting the acquisition of California by the United States, none was more significant than the influence and activities of these early pathfinders. The story of their adventures, unusual experiences, and far-reaching historical accomplishments is consequently one of fascinating interest. To it the remainder of this volume is devoted.

Most of these forerunners of the American advance who reached California prior to the Mexican War came to the Pacific from the frontiers of the Mississippi Valley by the overland trails. But antedating these pioneers of the far west by nearly a generation came men who are seldom thought of as leaders in the American westward move-

ment. These were the hardy Merchant Adventurers of New England. Nurtured in the traditions and instincts of the sea, shrewd to take advantage of every commercial opportunity that promised gain beyond the common rate, urged forever into unknown paths by the restless viking spirit of his fathers, the New England merchant-sailor of a century and a half ago drove his ships to the world's end, established once for all the tradition of his daring and skill in navigation, opened new channels of trade that brought him ample fortune, and lifted what is sometimes looked upon as only prosaic commerce close to the borders of fascinating and unbelievable romance.

In this way, pursuing fortune and adventure with equal zest, these New England merchants about the beginning of the nineteenth century came into the quiet harbors and sailed past the long sunlit reaches of the California coast. Chiefly at first they sought the fur of the sea otter—most beautiful of all furs which animals of land or sea afford. And as an essential feature of this trade they brought cargoes of goods and merchandise to exchange with the Californians. Spanish law strictly prohibited all such intercourse between the king's colonial subjects and the foreign interloper; but the letter of the law was one thing and its enforcement altogether another matter. Consequently, when California officials could not be led by various devices to look upon the trade with friendly eyes, the New England masters resorted to poaching, smuggling, or as often as not, to open defiance of the impotent and inconvenient law.

The sea otter, like many another obscure and unsuspected factor in world history, deserves far greater recognition than it is ever likely to receive. Because of it Russia came into possession of Alaska, England sought her foothold upon the Northwest Coast, and the United States first learned of the resources and advantages of California.

The sea otter inhabited all the coast from Alaska to Lower California, but flourished especially on the islands of the Santa Barbara Channel and in certain harbors of the California mainland. The animals were killed or captured in various ways, but chiefly by shooting, clubbing or harpooning. The principal market for the fur was in China, and as a consequence a very important three-cornered trade sprang up between New England, the California-Northwest Coast, and Canton. Frequently, too, the New England captain found it profitable to enter into a contract with the Russians of Alaska under which the latter furnished the necessary hunters while the American supplied the ship and provisions for the cruise into California waters. Sometimes, too, Kanakas, often kidnapped by the whites, were brought over from the Sandwich Islands and compelled to swim for the otter after it had been killed or mortally wounded by the hunters. This method of retrieving the stricken animal added much to the success of a voyage because the otter, even though shot in a vital spot, had the trick of sinking almost instantly to the bottom. Indeed, so characteristic was this trait, that a curious belief sprang up among the otter hunters that the animal at certain seasons of the year filled its belly with stones to serve as ballast and that these made the dead otter sink immediately to the bottom!

The habits and peculiar characteristics of the sea otter, and also the methods of capture and the history of the trade along the California coast are matters of no little interest. In the main, however, these subjects have been adequately covered by the author in his *History of California* and need not here be given further space. Of the New Englanders whom this trade brought into California waters, there were ten or twelve of chief importance. William Sturgis, Nathan and Jonathan Winship, William A. Gale, Joseph O'Cain, George Washington Eyres and a few others

were especially active in this early traffic along the California coast. For various reasons, however, it seems desirable to give first place in this chapter to two men, typical as can be found both of the trade in which they engaged and the generation of seamen to which they belonged. These were William Shaler and Richard Cleveland, pathfinders by sea to California before the nineteenth century was half a decade old. Both had seen much service in many parts of the world before they undertook their first voyage to California, and Cleveland indeed had already once sailed from China to the Northwest coast.

Entering into a partnership agreement in 1801 while in the City of Hamburg, Cleveland and Shaler purchased in that port the brig *Lelia Byrd* of Portsmouth, Virginia. This vessel of 175 tons burden possessed "the properties of strength, durability of material, swiftness of sailing, capacity for carrying and comfortable accommodations." In passing one might add that she needed all these and more to serve the purposes she was called upon to meet during the next few years. Associating with them in the enterprise a young Polish nobleman, Count de Roussillon, who had formerly been an aide-de-camp to Kosciusko, Shaler and Cleveland sailed from Cuxhaven early in November, 1801, and came by way of the Horn into the Pacific. At Valparaiso where the *Lelia Byrd* came to anchor on February 24, 1802, the American ship masters found themselves involved in a dangerous quarrel with the Spanish officials who not only detained the vessel week after week but more than once threatened to confiscate her and her cargo out of hand.

When the voyage was resumed the New Englanders deemed it inadvisable to attempt further trade along the South American coast. Accordingly, after a week of rest and recuperation at the Gallapagos Islands where huge quantities of fish were secured by the crew, the *Lelia Byrd*

sailed for the Mexican coast and on the eleventh of July dropped anchor in the sheltered harbor of San Blas. Here the prospect of opening a favorable trade with the Mexican inhabitants was clouded by a factional quarrel between the Spanish officials, so that Roussillon had to undertake a trip to Mexico City to secure the sanction of the viceroy himself to the proposed commercial transactions. In the meantime the *Lelia Byrd* sailed over to the Tres Marias Islands to be out of the reach of possible danger.

Upon Roussillon's return, a small part of the vessel's cargo was disposed of but the viceroy had given only a limited freedom of trade so that the American merchants were not able to reap the profit they had anticipated. During this time, however, they succeeded in securing sixteen hundred sea otter skins, recently brought from California, at such a favorable price that the profit on this transaction alone would be sufficiently large to insure them against loss for the voyage.

After some further difficulty with the Spanish governor, Shaler and Cleveland continued their voyage to San Diego. At San Blas, however, they parted with their associate and companion, Count de Roussillon. The latter, placed in charge of a quantity of goods from the *Lelia Byrd*, intended to travel overland to Mexico City, dispose of his merchandise there, and meet his associates the following year in the United States. He died, however, before this plan could be carried out, but beyond the meager report of his death in Mexico his partners heard nothing further either of him or of the property in his possession.

The *Lelia Byrd* arrived at San Diego on February 17, 1803. The next day the commandant, Don Manuel Rodríguez, came aboard with some show of authority, placed a guard on board to prevent contraband trade, and though granting permission to go ashore, forbade the foreigners to approach the town of San Diego itself. After the com-

mandant had left, with characteristic precaution the Americans availed themselves of the first opportunity to inspect the defenses of the harbor. No one was about to interfere with their investigation and they found that the battery guarding the entrance to the port consisted of eight brass nine-pounders mounted on carriages, and a considerable quantity of balls. The guns, however, had the appearance of long disuse.

From the guard left on board the vessel Cleveland learned that the ship *Alexander*, of Boston, commanded by a certain Captain Brown, had been in the harbor a few days before, and had succeeded in purchasing a large number of sea otter skins from the inhabitants of the town. The commandant had then raided the vessel and confiscated the furs. These, apparently, he had kept; so that with others previously acquired he now had in his possession nearly a thousand skins. "These we made every effort to obtain from him," wrote Cleveland, "and, though there is no doubt, that he would have been as well pleased to sell, as we should have been to purchase them, if the transaction had been practicable without being known to the people, yet, as this was out of the question, and they were all spies on each other, he dared not indulge his desire of selling them to us."

Finding it useless to negotiate further with the commandant, Shaler and Cleveland made ready to sail. The night before their departure, however, having made confidential arrangements to purchase a quantity of sea otter skins under cover of darkness, the Americans sent two boats ashore to complete the transaction. One of these returned in safety after the lapse of a few hours; but the other failed to appear. The subsequent proceedings, as Cleveland narrates them, were not devoid of excitement. "The first discovery after dawn, was that of our boat, lying on the beach, abreast of our vessel, with apparently,

no person in her. On seeing this, I went immediately to the boat, and when there perceived a group of men at a short distance, among whom ours were discernible. Being without arms, an attempt to rescue them would have been imprudent. I therefore returned on board, taking with me the other boat. It was now very evident that not a moment was to be lost in deciding on the course to be pursued. The choice presented us, was that of submission, indignant treatment, and plunder; or resistance and hazarding the consequences. There was not the least hesitation with Mr. Shaler or myself, in adopting the latter alternative. As a preliminary step, the guard on board were disarmed, and made to go below; then I went with four men, each with a brace of loaded pistols, to the rescue of those on shore. On landing, we ran up to the guard, and, presenting our pistols, ordered them instantly to release our men from their ligatures; for they had been tied hand and foot, and had been lying on the ground all night. This order was readily complied with by the three soldiers, who had been guarding them; and, to prevent mischief, we took away their arms, dipped them in the water, and left them on the beach. The mate reported that they were arrested immediately on landing, by a party on horse, with the commandant in person, at their head; whence we concluded, that he had sent the soldier, with whom we made the agreement for the skins, expressly to decoy us, that he might have an apology to plunder us. . . Our position, at anchor, was about a mile within the fort, of which mention has been made. It was necessary to pass within musket-shot of this fort. With a strong wind, the quick passage of the vessel would render the danger trifling; but, unfortunately, we had now but the last expiring breath of the land breeze, sufficient only to give the ship steerage way, and an hour would elapse before we

could presume on passing the fort; but no other alternative was left us, that did not present a more dreaded aspect.

"While making our preparations, we perceived that all was bustle and animation on shore; both horse and foot were flocking to the fort. Our six three-pounders, which were all brought on the side of the ship bearing on the fort, and our fifteen men were all our force, with which to resist a battery of six nine-pounders, and, at least, an hundred men. As soon as our sails were loosed and we began to heave up the anchor, a gun without shot was discharged from the battery, and the Spanish flag hoisted; perceiving no effect from this, they fired a shot ahead. By this time our anchor was up, all sail was set, and we were gradually approaching the fort. In the hope of preventing their firing, we caused the guard in their uniforms to stand along in the most exposed and conspicuous station; but it had no effect, not even when so near the fort, that they must have been heard imploring them to desist firing, and seen to fall with their faces to the deck, at every renewed discharge of the cannon. We had been subjected to a cannonade of three-quarters of an hour, without returning a shot, and fortunately, with injury only to our rigging and sails. When arrived abreast the fort, several shot struck our hull, one between wind and water, which was temporarily stopped by a wad of oakum. We now opened our fire, and, at the first broadside, saw numbers, probably of those who came to see the fun, scampering away up the hill at the back of the fort. Our second broadside seemed to have caused the complete abandonment of their guns, as none were fired afterwards; nor could we see any person in the fort, excepting a soldier who stood upon the ramparts, waving his hat, as if to desire us to desist firing."

Once out of range of the fort, the commander of the *Lelia Byrd* released the unhappy Spanish soldiers and set

them ashore unharmed. Here, if the narrative is not unduly colored, "they embraced each other, crossed themselves, and fell on their knees in prayer. As the boat was leaving them, they rose up and cried at the utmost stretch of their voices, '*Vivan, vivan, Los Americanos.*' "

Aside from the hole in her hull, which was easily stopped by a wad of oakum, the *Lelia Byrd* was none the worse for the cannonading she had been subject to in this Battle of San Diego. Doubtless fearing other unpleasant experiences if they attempted further trade in the ports of Alta California, Shaler and Cleveland turned southward to the isolated ports of Lower California and continued on that coast until the last of May. They sailed then for the Sandwich Islands, taking with them a valuable assortment of sea otter skins, and also a large part of the original cargo of the *Lelia Byrd* which unfortunately they had not been able to dispose of. From the Sandwich Islands they continued their voyage to Canton, touching on the way at the Island of Guam, and reaching their destination on August 30th. At Canton Cleveland and Shaler exchanged their sea otter skins on highly satisfactory terms for teas and silks; but for business reasons it was necessary that the partnership entered into two years before should be dissolved—a step which caused mutual and unfeigned regret. Cleveland returned with a valuable consignment of silks on board the *Alert* to Boston, and Shaler prepared for a second voyage to California in the *Lelia Byrd*.

The prospects of success on this new venture were from the outset none too alluring. The *Lelia Byrd*, suffering from hard usage and in need of a much more thorough overhauling than available facilities made possible, was not the trim, fast-sailing vessel which had won the admiration of her prospective purchasers on the Hamburg docks more than two years before. Instead she was battered and worn by her conflict with the seas, her timbers

were beginning to rot, and she "was so leaky that she required pumping every ten or fifteen minutes" to keep her afloat. To add to the difficulty Shaler's crew was a nondescript lot, the season of the year held in it the threat of waiting storm, and the great distance to be covered required months of weary sailing. Despite these handicaps, however, the *Lelia Byrd*, leaving Canton February 8, 1804, made the mouth of the Columbia on May first, but was not able to enter the river because of adverse weather and dangerous surf.

"On the ninth of May," wrote Shaler, a man of unusual education and some literary skill, "I proceeded down the coast in search of a port of less difficult entrance. Nothing can exceed the wild beauties of this coast. Its mountains, rising in magnificent amphitheatres, covered with evergreen forests, with here and there a verdant plain near the shore, and a snow-capt mountain in the background, offer a view grand and sublime in the highest degree. Here nature reigns undisturbed."

On May 11th the *Lelia Byrd* came to anchor in Trinidad Bay. Many Indians flocked down to see the vessel and to trade with the whites. At first these natives appeared entirely friendly, but by degrees this attitude changed until Shaler saw they intended mischief. It was not a difficult matter to defend the vessel against any attack the savages might attempt, but this was not sufficient. It was necessary to send men ashore for wood, water and spars, and to protect these landing parties against the Indians was quite another matter. Between one of these parties and the hostile natives a severe skirmish took place which, so far as the writer knows, marks the first battle between Americans and Indians on California soil. Shaler's account of it runs as follows:

"In the afternoon I sent two officers with the boats and ten men well armed to the watering place opposite the vil-

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lage; the long boat with six men was stationed in the edge of the surf, within pistol shot of the beach, and the others went ashore to fill the casks. The savages suffered them to finish their work; but, as they were shoving off the boat, which lay aground, they ran down in a long file, firing a cloud of arrows as they approached; they returned them several vollies from the long boat, which the savages stood with great resolution, and did not retreat until several of them fell, when they were within ten yards of our men on the beach, who were unarmed. They received a number of arrows in their clothes, but none were hurt."

After some further difficulties with the Indians and an unfortunate accident in which the second mate suffered a broken thigh from a falling tree, Shaler sailed on down the coast. Of Trinidad Bay he drew an attractive picture. "This bay," he wrote, "is bordered by a rocky shore, with sandy beaches at intervals; behind this, the land rises very quick for about 100 yards, which space is thickly covered with brakes, nettles, strawberry vines, clover and other herbage, and shrubbery. The top of this elevation is a plain, gently rising, and covered with a thick forest of cedars, fir, hemlock and spruce. A little way in the trees grow to an immense height and size, particularly the cedars, many of which shoot up like beautiful columns, above eighty feet without a limb or twig. Behind these the mountains rise to a great height, and are covered with evergreen forests, that are probably coeval with the soil that nourishes them. This high land is split, at intervals of about a quarter of a mile, by deep gullies, down which flow streams of excellent water into the bay."

Reaching the California settlements, Shaler carried on a successful though clandestine trade in furs with the Spaniards, especially with the mission fathers, and also obtained from them an abundance of provisions and other supplies. Early in July he left California and after visit-

ing various ports of Lower California crossed the Gulf and entered the harbor of Guaymas in what is now the State of Sonora. Here was a rich and untouched market; but the law, which on this voyage had not greatly interfered with him in California, now proved a stumbling block. His own account makes the situation sufficiently clear:

"The whole of this country, from its remote situation from any commercial port is very badly supplied with goods, and from the great abundance of gold and silver in it, they are nowhere in greater demand. But our evil genius had so ordered it, that the same intelligence that informed the merchants of my arrival, informed the government also, who took the most effectual measures to cut off all communication with us."

Defeated thus in his purpose to trade at Guaymas, Shaler recrossed the Gulf to the Peninsula, found a sheltered and secluded bay where there was little danger of being molested by the Spanish officers, and prepared to overhaul the *Lelia Byrd*. The cargo was first landed, a camp established on the beach, and the vessel careened and repaired. This business and a succession of autumn storms held Shaler in port until October first. Crossing then again to the mainland he sought unsuccessfully to open trade at Mazatlán. After this failure and another brief visit to Lower California, he continued his voyage as far south as Guatemala. Here fortune smiled once more upon him, and at one of the Guatemalan ports, "uninterrupted by the Spanish government," he remained two weeks carrying on a very profitable and equally illegal trade.

From Guatemala on January 14, 1805, Shaler once more sailed for California. He arrived there after a voyage of more than a month and again began to traffic up and down the coast seeking to dispose of the merchandise still re-

maining on the vessel and to add to his cargo of furs, in both of which purposes he had fair measure of success. But by this time the *Lelia Byrd* was again in such unseaworthy condition that it was necessary to find a place where she could be careened and repaired as well as circumstances would permit. Shaler's choice for this operation was one of the harbors, probably that of the modern Avalon, of Catalina Island. Here on the first of May, 1805, the *Lelia Byrd* came to anchor.

"As I was the first navigator who had ever visited and surveyed this place," wrote Shaler, "I took the liberty of naming it after my much respected friend, M. de Roussillon. We warped the ship into a small cove, and landed the cargo and everything moveable, under tents that we had previously prepared for their reception. The Indian inhabitants of this island, to the number of about 150 men, women, and children, came and encamped with us, and readily afforded us every aid in their power.

"After caulking the ship's upper works, and paying, or rather plastering them with a mixture of lime and tallow, as we had no pitch, tar, or any resinous substance on board, we careened her. We found her bottom in a most alarming state; the worms had nearly destroyed the sheathing, and were found to be lodged in the bottom planks. I was now pretty well assured of what I had long before feared; that is, that she would not carry us back to Canton. We, however, repaired the first side in a tolerable manner, and paid it with a thick coat of lime and tallow; righted and hove out the other side, which we found far worse than the first. The keel and stern-post were nearly reduced to a honey-comb. It was necessary to heave her far out in order to apply effectually such remedies as were in our power, but unfortunately we hove her rather too far, and she upset and filled. This was a sad misfortune. It did not discourage us, however, and we went to work

with spirit and resolution to remedy it, and had the satisfaction of righting her the next day, without apparently having suffered any material damage. The day following we pumped and bailed out the water, and the day after hove the ship out a third time, but had the misfortune to find her leak so bad, that we were obliged to right her immediately. I next determined to lay the ship ashore at high water, and endeavor to repair her when the tide should leave her. This experiment was tried without effect, as she buried herself so much in the sand, as to put it out of our power to do anything effectual; but the greatest misfortune was, that, as the tide came in again, we found the ship leak so bad, that both pumps were necessary to keep her free. This demanded an immediate remedy; and as the leak was known to be aft, I ordered the mizen-mast to be cut away in order to come at it. The leak was soon discovered by this means, but so situated that we could apply no other remedy than the lime and tallow that had been previously prepared for her bottom; this, mixed with oakum, was driven down on the leak, and we had the satisfaction to see it reduced by these means to one pump by the time she was afloat. We now burnt a large quantity of lime, which we made into stiff mortar, and put on the first, laying a platform of boards over it, and covering the whole with several tons of stones, to keep it firmly down. This new method of stopping leaks we found to answer very well, as, in the course of a few days, when the mass had consolidated, the ship made very little water. By the ninth of June, the ship was again rigged with a jury mizen-mast, our cargo on board, and we were again ready for sea. On the twelfth, we bid adieu to our Indian friends, and left Port Roussillon with the intention of running down the coast, and, if we found the ship not to leak so much as to be unsafe, to run for the Sandwich Islands, where I determined to leave her,

and to take passage in some north-west fur trader for Canton. . . .

"We ran over and anchored in the Bay of San Pedro, where I purchased a stock of provisions sufficient to last twelve months, with hogs, sheep, etc., for fear of being obliged to take up our residence on some of the desert islands to leeward. But Providence had ordered it otherwise. We continued our run down the coast, collecting all the furs in our way, and arrived at the point of the Californias the twenty-eighth of July. Here I took on board a supply of water, and sailed on the thirtieth for the Sandwich Islands."

The remainder of Shaler's story must be quickly told. The *Lelia Byrd*, "not without incessant labor at the pumps," reached the Sandwich Islands on August 22nd. She was now in such condition that her commander did not dare attempt to carry her to Canton. Accordingly he arranged to transfer such furs and specie as he had on board to the *Huron*, a vessel from New Haven bound for Canton; and to leave the rest of the cargo in the keeping of the King, Tamaahmaah, until a small schooner then being built on the islands should be completed.

Having completed these arrangements, Shaler himself sailed in the *Huron* for China, giving to one of his men, John T. Hudson, the business of disposing of the goods left with the king. When the schooner, named for the Queen, Tamana, was finally ready, Hudson freighted her with the merchandise left by Shaler and sailed for the California coast. His ill success is thus described by Cleveland: "The difficulties of such an enterprise in a suitable vessel have already been narrated; these were greatly increased by the small size of the *Tamana* and the consequent feebleness of the crew. Perseverance and industry, however, on the part of Mr. Hudson appear not to have been wanting; but prudence forbade his entering a port of

strength; and the sales to be made among the missions and in barter with the Indians were of small amount. Nor did he meet with any success in collecting from the missionaries any part of the sums due from them for goods, with which Mr. Shaler had credited them, though the hope of recovering these had been a considerable inducement in expediting this vessel. After visiting most of the missions in California, and navigating its coast from one extremity to the other, during a period of between five and six months, without effecting any sales of importance, his patience as well as that of his crew being exhausted, and his provisions running short, he returned in safety to the Sandwich Islands. Here he disposed of the *Tamana*, took passage to China, and thence to the United States, with but a small sum left for the owners, after paying all disbursements. Mr. Shaler had preceded him, one year, to the United States, and waited there his arrival."

Of the subsequent fortunes of the three central figures in this chapter, a brief word in conclusion may be said. Richard Cleveland for many years sailed on voyages to the remote corners of the earth and after making several moderate fortunes finally found himself in such straightened circumstances that he gladly accepted a position in the customs service. One paragraph, written near the close of his life, gives an interesting summary of his career and a surprising sidelight on his character:

"Those who may honour me with a perusal of my narrative will perceive that I have navigated to all parts of the world, from the sixtieth degree of south latitude, to the sixtieth degree north; and sometimes in vessels whose diminutive size and small number of men caused exposure to wet and cold, greatly surpassing what is usually experienced in ships of ordinary capacity; that I have been exposed to the influence of the most unhealthy places; at Batavia, where I have seen whole crews prostrate with

the fever, and death making havoc among them; at San Blas, where the natives can stay only a portion of the year; at Havana, within whose walls I have resided five years consecutively; that I have suffered captivity, robbery, imprisonment, ruin, and the racking anxiety consequent thereon. And yet, through the whole, and to the present sixty-eighth year of my age, I have never taken a drop of spirituous liquor of any kind; never a glass of wine, of porter, ale, or beer, or any beverage stronger than tea and coffee; and, moreover, I have never used tobacco in any way whatever; and this, not only without injury, but, on the contrary, to the preservation of my health. Headache is known to me by name only; and excepting those fevers, which were produced by great anxiety and excitement, my life has been free from sickness."

William Shaler, after the incidents related in this chapter, for many years served with unusual distinction as Consul-General of the United States at Algiers. Later he held the consulate at Havana and here he died of cholera in 1833. Cleveland, it is good to know, was with him at the time, for between these two the friendship and mutual regard so manifest in their voyages on the *Lelia Byrd* remained unbroken until the end.

The third figure in the chapter, the *Lelia Byrd*, soon fell upon evil days. Twice at least she sailed from Hawaii to Canton with cargoes of sandalwood; then, worn out, she was made a receiving ship for opium; and at last, far from the port where trim and beautiful she had first taken to the sea, in the strange and crowded Chinese harbor of Wampoa, she was broken up for salvage—truly a shabby ending for such a gallant ship!

Few chapters in California history are more flavored with romance than the story of the New England-Canton traders here so briefly sketched. But in it there was also much of far-reaching historical significance. For it was

these same traders who opened the first routes for their countrymen to the coast, who first conceived of California as an American possession, and who first brought back to the United States those glowing reports of the resources and untouched possibilities of the smiling Spanish province that made it an object of desire to the men of Saxon blood.

Chapter X

CHAPTER X

Jedediah Smith, the Pathfinder of the Sierras*

FROM THE CLOSE of the eighteenth century to the year 1826 there was virtually no approach to California except by way of the sea. Even the old Anza trail from Sonora to San Gabriel, owing to the hazardous and desolate country through which it ran, was no longer used by colonists from Mexico, but remained neglected, untrodden, almost wholly forgotten. North and east the barriers which shut California from the outside world were even more complete. Indeed, for all practical purposes they were absolute. A wilderness of desert and mountain greater than most Old World empires, inhabited only by wild beasts and untamed Indian tribes, shut off the province from overland contact with the Anglo-Saxons of the Mississippi Valley. Behind this barrier California might have remained for at least another generation unmolested by the American advance had it not been for those hard and reckless explorers—the advance guard of the outermost frontier, the most undisciplined spirits of the western border—the fur hunters of the Rocky Mountains.

These men, indeed, added a chapter to American history which was peculiarly their own—a chapter so full of unbelievable adventure, of grim, indomitable courage,

* *See map facing page 339.*

of unfaltering self-reliance, of unmatched physical endurance, of such primitive passion and utter defiance of restraint, that one reads it with a sense of unreality, as though in truth he read some heroic legend of a by-gone age rather than the authentic story of men of his own race less than a century ago. It was the fur traders who prepared the way for the feet of the later pioneer. It was they who first explored the mountain passes, followed each river to its unknown source, pushed their way across the arid desolation of the great Southwest and eventually opened the overland approaches to California.

Of all the fur trading adventurers whose activities were identified with the history of California the first and greatest, the true Pathfinder of the Sierra, was Jedediah Strong Smith. Smith was born at Bainbridge in northern New York, January 6, 1799. His parents were themselves of pioneer New England stock, and from them Smith doubtless inherited many of those traits which were to make him later such a commanding figure on the western border. Either from them or from a physician living in the community the boy also acquired something more of an education than boys of the western frontier at that time commonly enjoyed. Smith later became a clerk on a freight boat plying on the Great Lakes and thus came in contact with the fur traders of the Northwest as they travelled the St. Lawrence highway to Montreal.

It is natural to suppose that from the tales told by these men, the boy, now fast coming into manhood, acquired a consuming desire to become a fur trader. It was a business that appealed to the romantic and adventurous in any lad, and Smith had developed these qualities, as he showed in later life, to an unusual degree. Accordingly when he was between twenty and twenty-five years of age he made his way to St. Louis, then the established starting point for nearly every trading or trapping expedition

to the Rocky Mountains or the Southwest, and found employment in the service of William Henry Ashley.

Under Ashley, perhaps the greatest and most successful of the fur trading explorers of the west, Smith served a useful but hazardous apprenticeship. His unusual courage, even among those with whom personal bravery was an accepted and almost universal trait, his education, resourcefulness, sagacity and the fine integrity of his character, marked him at once as an outstanding man among his fellows.

The young trader was consequently soon entrusted with the command of important expeditions and came to occupy a place of such close confidence and friendship with Colonel Ashley that the latter gave him a direct interest in his business. Experience and training such as he received in Ashley's service, coupled with his natural aptitude, made Smith an acknowledged leader in his calling and gave him a thorough knowledge of the West. Many of his expeditions carried him into regions hitherto unknown to whites, and there is now good reason to believe that it was he who first discovered the famous South Pass of the Rocky Mountains—that great gateway through which passed nearly all subsequent migration west and northwest from the Missouri Valley to the Pacific Ocean.

During this period, also, Smith had one of those terrible encounters with a grizzly bear which so often ended in stark tragedy in the history of western adventure. The account of this incident as told by James Clyman, one of Smith's companions, is given below. To make the extract less difficult to read, Clyman's peculiar spelling and grammatical construction have been somewhat modified in the quotation.

"While passing through a brushy bottom," wrote Clyman, "a large Grizzly came down the valley, we being in single file, men on foot leading pack horses. He struck

us about the center, then turning ran parallel to our line. Captain Smith, being in the advance, he ran to the open ground, and as he immerged from the thicket he and the bear met face to face. Grizzly did not hesitate a moment but sprung on the captain taking him by the head first. Pitching, sprawling on the earth, he gave him a grab by the middle fortunately catching by the ball pouch and butcher knife, which he broke, but breaking several of his ribs and cutting his head badly. None of us having any surgical knowledge, what was to be done? One said, 'Come, take hold,' and he would say, 'Why not you?' So it went around. I asked the Captain what was best. He said: 'One or two go for water, and if you have a needle and thread git it out and sew up my wounds around my head,' which was bleeding freely. I got a pair of scissors and cut off his hair and then began my first job of dressing wounds. Upon examination I found the bear had taken nearly all his head in his capacious mouth close to his left eye on one side and close to his right ear on the other and laid the skull bare to near the crown of the head leaving a white streak where his teeth passed. One of his ears was torn from his head out to the outer rim. After stitching all the other wounds in the best way I was capable and according to the captain's direction, the ear being the last I told him I could do nothing for his ear. 'Oh, you must try to stitch it up some way or other,' said he. Then I put in my needle stitching it through and through and over and over laying the lacerated parts together as nice as I could with my hands. Water was found in about one mile, when we all moved down and encamped, the captain being able to mount his horse and ride to camp where we pitched a tent—the only one we had—and made him as comfortable as circumstances would permit. This gave us a lesson on the character of the grizzly bear which we did not forget. . . After remaining

here ten days or two weeks, the captain began to ride out a few miles and as winter was rapidly approaching we began to make easy travel westward and struck the trail of the Cheyenne Indians."

In the spring of 1826 the various trapping parties which were operating under Ashley's command came together for their annual rendezvous in the valley of the Great Salt Lake—a region which Smith himself was one of the first to see only a few months before. By this time Ashley was anxious to retire from the active business of a fur trader; and here accordingly he sold his interests to Smith, David E. Jackson and William F. Sublette—men like Smith of outstanding reputation and ability. In keeping with a policy which had already proven most successful of sending expeditions into those wild and unexplored regions which the trappers of rival companies had not yet visited, the three partners, perhaps acting even in this matter on Ashley's advice, determined to invade the formidable wilderness that stretched for unknown miles between their camp near the Great Salt Lake and the Mexican settlements in California. In this ambition, too, was mingled the hope, previously held by John Jacob Astor, of establishing somewhere on the Pacific a permanent deposit where furs might be brought for shipment to the great fur market at Canton.

Smith, because of his qualifications, was chosen to lead this expedition. To understand the dangerous character and true historical significance of the undertaking, one must try at least to visualize the trans-Rocky Mountain West as it was known to the people of the United States a hundred years ago. Government expeditions, such as that of Lewis and Clark in the Northwest and of Zebulon R. Pike through the Mexican provinces further south, had made invaluable contributions to the geographic knowledge of those particular portions of the west and

this knowledge had been supplemented greatly by the indefatigable activities of the fur traders. As a consequence, by 1825, the chief features of the territory drained by the Missouri, the Yellowstone, and the Snake were reasonably familiar to those interested in western exploration. Even the long course of the Columbia had been followed through most of its majestic solitudes to the sea; and at the other extreme, the quaint, sun-drenched pueblos of New Mexico were being startled from two centuries of lethargy and isolation by those inland Merchant Adventurers who shortly after 1820 began to traffic by pack train and covered wagon from St. Louis to Santa Fé.

As yet, however, the vast empire which stretched between the Great Salt Lake, west and southwest to the Pacific, lay unknown and unexplored. Until this could be traversed, its secrets revealed, and its dangers overcome, there could be no overland contact between California and the United States and no significant migration of Anglo-Saxon settlers into the golden empire of the trans-Sierra West. To open a route across this eight hundred miles of untouched wilderness was the task which Smith now undertook.

It was on August 16, 1826, that this little band of fifteen men bade farewell to their companions and rode off toward the land of the setting sun—and also as fate for all but two or three decreed, toward a grim and unexpected death. The route pursued by Smith took him past Little Utah Lake, up the Sevier River which he named the Ashley, for his former partner, and across a range of mountains to a stream which he called the Adams "in compliment to our President." This last mentioned river was formerly identified with the Virgin; but Professor C. Hart Merriam of the University of California has recently shown this to be an error and that the route taken by Smith carried him from the Sevier River across the Escalante Desert

to Meadow Valley Wash, which he called the Adams, and down this stream and its continuation, the Muddy, to the lower reaches of the Virgin. This river he then followed to the Seedskedee or Colorado. From this point until the party reached the Sierra Madre in California, Smith can best tell his own story. "I crossed the Seedskeeder," he wrote, "and went down it four days a southeast course; I here found the country remarkably barren, rocky, and mountainous; there are a good many rapids in the river, but at this place a valley opens about five to fifteen miles in width, which on the river banks is timbered and fertile. I here found a nation of Indians who call themselves Ammuchabas [Mojaves]; they cultivate the soil, and raise corn, beans, pumpkins, watermelons and muskmelons in abundance, and also a little wheat and cotton. I was now nearly destitute of horses, and had learned what it was to do without food; I therefore remained there fifteen days and recruited my men, and I was enabled also to exchange my horses and purchase a few more of a few runaway Indians who stole some horses of the Spaniards. I here got information of the Spanish country (the Californians) and obtained two guides, recrossed the Seedskadeer, which I afterwards found emptied into the Gulf of California about eighty miles from this place by the name of the Collarado. . .

"I travelled a west course fifteen days over a country of complete barrens, generally travelling from morning until night without water. I crossed a Salt plain about twenty miles long and eight wide; on the surface was a crust of beautiful white salt, quite thin. Under this surface there is a layer of salt from a half to one and a half inches in depth; between this and the upper layer there is about four inches of yellowish sand."

Unfortunately there is no record as to the exact route taken by Smith across the Sierra Madre into California;

but it is natural to suppose that in crossing the desert he struck the Mojave River some distance below Barstow, and followed its course until this route became impractical; then, especially as he had Indian guides from the Mojave villages, he probably made the passage of the mountains through the comparatively easy gateway of the Cajon Pass, perhaps striking the cañon somewhat below the actual summit of the range.

Once through the mountains, Smith and his companions found themselves in a land of pure delight. Two or three days' travel through a country "whose face changed hourly," brought them to a camping place not far from the spot where now stands the pleasantly situated town of Glendora. From this point on, the journal of the expedition kept by Smith's clerk, Harrison G. Rogers, even though characteristically independent in its spelling and grammar, is interesting enough to quote at length without other changes than to spell out in full certain abbreviated words. One reads in Rogers' entry for November 27th, for example, "We got ready as early as possible and started a West course, and traveled fourteen miles and encamped for the day, we passed innumerable herds of cattle, horses and some hundred of sheep; we passed four or five Indian lodges, that their Indians acts as herdsmen. There came an old Indian to us that speaks good Spanish, and took us with him to his mansion, which consisted of two rows of large and lengthy buildings, after the Spanish mode, they remind me of the British Barracks. So soon as we encamped there was plenty prepared to eat, a fine young cow killed, and a plenty of corn meal given us; pretty soon after the two commandants of the missionary establishment come to us and had the appearance of gentlemen. Mr. Smith went with them to the Mansion and I stay with the company, there was great feasting among

the men as they were pretty hungry not having any good meat for some time."

Late on the evening of the twenty-eighth, Rogers himself reached the Mission where he was received with every mark of hospitality. Fortunately he thought it worth while to describe with much attention to detail the colorful and varied life with which he found himself surrounded and to this fact we owe one of the most interesting contemporary descriptions of the San Gabriel Mission which has yet come to light. Rogers' account runs as follows:

"About 10 o'clock at night supper was served, and Mr. Smith and myself sent for. I was introduced to the two priests over a glass of good old whiskey and found them to be very jovial friendly gentlemen, the supper consisted of a number of different dishes, served different from any table I ever was at. Plenty of good wine during supper, before the cloth was removed sigars was introduced. Mr. Smith has wrote to the governor, and I expect we shall remain here some days.

"29th. Still at the mansion. We was sent for about sunrise to drink a cup of tea, and eat some bread and cheese. They all appear friendly and treat us well, although they are Catholicks by profession, they allow us the liberty of conscience, and treat us as they do their own countrymen, or brethren.

"About eleven o'clock, dinner was ready, and the priest come after us to go and dine; we were invited into the office, and invited to take a glass of gin and water and eat some bread and cheese; directly after we were seated at dinner, and every thing went on in style, both the priests being pretty merry, the clerk and one other gentleman, who speaks some English. They all appear to be gentlemen of the first class, both in manners and habbits. The Mansion, or Mission, consist of four rows of houses forming a complete square, where there is all kinds of macan-

icks at work; the church faces the east and guard house the west; the North and South line comprises the work shops. They have large vineyards, apple and peach orchards, and some orrange and some fig trees. They manufacture blankets, and sundry other articles; they distill whiskey and grind their own grain, having a water mill, of a tolerable quality; they have upwards of 1,000 persons employed, men, women, and children, Indians of different nations. The situation is very handsome, pretty streams of water running through from all quarters, some thousands of acres of rich and fertile land as level as a die in view and a part under cultivation, surrounded on the North with a high and lofty mountain, handsomely timbered with pine, and cedar, and on the South with low mountains covered with grass. Cattle—this Mission has upwards of 30,000 head of cattle, and horses, sheep, hogs, etc., in proportion. I intend visiting the iner apartments to-morrow if life is spared. I am quite unwell to-day but have been engaged in writing letters for the men and drawing a map of my travels for the priests. Mr. Smith, as well as myself, have been engaged in the same business. They slaughter at this place from 2 to 3,000 head of cattle at a time; the mission lives on the profits. Saint Gabriel is in north latitude 34 degrees and 30 minutes. It still continues warm; the thermometer stands at 65 and 70 degrees."

The company of American trappers remained at San Gabriel from the twenty-eighth of November, 1826, until the eighteenth of January. Smith himself spent much of this time at San Diego seeking, with only partial success, to justify the presence of his company in California to the governor, José María Echeandía, and to secure permission to march northward along the coast toward the Columbia. To this latter request, Echeandía, probably fearing the charges which his enemies in California might prefer

against him to the central government in Mexico, turned a deaf ear. Smith and his men were ordered to depart with as little delay as possible from the province and to avoid any route that would bring them in contact with the California settlements.

While Smith was negotiating with Echeandía at San Diego, the rest of the company, under the command of Rogers, found the indolent, care-free life at San Gabriel a welcome relief from the privations and dangers to which they had so long been exposed. Here was an environment which none of them in the hard experience of his calling had ever known before—an atmosphere created by the warmth of California sun and ripening oranges; by half wild cattle grazing upon grass covered plains stretching from the foot of snow-capped mountains to the sea; by groves of oak trees, symmetrical and very old; by springing fields of grain, bordered by ditches and canals of running water; by a life curiously compounded of the habits of the half-wild Indian folk who clustered in the shelter of the Mission and the colorful civilization and religious symbolism of ancient Spain. Two or three scattered entries from Rogers' faithfully kept diary will serve to give a brief glimpse of the days spent by these wandering trappers at the Mission.

"There was a wedding in this place today, and Mr. Smith and myself invited; the bell was rang a little before sun rise, and the morning service performed; then the musick commenced serranading, the soldiers firing, etc, about seven o'clock tea and bread served, and about eleven, dinner and musick. The ceremony and dinner was held at the priests; they had an ellegant dinner, consisting of a number of dishes, boiled and roast meat and fowl, wine and brandy or ogadent, grapes brought as a dessert after dinner. Mr. Smith and myself acted quite independent, knot understanding there language, nor they ours;

we endeavored to appoligise, being very dirty and not in a situation to shift our clothing, but no excuse would be taken, we must be present, as we have been served at there table ever since we arrived at this place; they treat us as gentlemen in every sense of the word, although our apparel is so indifferent and we not being in circumstances at this time to help ourselves, being about 800 miles on a direct line from the place of our deposit. Mr. Smith spoke to the commandant this evening respecting the rations of his men; they were immediately removed into another apartment, and furnished with cooking utensils and plenty of provisions, they say, for three or four days."

. . . . . .

"December 11th. Nothing of consequence has taken place to-day more than usual, only the band of musick consisting of two small violins, one bass violin, a trumpet and triangle was played for two hours in the evening before the priests door by Indians. They made tolerable good musick, the most in imitation to whites that I ever heard. Directly after the musick would cease, there was several rounds of cannon fired by the soldiers in commemoration of some great saints day or feast day. They keep at this place four small field pieces, two six-pounders and two two-pounders to protect them from the Indians, in case they should rebel, and, from the best information I can get from the soldiers, they appear at times some what alarmed, for fear the Indians will rise and destroy the Mission.

"12th. About sun rise, the bell rang and mass called; men women and children attended church; they discharged a number of small arms and some cannon while the morning service were performing. There main church is upwards of 200 feet in length and about 140 in breadth made of stone and brick, a number of different apartments

in it. They hold meeting in the large church every Sunday the Spanyards first attend and then the Indians. They have a room in the iner apartment of the Mission to hold church on their feast days. . . I am in hopes we shall be able to leave here in five or six days at most, as all hands appear to be anxious to move on to the north. Things in other respects much the same; the weather still continues to be good. In the evening there was a kind of procession amongst both Spanyards and Indians. I enquired the reason, I was told by a Mr. David Philips, an Englishman, that this day, a year ago, the Virgin Mary appeared to an Indian and told him that the twelfth day of December should always be kept as a feast day and likewise a holliday among them and both Spanyards and Indians believe it.

"13th. I walked through the work shops; I saw some Indians blacksmithing, some carpentering, others making spining wheels for the squaws to spin on. There is upwards sixty women employed in spining yarn and others weaving. Things much the same, cloudy and some rain to-day. Our black smiths have been employed for several days making horse and nails for our own use when we leave here.

"14th. I was asked by the priest to let our blacksmiths make a large trap for him to set in his orrange garden, to catch the Indians in when they come up at night to rob his orchard. The weather clear and warm. Things in other respects much the same as they have been heretofore; friendship and peace prevail with us and the Spanyards. Our own men are contentious and quarrelsome amongst themselves and have been ever since we started the expedition."

On January 10th Smith returned to the Mission, coming to San Pedro from San Diego on an American brig, the *Courier*, commanded by Captain Cunningham. From

the tenth to the seventeenth he and his men were occupied in purchasing fresh horses, assembling and repairing their equipment, collecting supplies and attending to the innumerable details necessary for the resumption of the hazardous journey which lay before them. On the eighteenth, early in the morning, the company left the hospitality and security of the old adobe mission and took again the long trail through the wilderness. On the twenty-first they reached the Indian ranchería some four miles from the present city of San Bernardino, where they had stopped after the passage of the mountains upon their entrance into California. Here they spent perhaps a week breaking horses, drying meat, and making final preparations for the continuance of the expedition. Here, also, Rogers records his debt of gratitude and his fine tribute of friendship to Father Sánchez, the genial head of the Mission:

"Old Father Sanchus has been the greatest friend that I ever met with in all my travels, he is worthy of being called a Christian, as he possesses charity in the highest degree, and a friend to the poor and distressed. I ever shall hold him as a man of God, taking us when in distress, feeding, and clothing us, and may God prosper him and all such men."

Leaving their camp sometime after January 27th and passing through the Cajon Pass, the Americans took a course northward along the back side of the Sierra Madre eventually striking the southern end of the great and almost unexplored San Joaquin Valley. Down this valley they travelled, finding the Indians friendly, but very backward, until in all probability they came to the King's River, which Smith called the Wimmulche after an Indian tribe living along its banks. From this point on, Smith's own narrative, though greatly condensed and lacking in

detail, is almost our only source of information. It ran as follows:

"I here made a small hunt, and attempted to take my party across the mountain which I before mentioned, and which I called Mount Joseph, to come on and join my partners at the Great Salt Lake. I found the snow so deep on Mount Joseph that I could not cross my horses, five of which starved to death; I was compelled therefore to return to the valley which I had left, and there leaving my party, I started with two men, seven horses and two mules, which I loaded with hay for the horses and provisions for ourselves, and started on the twentieth of May, and succeeded in crossing it in eight days, having lost only two horses and one mule. I found the snow on the top of this mountain from four to eight feet deep, but it was so consolidated by the heat of the sun that my horses only sunk from half a foot to one foot deep.

"After travelling twenty days from the east side of Mount Joseph, I struck the southwest corner of the Great Salt Lake, travelling over a country completely barren and destitute of game. We frequently travelled without water sometimes for two days over sandy deserts, where there was no sign of vegetation and when we found water in some of the rocky hills, we most generally found some Indians who appeared the most miserable of the human race having nothing to subsist on (nor any clothing) except grass seed, grasshoppers, etc. When we arrived at the Salt Lake, we had but one horse and one mule remaining, which were so feeble and poor that they could scarce carry the little camp equipage which I had along; the balance of my horses I was compelled to eat as they gave out."

It was about the middle of June, 1827, that Smith and his two companions reached the Great Salt Lake. From this point they proceeded to the rendezvous with Jackson

and Sublette at Bear Lake. After spending some weeks here, Smith, on July 13, set out again for California at the head of a party of nineteen men. Following in the main his original route to the Colorado, he arrived, sometime in August, at the Mojave villages apparently without mishap. Here he spent three days trading with the Indians who appeared in every respect friendly toward the Americans. When, however, upon the renewal of his journey Smith divided his party in crossing the Colorado, the Indians (no doubt influenced by orders they had received from the Mexican authorities in California) threw aside their mask of friendship and fell upon the hapless trappers. Some they murdered who had remained upon the eastern bank, some as they were in the midst of the stream on a crude ferry, and the remaining few—for there were only seven left alive—they compelled to flee through the wilderness toward San Gabriel.

For nine days and a half, travelling both day and night, the destitute survivors made their way across the waterless and lifeless desert. Upon reaching San Gabriel, Smith hastily secured a few necessary supplies and set out to join the company he had left during the preceding May in the San Joaquin Valley. Here he found his party in a destitute state, with almost no food, equipment nor horses with which to continue their march. Consequently he was forced to make his way to San José to secure there, if possible, the supplies without which he and his men could not go on. At San José his reception was anything but cordial. For some days he was imprisoned in "a dirty hovel which they call a guard house" and for nearly two weeks longer remained at least a semi-prisoner before he was permitted to go to Monterey to interview the governor. With this official—the self-same Echeandía with whom Smith had had his earlier dealings at San Diego—the American trapper had an unpleasant time, and it was

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only after the intercession of a number of American ship captains and other influential foreigners, and the posting of a $30,000 bond, that he received permission to remain in the province long enough to secure the necessary supplies.

Finally, with a party of twenty-one men, two of whom soon deserted, Smith quit the California settlements and moved slowly up the Sacramento River, trapping this stream and its tributaries as he went, and waiting for the winter snows to melt so that he could find a passage eastward across the Sierra Nevada and join his partners, Sublette and Jackson, north of the Salt Lake. These mountains, however, were both too rough and too deep in snow for the party to get through.

Accordingly, about the middle of April, Smith abruptly changed his course and struck off toward the northwest, determined to reach the sea and follow the coast northward to the Columbia. The country through which his route now lay was inhospitable, rough, and almost impassable. Nevertheless for three months the company struggled doggedly forward, suffering severely from bad weather, lack of food, and almost incredible fatigue. To sketch in detail their experiences during this weary march is forbidden by lack of space. A few extracts, however, from Rogers' diary will show something at least of the hardships the party had to face.

"Wednesday, May 14th. We made an early start, directing our course as yesterday northwest, and traveled four miles and encamped on the top of a high mountain, where there was but indifferent grass for our horses. The travelling amazing bad; we descended one point of Brushy and Rocky Mountain, where it took us about six hours to get the horses down, some of them falling about fifty feet perpendicular down a steep place into a creek; one broke his neck; a number of packs left along the trail, as

night was fast approaching, and we were obliged to leave them and get what horses we could collected at camp; a number more got badly hurt by the falls, but none killed but this one that broke his neck.

. . . . . .

"Tuesday, May [June] 3rd, 1828. We made an early start this morning, directing our course northwest up a steep point of Brushy Mountain, and travelled about two miles and encamped in the river bottom, where there was but little for our horses to eat; all hands working hard to get the horses on, as they have become so much worn out that it is almost impossible to drive through brush; we have two men every day that goes a head with axes to cut a road, and then it is with difficulty we can get along. The day clear and pleasant.

. . . . . .

"Saturday, June 28, 1828. All hands up early, some fixing rafts for crossing the river and others sent after the horses. We had all our goods crossed by nine o'clock A.M., and then proceeded to drive in the horses; there was twelve drowned in crossing, and I know not the reason without it was driving them in too much crowded one upon another. We have lossed twenty-three horses and mules within three days past. After crossing the river, we packed up and started along the sea shore, a north northwest course, and travelled about six miles and encamped, sometimes on the Beach and sometimes along the points of Pararie Hills that keeps in close to the Ocean; the country back looks broken, and thickety, timbered with low scrubby pines and cedars, the pararie hills covered with good grass and blue clover; the country has been similar as respects timber and soil for several days past, also grass and herbage. One deer killed to-day.'

During this march, which Rogers so graphically describes, the American trappers passed through portions of the present Trinity, Humboldt, and Del Norte counties and followed northward along the coast until they came to the lower reaches of the Umpqua River. On the thirteenth of July, which fell upon a Sunday, they encamped on this stream, expecting in a few days to reach the broad valley of the Willamette and follow this easy highway to the shelter and abundance of the Hudsons' Bay post on the Columbia. But here, when the end of toil and privation and fatigue was all but reached, fate intervened with swift and tragic finality.

Early Monday morning, Smith left his men to reconnoiter a route for the day's march. As he returned toward the camp he met John Turner, one of the company, fleeing in desperation for his life. From him Smith learned that the Umpqua Indians, who had maintained a friendly attitude up to this time, had suddenly fallen upon the camp and massacred almost every man and Turner, a trapper of gigantic strength, had saved himself only by knocking down four of his assailants with a piece of firewood.

Smith and Turner, supposing themselves the only survivors of the slaughter, made no attempt to avenge their companions or rescue the furs and baggage of the company but plunged at once into the forest which separated them from the Columbia, and after some weeks of privation reached the friendly shelter of Fort Vancouver. Here by a singular coincidence, Arthur Black, the only other member of the company who had escaped the massacre had fled northward ignorant of the survival of any of his companions, and made his appearance the night before.

At this time Dr. John McLoughlin, one of the genuinely heroic figures of the British Northwest, was the factor at Fort Vancouver. With characteristic hospitality he not only gave shelter and food to the stranded

Americans, but vigorously set about rescuing the furs which Smith had lost. A description, probably furnished by Smith himself, of McLoughlin's zeal in the matter shows him to have been a man of fiery energy and dynamic temper.

"Mr. Smith related the circumstances upon his arrival at Vancouver and after he told his story, Dr. McLoughlin insisted upon his taking men and returning to the place of the massacre and said that possibly some of his men were alive, or at least he would get some of the property lost. Mr. Smith was doubtful. The Doctor said, 'You then remain with me, I'll send my men.' He took off his spectacles, threw them upon the table, grabbed his cane and bareheaded out he goes upon the porch before the house, and called out at the top of his voice, 'Mr. McCay, Thomas McCay, Tom, where in the d—l is McCay?' Out comes old Tom from the store. As loud as usual the Doctor cries out, 'This American has been robbed, all his men massacred; take fifty men, have the horses drove in. Where is Laframboise, Michel, Babtiste, Jacque, where are all the men? Take twenty pack horses; those who have no saddles ride on blankets, two blankets to each man. Go light; take some salmon, peas, grease, potatoes; now be off, cross the river tonight, and if one of you is here at sunset I will tie you to that (pointing to a twelve pound cannon, just below where he was speaking) and you'll get a dozen.' Mr. Smith says he never before saw men so anxious to leave a place, as those men going and coming, all on a trot, the Doctor going out occasionally and hurrying up the men. McCay gets ready and comes for orders. 'Take this paper,' said the Doctor, 'and be off; read it on the way; you'll observe that the place is beyond the Umpqua. Good-bye Thomas, God bless you. Be off. Be off.' And off he goes. Sooner than expected an Indian runner came in from the Willamette valley and reported: McCay

returning with tired horses. Boats were sent over the river to await his arrival. In due time he arrives, bringing the most of, and I think all of Mr. Smith's furs. For the horses that were lost by the Company that McCay took away, the Doctor charged Mr. Smith four dollars per head, the country price at that time, and for the men at the rate of seventeen pounds, or about sixty dollars per annum. He bought the furs of Mr. Smith, giving him a draft upon London for them. No man could speak in higher praise of another than did Mr. Smith of Doctor McLoughlin, Chief Factor of the Hudsons Bay Company.".

Smith received about $20,000 for the recovered furs, a sum under the circumstances which assuredly testified to the just and liberal spirit of the sturdy factor of Fort Vancouver.

After spending the winter at Fort Vancouver, Smith and Black, leaving Turner behind at his own request, early in March, 1829, began the long return journey to the Wind River Valley in Wyoming where the rendezvous with his partners had been agreed upon nearly two years before. Here Smith met Sublette and went into winter quarters on January 1, 1830. It is interesting here to note that according to a wide-spread belief among the early trappers Smith found gold "in great abundance" while he was trapping on the San Joaquin; and one story has it that he later sold out his fur business to outfit an expedition "with several wagon loads of Picks, Shovels & Crowbars, and other merchandize" to return to California to work the deposits he had discovered! But whether Smith discovered gold or not, he did at least bring back glowing accounts to all his adventurous fellows of the west of this new land whose climate, as he reported, was like that of Italy, whose rivers were filled with beaver and fish, whose

hills and valleys abounded in game—without exaggeration indeed "the finest country in the world."

It does not lie within the scope of the present narrative to follow Smith's career further except to record its tragic close. In August, 1830, he and his partners disposed of their business to a group of trappers including Fitzpatrick, Milton Sublette, and James Bridger, and returned with a fortune in furs to St. Louis. Smith could now look back upon his career with the knowledge that he had succeeded in large measure in realizing his ambitions. "Few men have been more fortunate than I have been," he said at this time. "I started into the mountains with the determination of becoming a first rate hunter, of making myself thoroughly acquainted with the character and habits of the Indians, of tracing out the sources of the Columbia River and following it to its mouth; and of making the whole profitable to me, and I have perfectly succeeded."

This success, however, was only like the brief gleam of sunset on some snow-clad peak before the fall of night. From St. Louis Smith embarked in 1831 on a trading expedition to Santa Fé. The caravan was a large one and exceptionally well equipped to make the venture a success. The route, however, was beset by dangers which human foresight could not anticipate. In crossing the desert wastes between the Arkansas and the Cimarron rivers, the party failed to discover water and came near perishing from thirst. Many of the horses died and a number of the men began to show symptoms of delirium. In this desperate strait the company divided. Smith and Fitzpatrick struck out together in search of some spring or water-hole that would save the company from death, but before they had gone many miles Smith was compelled to continue the search alone.

Seared by the heat, tortured by thirst, mocked and de-

luded by the phantom of the mirage, he pushed forward mile after mile until he reached the winding course of the Cimarron and found in its bed a pool of grateful water from which he stooped to drink. But when he rose to his feet he saw all about him a band of hostile Comanches. Not much is known of that last grim battle in which, single-handed, Smith went to his heroic death. It is supposed that at least four of the savages paid for his life with theirs. But the survivors, taking possession of Smith's rifle, pistols and other effects, threw the body of the trapper into a nearby ravine and went their indifferent way, wholly unconscious of the singular greatness of the life they had just snuffed out.

The personification of all those heroic virtues which were bred by the American frontier, an explorer who made contributions of incalculable value to the opening of the west, a sincere Christian whose religion was a living principle of his daily life, a cultured and modest gentleman, Jedediah Strong Smith stands without superior, if not indeed without an equal, among the pathfinders of California's epic past.

Chapter XI

CHAPTER XI

The Trails of the Fur Traders*

THE COMING OF JEDEDIAH SMITH marked the beginning of a new chapter in the history of California. With only a handful of ragged followers, he had at last broken through the barriers which guarded the province on the west from alien intrusion and had prepared the way for the inevitable annexation of the new land by the United States. The American advance to the Pacific followed in the footsteps of this unassuming man. In the forefront of this advance, making their way to California immediately after Smith, were other representative leaders of his own adventurous calling. For a decade these restless fur traders, to whom the outermost frontier was but the starting point of adventure, searching continually for virgin territory and untrapped streams, lured forever onward by the uncertainty and promise of the unknown, held the center of the stage in the stirring drama of California history. It was they who opened the overland trails to California from New Mexico, Utah and the Columbia. It was they who marked the passes and waterways for subsequent emigration. It was they preeminently who by their explorations, their indifference to Mexican law, and their calm assumption

*See map facing page 339.

that the infinite resources of the land were theirs for the taking, presaged the end of the Spanish-Mexican regime.

Consequently, though it is not the purpose of this chapter to trace in full detail the story of any of these fur trading pathfinders who came to California after Jedediah Smith, one must include in such a book as this some brief account at least of those who contributed most to geographic knowledge and to the heroic epic of California exploration. This list, if there were space enough, would certainly include such names as William Wolfskill, Benjamin D. Wilson (whose Narrative appears in the Appendix of this volume), Nathaniel Pryor, James J. Warner, David Jackson, George C. Yount, Ewing Young, Joseph Walker, James Ohio Pattie, and perhaps a few others. Of these outstanding names, however, Ewing Young and Joseph Walker hold a place of recognized supremacy. Indeed neither of these men, if judged by the extent of his explorations, the significance of his discoveries, and the remarkable vigor and strength of his personality, was much inferior even to Jedediah Smith. It will not therefore be amiss, since space is limited, to select these two as the outstanding examples of the fur traders who entered California between 1829 and 1840 and to speak briefly of their exploits and explorations.

Ewing Young was a native of Knox County, Tennessee; but inasmuch as only fragmentary records of his life have thus far come to light, it is impossible to give more than a disconnected account of his career. It is supposed, however, that he began his western adventures in 1822 when he accompanied Captain William Becknell and William Wolfskill with the first wagon train over the historic trail from St. Louis to Santa Fé. Two years later he participated in a trapping expedition with Wolfskill and Isaac Slover on the tributaries of the Colorado; and again in 1826, under the Mexican name of Joaquin Joon, he appears

as a member of a band of trappers led by Ceran St. Vrain down the Gila River—the stream that in the days of Anza and Garcés had served as one of the essential links in the long trail from Sonora to Monterey.

From 1826 to 1829 Young made further trips into the Gila-Colorado region which by this time was much in favor with the beaver hunters of the Southwest. But though this territory was temptingly rich in furs it was dangerous and uncertain ground for the white interlopers who came to trap its almost virgin streams. Sometimes whole expeditions, grown careless through debauch, overconfidence, or some other fatal lapse, paid for their folly to the last man by swift and bloody massacre; frequently small groups of trappers became separated from the main command and were never seen again by their companions; and at least on one occasion a company, searching for some of its missing number, found their bodies "cut in pieces and spitted before a great fire, after the same fashion which is used in roasting beaver." In such a country constant vigilance, resourcefulness, courage and a thorough knowledge of Indian ways and Indian warfare were fundamentally necessary for the preservation of life.

But little is known of the skirmishes Young fought with these warlike Indians of Arizona and New Mexico or of his adventures and hairbreadth escapes during these years. The testimony of others, however, shows that by this time he was everywhere recognized as a man of coolness, daring and initiative; that he was an acknowledged leader even among the resourceful men of his own calling; and that in times of great emergency and danger, trappers of other companies voluntarily placed themselves under his command.

Young's first trip to California was made in 1829. In August of that year he left the little pueblo of Taos, in New Mexico—starting point of many an historic and ad-

venturous expedition—at the head of a company of forty American, French and Canadian trappers and set out on an extended hunt. In order to divert suspicion from the real purpose of his expedition—since his enterprise was undertaken without the license required by Mexican law—Young held a northwest course from Taos until he was far enough beyond the reach of annoying officials to do whatever he pleased. He then turned southwest, passing through the territory inhabited by the Navajo and Zuñi Indians, until he came to the head of the Salt River in Arizona. Here his company fought a sharp skirmish with the natives, killing fifteen or twenty warriors and wounding many more. The party afterward trapped Salt River to the San Francisco and in turn followed this stream up to its source. Here part of the men were sent back to New Mexico while the remainder under Young set out for California. In the latter company was a young man, then about twenty years of age, who was thus beginning his first adventure into a land where later on his exploits were to bring him colorful and enduring fame. His name was Christopher Carson.

Learning from the Indians that the territory through which he proposed to pass was a vast desert, Young prepared bags of untanned deerskin in which to carry water. This precaution proved the salvation of the company. "The first four days' march," wrote Carson, "was over a country, sandy, burned up and not a drop of water. We received at night a small quantity of water from the tanks [the deer skin water bags], which we had been fortunate to have along. A guard was placed over the tanks to prohibit anyone from making use of more water than his allowance."

At the end of these four days the company came to a water course or spring where they rested for forty-eight hours. They then continued four days more, suffering

greatly again from thirst, until they struck the Colorado at a point somewhere "below the great cañon." Here they remained three days with the Mojave Indians and then took "a southwestern course and in three days' march struck the bed of a stream which rises in the coast range, has a northeast course, and is lost in the sands of the Great Basin." This was the Mojave River, the course of which Jedediah Smith had followed three years before.

The company proceeded up the Mojave for six days and then crossed the mountains, doubtless through the Cajon Pass, and came to the Mission of San Gabriel. Here, though they had little to give in exchange, the trappers were able to secure some fresh supplies, bartering butcher knives for beef at the rate of four knives for one steer! After a single day at San Gabriel the party went on to the Mission of San Fernando; thence they crossed the Sierra Madre and entered the San Joaquin Valley through the Tejon Pass. Here, after trapping the Kern River and other streams which enter the upper and central part of the valley, Young came upon a party of sixty men sent out by the Hudson Bay Company under Peter Skene Ogden.

The two parties, apparently keeping on very friendly terms with each other, trapped side by side down the San Joaquin until they reached the Sacramento. Then Ogden turned north to the Columbia, while Young and his party, since the beaver season was now at an end, spent the summer hunting in the valley, where there were "elk, deer, and antelope in thousands." On September first, Young struck camp and returned to Southern California over the trail he had followed north into the San Joaquin. At the little pueblo of Los Angeles the Mexican authorities demanded passports of the foreigners and threatened them with arrest when they were not able to produce the required documents. To make the situation worse Young's men now got beyond his control and entered upon a de-

moralizing and prolonged debauch; but whether this was the result of their own unbridled appetites or the work of designing California officials is a matter of some conjecture. Carson's version of the incident is as follows:

"They [the Californians] then commenced selling liquor to the men, no doubt for the purpose of getting the men drunk so that they would have but little difficulty in making the arrest. Mr. Young discovered their intentions, directed me to take three men, all loose animals, packs, etc., and go in advance. . . If he did not arrive at my camp by next morning, I was directed to move on as best I could and on my return to report the party killed; for Young would not leave them. They were followed by the Mexicans, furnishing them all the liquor they could pay for. All got drunk except Young."

According to Carson, the Californians intended to arrest the trappers when they reached the San Gabriel Mission, but as the drunken party moved along one of the men named James Higgins dismounted from his horse and deliberately shot a fellow trapper called "Big Jim," who had the reputation of being something of a bully, and this murder so frightened the Californians that they gave up their purpose of arresting the Americans and turned back to Los Angeles. Young and the remainder of the party, leaving the body of the trapper where it had fallen, rode on until they overtook Carson, and the next morning the combined company, now somewhat sobered, set out for the Colorado over their former trail. After travelling nine days they reached this stream. They then trapped down the river and back to the mouth of the San Pedro. Shortly afterward the party returned to Taos which they reached in April, 1831, with two thousand pounds of furs.

The knowledge of the approaches to California obtained by Young on this first expedition was materially

supplemented in the fall of 1830 by a second party commanded by William Wolfskill, a native of Kentucky, who had for many years engaged in the Missouri-Santa Fé trade and later had formed a partnership with Young. The account of this expedition, as given by J. J. Warner, reads as follows:

"Leaving Taos, he went westerly until he struck the source of the San Juan River, which he followed down a short distance, and then turning more northerly fell upon the tributaries of Grande River, and following that river westerly to where it bends nearly south, he left it and traveled westerly to Green River, which he crossed and followed down to its junction with Grande River, where it takes the name Colorado, and continuing on down the Colorado fifty miles or more and finding that it ran in a canyon and was so walled in as to be unapproachable, he left the neighborhood of the river and, going westerly, struck the Sevier River, which he left behind and pursued a southwesterly course toward the California Valley. Becoming entangled in the irregular mountains, enveloped in snow and suffering from cold and scarcity of food, demoralization and disorganization seized his company, composed of discordant materials drawn from New Mexico, comprising Americans, Canadians, St. Louis Frenchmen and New Mexicans, which forced him to abandon his route and travel southerly. He entered the present county of Los Angeles through the Cajon Pass at San Bernardino and reached the city (then pueblo) of Los Angeles in February, 1831, where his party broke up, leaving him without means or resources and a heavy debt in New Mexico."

Additional light is thrown on the foregoing expedition by the Chronicles of George C. Yount—one of the members, or perhaps a leader of the company—which were published by Charles L. Camp in the *California His-*

torical Quarterly of April, 1923. Even at the risk of burdening the chapter with too many extended quotations, one is tempted to include the following account from Yount of some of the experiences suffered by the company:

"Our trappers, with much toil, reached a strip of table land, upon a lofty range of mountains, where they encountered the most terrible snowstorm they had ever experienced—During several days, no one ventured out of camp—There they lay embedded in snow, very deep, animals and men huddled thick as possible together, to husband and enjoy all possible animal warmth, having spread their thick and heavy blankets, & piled bark and brush wood around & over them—The Blankets used by these travellers of the wilderness are of a peculiar kind;—very thick and almost impervious to water—A small stream of water, running directly through a corner of their camp, they found not difficult to be kept open for the use of themselves and their animals, and a blazing fire was kept burning night & day in the centre—With their Beaverskins they were enabled to cover themselves and provide a comfortable bed—Thus they lay, shut out from all the world, while the storm was howling around them, and the snow falling in astonishing profusion—The snowstorm ended with rain during several hours, and then followed a season of piercing cold; by means of which was formed, on the surface of the snow, a strong crust of ice, which would bear the weight of the heaviest animals—After the storm subsided and the weather had softened, Yount and Wolfskil ascended a lofty Peak of the mountains for observation—In the whole range of human view, in every direction, nothing could be discerned, in the least degree encouraging, but only mountains, piled on mountains, all capped with cheerless snow, in long and continuous succession, till they seemed to mingle with the blue vault of heaven and fade away in the distance—It

was a cheerless prospect, and calculated to cause emotions by no means agreeable in the stoutest heart."

Through these expeditions Wolfskill and Young are commonly accredited with having opened the Old Spanish Trail between Santa Fé and Los Angeles along which, almost up to the outbreak of the Mexican War, passed annual trading caravans bringing to California blankets and other woolen goods from New Mexico and taking back in exchange silks from China, a variety of articles obtained from the New England hide and tallow ships, horses, mules and silver coin.

During the fall of 1831, David E. Jackson, the former partner of Jedediah Smith, who had now joined forces with Young, started with an expedition to purchase horses and mules in California. Shortly afterward Young himself also left with a company of some thirty men to trap the Gila and the Colorado, later intending to join Jackson in California. Young's expedition, however, met with only indifferent success because the "beaver traps with which the men were provided were mostly new ones bought in New Mexico and owing to a slight defect in their manufacture, which might have been easily remedied if it had been discovered in time, very few beaver were caught although there were plenty where they hunted."

Young's company reached Los Angeles in April, 1832. Here most of the men scattered, some of them, including Isaac Williams and Isaac Sparks, becoming permanent residents of Southern California, while others returned to New Mexico. Young, with some fourteen men whom he held together, including J. J. Warner and Moses Carson, the brother of Kit Carson, entered the San Joaquin Valley and spent some time trapping the King's River, the San Joaquin, and other streams of the Sierra Nevada. To provide a fresh supply of food, according to Warner, they

also killed a number of elk from the large herds which then roamed the valley and "made what the Mexicans called 'jerked meat.' After pounding this up they poured over it the oil which they had extracted from the fat of the elk, and this made a nourishing and concentrated food, very acceptable to them, since they had been living chiefly on fish and nuts."

When they reached the Sacramento River Young and his men were deluged by twenty days of almost constant rain which left the lowlands a sea of mud and water. Leaving this submerged region, the party crossed the Coast Range, travelling by way of Clear Lake, and reached the Pacific some seventy-five miles north of the Russian colony at Fort Ross. Continuing up the coast Young recrossed the mountains near the Umpqua River, which he followed to its source, and turned south to Klamath Lake. Here the party was attacked by the hostile Klamath Indians who sailed down the lake on rafts made of tule; but the band was easily beaten off by the rifles of the trappers.

Young later returned to the Sacramento Valley and then, crossing to the San Joaquin, followed this valley to its head and made his way through the mountains to what is now Elizabeth Lake. Instead of taking the trail here to Los Angeles, he continued on to the Cajon Pass, entered the San Bernardino Valley in December, 1832, turned southward to Temecula and from there crossed the mountains and desert to the Colorado. Here he spent the season trapping for beaver. In 1834, he returned again to Los Angeles, and shortly thereafter, having fallen in with the eccentric Oregon enthusiast, Hall J. Kelley, was persuaded by him to purchase a drove of horses to be sold to the settlers along the Columbia River. This venture was so successful that Young thereafter made his permanent home in Oregon. He came to California again in 1836 and in the following petition, the original of which is

now in the Henry E. Huntington Library, thus set forth to the Governor, Juan B. Alvarado, the purpose of his visit:

"To His Excellency Gov. of the State of Up. California

"Sir:

"Your Petitioner would beg leave to inform your Excellency that there is on the Wallamette River south of the River Columbia a small settlement of Citizens of the United States. This community have from their origin laboured under many difficulties for want of horned cattle of which they have none. But knowing that your Excellency is aware of the advantages which they confer, your petitioner cannot think it necessary to express in detail the reasons why cattle are indispensible to the prosperity of Agricultural People. Under these circumstances a part of the citizens of said community on the 13 day of February A.D. 1837, formed themselves into a joint stock company for the purpose of procuring cattle from Upper California. The object of your Petitioner as well as that of said company, are expressed in the following extract from their Articles of association viz 'Whereas we the undersigned settlers upon the Wallamette River are fully convinced of the utility and necessity of having neat cattle of our own in order successfully to carry on our farms and gain a comfortable livelihood, and whereas we find it impossible to purchase them here as all the cattle in the country belong to the Hudson's Bay Company, and they refuse to sell them under any circumstances, and as we believe the possession of cattle will not only benefit us personally, but will materially benefit the whole settlement, we the undersigned do hereby agree etc., etc.'

"In pursuance of the object expressed in these articles, a Party of Ten American Citizens and three Indian Boys of whom I was chosen leader, took passage on the Amer-

ican Brig Loreat (*Loriot*), Capt. Bancroft, of which vessel Wm. A. Slacum Esq of the United Navy was charterer.

"In compliance with the wishes of said Association, Your Petitioner would pray your Excellency's permission to purchase Cattle to the Number of Five or Six hundred head of the Citizens of California for the purposes expressed above, And relying on the Friendly relations in which the Citizens of the United States have always stood to those of your Government and on your personal generosity he waits determination.

I am Your Excellency's
Hmbl & Obdnt Servt
(*Signed*) EWING YOUNG."

"San Francisco
10th March 1837"

Young died in Oregon in 1841. At the time of his death he was rated a wealthy man; but his claim to fame does not rest upon the abundance of the things which he possessed, but upon the trials and hardships he endured, the trails he opened through the wilderness, and the contributions he made to the geographic knowledge of the region between New Mexico and the Pacific. His record is that of one of the greatest of the explorers of the trans-Rocky Mountain West.

The second of the two most outstanding fur trading explorers after Jedediah Smith to reach California was Joseph Reddeford Walker. Like Young, Walker was born in Tennessee. When a young man he moved to the Missouri frontier and here served some time as sheriff. Later on he took part in trapping expeditions to the Rocky Mountains and in 1832 was selected as one of the leaders of the elaborately organized company commanded by Captain Benjamin L. E. Bonneville, afterward made famous by Washington Irving.

In the summer of 1833 this company was in the region

adjacent to the Great Salt Lake. Here Bonneville divided his men, placing Walker in command of one detachment while he remained at the head of the other. A decided difference of opinion still prevails as to the instructions which Walker at this time received. Irving states that he was authorized only to explore the shores of the Salt Lake and the streams which emptied into that great body of water. Zenas Leonard, the clerk of the expedition, on the other hand, specifically declares that Walker "was ordered to strike through an unknown country towards the Pacific, and if he did not find beaver, he should return to the Great Salt Lake in the following summer."

At any rate, whatever his instructions, Walker was soon headed directly for California. The company started the latter part of July, "each man provided with four horses and an equal share of blankets, buffalo robes, provisions, and every article necessary for the comfort of the men engaged in an expedition of this kind." Walker himself was especially well qualified to have command of such an enterprise. Of powerful build, standing six feet in height and weighing over two hundred pounds, he was described as one "well hardened to the hardships of the wilderness," a man of long experience in his dealings with the Indians, and an unusual leader who knew both how to exercise authority and to show kindness and consideration to his men.

Walker and his party crossed the barren plains west of the Salt Lake until they came to a stream to which, says Leonard, "we gave the name of Barren River—a name which we thought would be quite appropriate as the country, natives and everything belonging to it justly deserves the name.—You may travel for many days on the banks of this river without finding a stick large enough to make a walking cane." This river (later known as the Mary's, Ogden, and Humboldt), the company followed

to its sink. Here the Indians began to show dangerous signs of hostility and the whites accordingly took the initiative and suddenly fell upon them. The conflict which ensued resembled a massacre so much more than a battle that Irving condemned Walker for it apparently with more severity than justice.

From Humboldt Sink the party continued to Carson and Walker Lakes. From the latter they followed up the stream now known as Walker River until they came to the forbidding but majestic wall of the Sierra Nevada. No absolute identification is possible of the route which Walker pursued across these mountains. In all probability, however, he followed up one of the tributaries of the East Walker River to the summit of the range, struggling for many days in the forbidding and hostile country one encounters amid those splintered heights, until finally he struck the headwaters of the Tuolumne River.

The route now presented the greatest and most discouraging difficulties. No one, of course, knew anything of the passes or river courses. Food became so nearly exhausted that the men had "nothing to eat worth mentioning." The snow was so deep that it was impossible to go more than a few miles each day and the horses were so long without grass that they "began to grow stupid and stiff" and the men despaired of ever getting them across the mountains.

"We encamped this night," wrote Leonard, "on the south side of one of these peaks or ranges without anything to eat and almost without fire. To add to the troubles and fatigues which we encountered in the day time in getting over the rocks and through the snow, we had the mortification this evening to find that some of our men had become almost unmanageable and were desirous of turning back, retracing our steps to the buffalo country." In this crisis two of the worn-out horses were killed

and the feast which "this black, tough, lean horse flesh furnished" revived the spirits of the would-be mutineers.

After struggling day after day through such difficulties with men and horses almost completely exhausted, Walker came at last to a region of indescribable grandeur. Below him lay the Valley of the Yosemite with its domes, its waterfalls, its shining river, and such perfect beauty as men of his race had perhaps never looked upon before. But utter exhaustion and the dire threat of starvation do not effectively stimulate an appreciation of nature's majesty and most of Walker's handful of exhausted trappers, the first whites to view the Yosemite, probably cared something less than nothing for the glory and wonder that lay across their path; but saw in the valley below them only another discouraging obstacle before their weary feet.

"We travelled a few miles every day," says the narrative, "still on the top of the mountain, and our course continually obstructed with snow hills and rocks. Here we began to encounter in our path, many small streams which would shoot out from under these high snow-banks, and after running a short distance in deep chasms which they have through ages cut in the rocks, precipitate themselves from one lofty precipice to another, until they are exhausted in rain below.—Some of these precipices appeared to us to be more than a mile high. Some of the men thought that if we could succeed in descending one of these precipices to the bottom, we might thus work our way into the valley below—but on making several attempts we found it utterly impossible for a man to descend, to say nothing of our horses. We were then obliged to keep along the top of the dividing ridge between two of these chasms which seemed to lead pretty near in the direction we were going—which was West—in passing over the mountain, supposing it to run north & south."

Several days more of this excessively hard travel brought the travellers within sight of the San Joaquin Valley. Twenty-four of their horses, seventeen of which had been eaten, had died in the crossing of the Sierra. In the course of their wanderings the trappers had not only seen the Yosemite Valley, as above described, but had also found "some trees of the redwood species incredibly large—some of which would measure from sixteen to eighteen fathoms around the trunk at the height of a man's head from the ground." This undoubtedly was the Tuolumne or the Merced Grove of Big Trees.

In the higher altitudes no game whatever could be found, but as the company descended to lower levels deer and bear became so abundant that the men could not eat all the meat the hunters brought in. The party followed the beautiful, foaming Merced River down to the San Joaquin and then began to trap for beaver along this stream toward the coast. One night the expedition was thrown into sudden consternation because "the air appeared to be completely thickened with meteors falling toward the earth, some of which would explode in the air and others would be dashed to pieces on the ground, frightening our horses so much that it required the most active vigilance of the whole company to keep them together." It scarcely needs to be remarked that this phenomenon, which so terrified this wandering band of trappers in the silent fastnesses of the San Joaquin Valley, was the great meteoric shower of November 12, 1833, which caused such speculation and alarm throughout the entire United States.

On November 13th the company reached San Francisco Bay, and on the twenty-fourth came to the Mission of San Juan Bautista. Here Walker left his men while he with two companions went to Monterey to secure passports and permission from the Mexican authorities to remain in the province for the winter. This request was

granted and the trappers camped for three months in the neighborhood of Monterey. During this time, according to Irving, the men got out from under their leader's control, lived a wild and riotous life, and almost broke up the expedition, but this account is probably somewhat overdrawn. On February 14th, at any rate, the company again was on the move, prepared to resume the long return journey to the Great Salt Lake. Six of the party remained behind, thus leaving some fifty-two men under Walker's command. With them they had over three hundred horses, nearly fifty cattle, and some thirty dogs.

After leaving Monterey the company either remained until spring in one of the valleys of the Coast Range or crossed into the San Joaquin. They then renewed their journey, following the San Joaquin to its head and crossing the Sierra Nevada through the wide and easy gap since known as Walker Pass. At the eastern side of this pass lay "a beautiful sandy plain or desert stretching out to the east far beyond the reach of the eye, as level as the becalmed surface of a lake." This was the lower reaches of what is now the Owens Valley; and up this valley, which no white man had ever seen before, in the very shadow of the great mountains, crossing one ice cold stream after another as it plunged and foamed down into the plain from the silent, snow-clad heights above, the company made its unhurried way. At last, however, Walker left the valley and turned to the northeast through the desolate Nevada plains. Here the trappers soon found themselves without wood, water, or grass, and with the feet of their animals so badly cut that they could scarcely travel. The men, contrary to Walker's advice, now decided to turn back to the Sierra Nevada, but in order to travel it was necessary to make moccasins for the feet of the surviving animals from the hides of the cattle which were now dying of thirst and exhaustion. Nor had the

company gone very far toward the mountains before the whole party became lost and nearly perished for lack of water.

"At no time," says Leonard, "either while crossing the Rocky or California mountains did our situation appear so desperate. We had to keep our dumb brutes constantly moving about on their feet for if they once lay down, it would be impossible to get them up again, and we would then be compelled to leave them. Nor were the men in a much better condition. It is true we had food, but our thirst far exceeded any description. At last it became so intense that whenever one of our cattle or horses would die the men would immediately catch the blood and greedily swallow it down."

Seventy-five animals had by this time died; but at last the horses scented water and not far beyond the famishing men came upon a beautiful, clear running stream. This was the beginning of better days. Soon afterward Walker found traces of the trail which he had taken from the Salt Lake to the Sierra, and turning back on this came to the Humboldt River. Instead of going on to the Salt Lake, however, the party struck north from the Humboldt until they reached the Snake. Here, on the twelfth of July, Walker and his men were at last united with Bonneville and the main body of the expedition.

In this expedition Walker traversed a surprising extent of territory which no civilized man had ever seen before. He had crossed from the Great Salt Lake to California; he had discovered—unless Jedediah Smith had preceded him—such streams as the Humboldt, the Carson and the Walker, and the lakes and sinks which bear the same names; he had forced a passage through the Sierra from east to west; he had seen the Yosemite Valley and perhaps descended some distance into it; he had found the pass which now bears his name from the San Joaquin Valley

into the Great Basin; he had discovered Owens Valley and probably travelled almost its entire length; and finally he had traversed the region between the head of this valley and the Humboldt River. If Walker had never again seen California the results of this expedition alone would fully justify his selection as one of the greatest of the pathfinders. Less than a decade later, however, as guide for overland emigrant parties and as aid to John Charles Frémont he was to add materially to the exploits already listed. Assuredly Washington Irving was not guilty of gross exaggeration when he characterized Joseph Reddeford Walker as "one of the bravest and most skilful of the mountain men."

Chapter XII

CHAPTER XII

The First of the Overland Settlers

As set forth in the preceding chapter the ten or twelve years prior to 1840 constituted the epoch of the overland fur traders in California history. During this period Smith, Young, Walker, Yount, the Patties, and others of their kind opened the approaches across the Great Basin—that vast wilderness lying west of the Rocky Mountains—and threaded the passes of the Sierra to come at last to the long valleys and fertile plains along the coast. Historically speaking, however, the contribution of the fur trader was primarily that of the explorer rather than of the settler. He prepared the way and marked out the trails that others later on might follow; but only occasionally did he himself go up to take possession of the land which he had discovered, or seek to root himself permanently in its soil. Actual occupation was effected by the pioneer settler who came to establish a permanent home, plant his crops, and identify himself and his fortunes inseparably with the new land.

By 1840 the resources of California were becoming sufficiently well known throughout the United States to make the province an object of desire among the settlers of the western frontier and to arouse widespread speculation among them as to the possibility of moving thither.

Books, newspapers and magazines, then as now, spread this fame of California throughout the United States. "Most of this early publicity," writes the author in his *History of California*, "dealt with the climate of California, the abundant supply of game in the province, the natural resources it possessed, and the wonderful agricultural possibilities that were to be found on every hand. Along with such an appeal went a picture, scarcely less inviting to the adventurous westerner, of the military weakness of the province and the decadent state of its inhabitants. . . Through these agencies the people of the United States were taught to look upon California as a land of infinite promise, abounding in agricultural and commercial possibilities, so full of game that thousands of elk were annually slaughtered for their hides and tallow, rich in timber, blessed with a perfect climate, inhabited by an effeminate, unambitious people, and ruled over by an inefficient government. To the western settler, such a picture presented an irresistible appeal. Long before the stampede began for the mines—when every approach to the Pacific was crowded with the hurrying feet of the Argonauts—the trans-Mississippi frontier was already in motion, sending its restless children, on horse back and by ox wagon, over the long and dangerous trails to California."

The moving spirit in the first overland emigrant train to California was a young man, John Bidwell by name, who had travelled from the western part of Ohio to the Platte Purchase on the frontier of Missouri in 1839. Here for a time he taught school, but his restless instinct and the pioneer impulse in his blood drove him continually westward until he set about definite preparations for the journey to California. At that time the western frontier was in a state of ferment. It was the period of national history preeminently characterized by territorial expan-

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sion, trans-Mississippi emigration, and manifest destiny. Particularly along the extreme frontier there were restlessness, dissatisfaction with conditions as they were, the craving for new scenes, the insistent instinct of land hunger, the compelling urge to be up and on the move.

The publicity, previously referred to, which California was now receiving from the reports of trappers and in newspapers and magazines, set this restless spirit of the frontier all aflame. In Platte County, particularly, to which Joseph Robideaux, one of the most famous of western trappers, had returned after a visit to the coast, the attractiveness and charm of California were everywhere discussed. Bidwell thus describes the effect produced by this typically effective California booster:

"Robideaux described California as a land of perennial spring and boundless fertility, and laid stress on the countless thousands of wild horses and cattle. He told about oranges, and hence must have been at Los Angeles or the mission of San Gabriel a few miles from it. Every conceivable question that we could ask him was answered favorably. Generally the first question which a Missourian asked about a country was whether there was any fever or ague. I remember his answer distinctly. He said that there was but one man in California that ever had a chill there, and that it was a matter of so much wonderment to the people of Monterey that they went eighteen miles into the country to see him shake. Nothing could have been more satisfactory on the score of health. He said that the Spanish authorities were most friendly, and that the people were the most hospitable on the globe; that you could travel all over California and it would cost you nothing for horses or feed. Even the Indians were friendly. His description of the country made it seem like a paradise."

Very largely because of this successful advertising by

Robideaux a party was organized in Platte County to make the long and hitherto untried journey to California and a systematic attempt was made to secure as large a membership as possible. "We appointed a corresponding secretary, and a committee to report a plan of organization," wrote Bidwell. "A pledge was drawn up in which every signer agreed to purchase a suitable outfit, and to rendezvous at Sapling Grove in what is now the State of Kansas, on the ninth of the following May, armed and equipped to cross the Rocky Mountains to California. We called ourselves the Western Emigration Society, and as soon as the pledge was drawn up every one who agreed to come signed his name to it, and it took like wildfire. In a short time, I think within a month, we had about five hundred names; we also had correspondence on the subject with people all over Missouri, and even as far east as Illinois and Kentucky, and as far south as Arkansas."

After taking time, however, to realize the difficulties and dangers of the undertaking which their neighbors pronounced "the most unheard-of, foolish, wild goose chase that ever entered into the brain of man," all but one of those who had impulsively agreed to join the expedition for California as hastily withdrew from it, leaving young Bidwell the only one of the original volunteers to go forward with the undertaking and even he, having barely enough means to purchase "a wagon, a gun and provisions" was almost compelled to abandon his cherished ambition.

With six or seven others, however, Bidwell at last set out for the rendezvous at Sapling Grove west of the modern Kansas City. This they reached in May, 1841, finding there but one other wagon ready to make the journey. Within the next few days, however, a number of families

and small parties arrived until at last a considerable company had come together.

"Everyone furnished his own supplies," wrote Bidwell. "The party consisted of sixty-nine, including men, women and children. Our teams were of oxen, mules and horses. We had no cows as the later emigrants usually had. . . It was understood that everyone should have not less than a barrel of flour with sugar and so forth to suit. . . My gun was an old flint-lock rifle, but a good one. Old hunters told me to have nothing to do with cap or percussion locks, that they were unreliable, and that if I got my caps or percussion wet I could not shoot, while if I lost my flint I could pick up another on the plains."

In the entire party there was less than one hundred dollars of actual money. The organization of the company was effected according to the usual custom by electing a captain and drafting rules and regulations for the conduct of the expedition. John Bartleson, the leader thus chosen, seems to have been but poorly fitted for his responsible position and the company suffered much in consequence. Too often, also, there was inefficiency, friction, uncertainty, and lack of coordinated effort among the emigrants themselves. These adverse factors even under most favorable conditions constituted a serious obstacle to the success of the expedition; but still more serious handicaps were the inexperience of the members of the company in western travel, an utter lack of knowledge of the route, and the failure to appreciate the dangers and emergencies which must be encountered on the long march. Indeed if one takes into account the many serious drawbacks under which these trusting and adventurous souls attempted the tremendous task of migrating from the Mississippi Valley to California through wilderness, hostile Indians, unknown deserts and almost impassable mountains it is an

unaccountable wonder that any of them succeeded in getting through.

The ignorance of the geography of the great trans-Rocky Mountain West at that time is extremely difficult for one now living to understand. It is perhaps best indicated in a statement made by Bidwell which in its main features can be verified by consulting almost any map of the period relating to the Far West: "Our ignorance of the route was complete. We knew that California lay west, and that was the extent of our knowledge. Some of the maps consulted, supposed of course to be correct, showed a lake in the vicinity of where Salt Lake now is; it was represented as a long lake, three or four hundred miles in extent, narrow and with two outlets, both running into the Pacific ocean, either apparently larger than the Mississippi River. An intelligent man with whom I boarded . . . possessed a map that showed these rivers to be large, and he advised me to take tools along to make canoes, so that if we found the country so rough that we could not get along with our wagons, we could descend one of these rivers to the Pacific." Such a map is shown facing page 297.

Fortunately during the first stages of the journey the California emigrants were able to travel in the company of a party of trappers commanded by Thomas Fitzpatrick, one of the best known of the fur traders. Travelling with Fitzpatrick were three Jesuit missionaries who were going out to carry on their labors among the Flathead Indians. One of these priests was the famous Father De Smet, a man of true nobility of character whom Bidwell, though a Protestant, characterized as one of the saintliest men he had ever known. From this party of trappers, with their long and varied wilderness training, the inexperienced emigrant company had the opportunity of learning many things, ignorance of which doubtless would have brought

Reduced Section of
MAP OF NORTH AMERICA
Including all the Recent
Geographical Discoveries
1826
Scale of Statute Miles
Whitby's B.
Disappointment
Astoria
Pt. Xelinac
C. Foulweather
Cannaveral S.t
Xelinac R.
Mt. Hood
Multnomah R.
Towarnahooks R.
Mt. Jefferson
Shoshone or Snake Indians
C. Orford
Trinidad B.
C. Mendocino
R. Los Mongos
R. Timpanogos
Lake Timpanogos
Pt. Arenas
Bay of Sir Fr.s Drake
Port Francisco
S.t Francisco
Monterey B.
S.t Carlos
R. San Filipe
NEW CALIFORNIA
S. Luis
Pt. Arguelles
Concepcion
S. Gabriel
S.t Pedro B.
L. S.t Rosa
L. S.t Catalina
Loma Pt.
S. Diego
S. Miguel
Todos Santos B.
C. Colnett
El Rosario
Pt. Mondrams
Francisco B.
Cerros I.
Morro Hermoso
S. Maria
C. St. Lucas
OLD CALIFORNIA
GULF OF CALIFORNIA
Clarks R.
Whitmans R.
Wayton L.
Tapetutle R.
Lewis R.
Kookooska R.
Yellowstone R.
Missouri R.
Black Feet Inds.
Horses R.
Medicine R.
Dearborns R.
Williams R.
Milk R.
Bratons R.
Wolf R.
North Branch
Shale R.
Lewiss R. South Branch
Rocky Mts.
Salt Fork
Big Horn R.
R. Buenaventura
L. Salado
R. Buenaventura
Plains of Sonora de la Luz
Brigada
R. Zaguanaos
Timbabachi Inds.
Yoqui Inds.
R. Nabajoa
L. Trinidad
R. Jaquesila
Moqui Inds.
R. Colorado of the West
R. Martires
Jenigulich Inds.
R. S.t Maria
R. S.t Francisco
Jumas Inds.
R. Gila
Apaches
R. S.t Pedro
R. Gileno
Cocomaricopas Inds.
Tubutama
Ascension Pt.
Bisanig
Anispe
Sonora
Opodepe
Ft. del Norte
Ojo Caliente
Canada
Paso del Norte
Batamota
Chihuahua
Cosiahia
Guamas
R. Yaqui
R. Mayo
R. de Fuerte
Sinaloa
Cullacan
Rosario
Mazatlan
S.t Lucia
Acaponeta
S.t Iago
S.t Andres
S.t Jose
Chametla
DURANGO
NEW MEXICO
Indians
Inds.
120°
115°
110°
105°
125°
47°
42°
37°
32°
27°

ruin to the expedition long before it reached its destination.

The beginning of many an enterprise momentous in its final consequences is often trivial, prosaic, and lacking in every element of glamour. So when the first great movement of population, which is still every year in evidence, set slowly forth across the continent to California in 1841 there was apparently nothing of the spectacular about it nor did it seem important enough to call forth extended comment. Thus runs the terse account: "May 19—W. This morning the wagons started off again in single file; first the four carts and the small wagon of the missionaries, next eight wagons drawn by mules and horses, and lastly five wagons drawn by seventeen yoke of oxen. . . Our direction was west."

From Sapling Grove the route of the combined party of trappers, missionaries, and California-bound emigrants ran northwesterly across the prairie until it struck the Platte River. Following this stream to the South Fork, the party later crossed over to the North Fork and continued up this until they came to the old trading post of the American Fur Company at Fort Laramie. Several days of travel after leaving this post brought the company to the well-known landmark on the Sweetwater called Independence Rock. This "was a huge, isolated rock covering an area of perhaps half a square mile, and rising in the shape of a regular, obtuse mound to the height of 100 feet. It took its name from the celebration of the Fourth of July by Captain William Sublette, and it now bears many names of the early travellers to these regions."

From Independence Rock, the route lay up the Sweetwater to its source, then struck the Big Sandy and Green River and later crossed the divide between this latter stream and Bear River. This river the company followed to Soda Springs, a place of delight and beauty, famous in

the annals of western travel. In grateful language Bidwell thus recorded his impressions of it: "The abundance of soda water, including the intermittent gushing so-called Steamboat Spring; the beautiful fir and cedar covered hills; the huge piles of red or brown sinter, the result of fountains once active but then dry—all these, together with the river, lent a charm to its wild beauty and made the spot a notable one."

During this first stage of the journey numerous incidents had occurred of more than passing interest. Not long after leaving Sapling Grove one of the inexperienced emigrants while out hunting had become separated from the company and fallen behind. Suddenly he appeared "without mule, gun or pistol and lacking most of his clothes." He reported that he had been surrounded by thousands of Indians and that they were about to attack the train. This immediately caused a stampede of the company, which Fitzpatrick tried in vain to stem. "Every man started his team into a run until the oxen, like the mules and horses, were in full gallop. Captain Fitzpatrick went ahead and directed them to follow and as fast as they came to the bank of the river, he put the wagons in the form of a hollow square and had all the animals securely picketed within." A few minutes later a band of some forty or fifty Cheyenne Indians came up and encamped peacefully beside the emigrants. They said they had been compelled to take his gun away from the hunter to keep him from shooting some of them in his excitement, and that they had picked up most of the things which he had discarded in his fright and were bringing them to the camp to restore them to the owner.

A little further west the company came upon those herds of buffalo, incalculable in number, which roamed the prairie at that time and which today one's imagination cannot begin to picture. "I think I can truthfully

say," wrote Bidwell, "that I saw in that region in one day more buffaloes than I have ever seen of cattle in all my life. I have seen the plains black with them for several days' journey as far as the eye could reach. They seemed to be coming northward continually from the distant plains to the Platte to get water, and would plunge in and swim across by thousands—so numerous that they changed not only the color of the water, but its taste until it was unfit to drink—but we had to use it. One night when we were encamped on the south fork of the Platte they came in such droves that we had to sit up and fire guns and make what fires we could to keep them from running over us and trampling us into the dust. . . We could hear them thundering all night long; the ground fairly trembled with vast approaching bands, and if they had not been diverted, wagons, animals and emigrants would have been trodden under their feet. One cannot nowadays describe the rush and wildness of the thing."

At Green River the emigrants found the opportunity to dispose of a part of their surplus goods to a party of trappers commanded by a man named Frapp. The prices at that time prevailing among the trappers may be of interest. Powder was sold by the cupful at a dollar a pint; lead was a dollar and a half a pound; blankets eight to fifteen dollars; sugar a dollar a cup, pepper the same; flour fifty cents a cup; shirts from three to five dollars; rifles from thirty to sixty dollars; knives from one to three dollars; caps a dollar a box; and tobacco two dollars a pound. In exchange for such commodities the trappers gave dressed deerskins at three dollars; buckskin pants at ten dollars; beaver skins at the same price; and moccasins at one dollar. In addition to the clothing and supplies listed above, some of the company had also brought along a quantity of alcohol—always sure of a ready sale among the trappers—and it is said that the drunkenness thus

produced was responsible for the death of Frapp and some of his men a few days later at the hands of the Indians.

At Soda Springs, the missionaries and the trappers under Fitzpatrick prepared to take the trail for Fort Hall, a trading post of the Hudson Bay Company on the Snake or Lewis River, one of the main branches of the Columbia. Here also half the company which had originally started for California decided to change their destination to Oregon; but thirty-two of the emigrants, including Bidwell, Bartleson, and Josiah Belden stubbornly determined to adhere to their original intention. In this number also was Benjamin Kelsey who had with him his wife and daughter. Surely the names of these two—this mother and this little child, the first of woman-kind to enter California by the overland trail across the Sierra, deserve an enduring place in the heroic records of the State.

The parting of the two companies—the one bound for Oregon over a route already fairly well defined; the other setting out to break a trail where so far as they knew, none had ever gone before, must have had in it much of the dramatic and something perhaps of pathos. The account of it, however, is terse and prosaic: "The two companies after bidding each other a parting farewell, started out and were soon out of sight."

Four members of the California company continued on to Fort Hall to secure provisions and if possible to find a guide to conduct the company to some pass in the Sierra Nevada, or at least to the head of Mary's River. In this latter purpose, however, they were unsuccessful since no one could be found who had ever been in the region through which they proposed to travel. The situation of the emigrant party was in truth much graver than any of its members realized. They knew nothing whatever of the country beyond Salt Lake or of the rugged character of the Sierra Nevada; and in this lack of information, this igno-

rance of the distances to be covered, the dangers and obstacles to be overcome, the necessary provisions to be made for food and water, lay the threat of death to the entire company.

"We were now entirely upon our own resources," wrote Bidwell. "All the country beyond was to us a veritable *terra incognita* and we only knew that California lay to the west. . . In about ten days our four men returned from Fort Hall. . . They brought us the information that we must strike out west of Salt Lake—as it was even then called by the trappers—being careful not to go too far south, lest we should get into a waterless country without grass. They also said we must be careful not to go too far north, lest we should get into a broken country and steep canyons, and wander about, as trapping parties had been known to do, and become bewildered and perish." As the company approached the Salt Lake, they found themselves in the great salt plains which stretched for miles before them. All day they travelled without water, cruelly mocked and misled by the mirage. Because of their ignorance of the region they also took a circuitous route which added much to the length and labor of the journey and caused much unnecessary delay. And even when they came to the Lake they found only the beginning of suffering and perplexity. Beyond, stretching mile upon endless mile, silent, lonely, desolate, forbidding, lay the unknown wastes of the Great Basin. Those who crossed this wilderness would find little grass or water, but rather, heat, sand, alkali, dust, hardship, dreary monotony, toil, weariness, danger. Fortunately, however, the emigrants in their inexperience and ignorance realized these obstacles as yet only very dimly. It was, nevertheless, now apparent to all the company that faster progress was imperative if they intended to reach California. Accordingly the company decided to aban-

don the slow moving wagons and all the goods which could not be carried on the backs of their animals and travel as rapidly as possible toward the Sierra Nevada in the hope of crossing this barrier before the winter snows.

The first experiment with this new plan, however, was a dismal failure, though perhaps even to some of the harassed emigrants it had its ludicrous side. Bidwell describes their predicament as follows: "Packing is an art, and something that only an experienced mountaineer can do well so as to save his animal and keep his pack from falling off. We were unaccustomed to it, and the difficulties we had at first were simply indescribable. It is much more difficult to fasten a pack on an ox than on a mule or horse. But we started—most of us on foot, for nearly all the animals, including several of the oxen, had to carry packs. It was but a few minutes before the packs began to turn; horses became scared, mules kicked, oxen jumped and bellowed, and articles were scattered in all directions."

Gradually this particular difficulty was overcome by more skill on the part of the packers and by greater docility on the part of the animals. Difficulties of a more serious nature increased, however, both in frequency and in magnitude. Some of the party mounted on horseback pushed forward more rapidly than the oxen could follow, thus exposing the whole train to the danger of Indian attack because of such a disorganized haphazard method of travel. Grass was scarce, and water frequently could not be found or was so alkaline as to be almost undrinkable. The heat, sand and the never-ending stretches of sagebrush wore down the spirits of the men until there was little heart left in any of them. As the company approached the Humboldt River they entered a cañon which gradually narrowed down until "it became a solid mass of stones and huge boulders and the animals became so tenderfooted and sore that they could hardly stand up, and as we con-

tinued the way became worse and worse. There was no place to lie down and sleep, nor could our animals lie down; the water had given out and the prospect was indeed gloomy." Fortunately, just beyond the head of this gorge, the company came to the river named by Walker's men the Barren and today known as the Humboldt.

This stream, which Walker had followed down to its sink eight years before and which was to serve as the main highway into California in the days of the Gold Rush, now furnished some relief to the worn-out emigrants. But with nerves on edge from weariness and the uncertainty of the future, friction began to develop in the party. Bartleson, with a handful of followers, left the company and sought to make his way into California ahead of the main caravan. He and his party wandered as far south as Carson Lake but failed to find an outlet through the mountains and were afterward made seriously ill by eating diseased fish and piñon nuts which they obtained from the Indians. Then in rather a sorry condition they rejoined their companions just as they were preparing to cross the Sierra.

Instead of continuing west from Humboldt Sink, a course which would have brought them to the Truckee River and a comparatively easy gateway through the mountains, the main company, taking Bartleson's trail, turned off at the Sink and continued in a southwesterly direction until they came to the beautiful, swift flowing stream now known as Walker River. This the emigrants called the Balm. Some of the party thought they were now in the valley of the San Joaquin, but this pleasant delusion was soon dispelled. Directly before them stood the great wall of the Sierra Nevada, precipitous, lonely, seemingly impenetrable. It was now the middle of October and the emigrants had been on the way for five long months. Food was almost gone; many of the company

were so worn down with fatigue and hardship that further travel seemed impossible, and always before them rose the grim prospect of passes made impenetrable by winter snow, of stark tragedy, lingering starvation and waiting death.

By this time there were only three oxen left and they were little more than skeletons. Some of the company now talked of turning back to the Salt Lake, but the rest determined to push on across the mountains. On October 18th and 19th Bidwell made the following entries in his journal:

"Having ascended about half a mile a frightful prospect opened before us—naked mountains whose summits still retained the snows perhaps of a thousand years. . . the winds roared—but, in the deep dark Gulfs which yawned on every side, profound solitude seemed to reign.

"Descending along the stream, we found several oak shrubs which confirmed us in the hope that we were on the waters of the Pacific; but the route became exceedingly difficult—the stream had swelled to a river—could not approach it—could only hear it roaring among the rocks. Having come about twelve miles a horrid precipice bid us stop—we obeyed, and encamped. . . The roaring winds and the hollow murmuring of the dashing waters conveyed in the darkness of the night the most solemn and impressive ideas of solitude. . . We knew that winter was at hand, and that Capt. Walker (the Mountaineer) had been lost in these mountains twenty-two days before he could extricate himself."

The company was in fact in the immediate vicinity of a portion of the route Walker and his companions had followed in 1833. From this point on they simply floundered their way along, crossing the main divide of the Sierra through what is now Sonora Pass and striking a branch of the Stanislaus on the other side. The course of

this stream thereafter determined the general direction of the emigrants' route. Once the company found an Indian guide who purposely misled them into a pocket from which it was almost impossible to extricate themselves. The rain—raw, cold and holding the threat of snow—caught them before the close of October and everyone threw away his surplus baggage so that he could travel a little faster. The mountains became increasingly rough and difficult of passage. "Several horses and mules fell from the mountainside," wrote Bidwell on October 28th, "and rolling like huge stones landed at the foot of the precipice." On the same day the company ate the last of the oxen and "killed a mule to finish our supper." Some little difficulty was experienced with the Indians who were particularly eager to secure the horses for food and who succeeded in driving off a number of the animals. Nearly all of the company were by this time on foot, many of them almost too weak to travel because of lack of food and "some had appetites so craving, that they eat the meat of most of the mule raw, as soon as it was killed, some eat it half roasted dripping with blood."

Separated one night from his companions while trying to find a possible way out of a particularly rough and dangerous cañon, Bidwell made an interesting discovery. He tells of it in these words: "Just at dark I came to an enormous fallen tree and tried to go around the top, but the place was too brushy, so I went around the butt, which seemed to me about twenty or twenty-five feet above my head. This I suppose to have been one of the fallen trees in the Calaveras Grove of *Sequoia gigantea*."

Not long after this the company saw far out across a great valley the blue line of the Coast Range. Opinion was thereupon divided. Some thought the distant peaks merely another ridge of the Sierra Nevada; others believed them to be a separate range. But all agreed

the new barrier must be crossed before they could enter California, and more than one of the pessimistically inclined believed that they still had five hundred miles to travel before they reached their destination!

On the thirtieth of October, however, the dispirited emigrants stood upon the crest of a range and looked out upon a prospect which to many of them must have seemed the fairest their eyes had ever seen. Below them lay the wide valley of the San Joaquin, with groves of trees scattered here and there and with rivers meandering through it as far as the eye could reach. Bidwell's entry in his journal the next day describes in fitting language the joy and relief of the weary travelers. "Bore off in a northwest direction to the nearest timber, day was warm, plain dry and dusty, reached timber which was white oak (very low and scrubby) and finally the river which we had left in the mountains, joyful sight to us poor famished wretches!!! hundreds of antelope in view! Elk tracks by thousands! killed two antelopes and some wild fowls, the valley was very fertile and the young tender grass covered it, like a field of wheat in May. Not a weed was to be seen and the land was as mellow and free from weeds as land could be made by plowing it twenty times in the United States. Distance, today, twenty miles."

The joy which Bidwell here describes was somewhat tempered by the belief, still cherished on the part of the members of the expedition, that the Coast Range must be crossed before they could enter California, and that weary days of travel through this unknown mountain barrier still shut them off from the fertile plains along the Pacific. It was not long, however, before this dreary error was dispelled by a *vaquero* from the ranch of Dr. John Marsh, who assured the emigrants that they were now almost within sight of the California settlements and who soon brought them to the ranch of his employer at the foot of

Mount Diablo. The end of the six months' journey was now at hand. Again the spirit of the American pioneer had conquered in its struggle with the wilderness. Hardihood and courage had emerged victorious over ignorance, inexperience and the perils of an unknown trail. A handful of settlers had crossed the continent; a new day for California and the nation was about to dawn.

Chapter XIII

CHAPTER XIII

John Charles Frémont*

IN THE LIST of pathfinders to California none, with the possible exception of Junípero Serra, has won a more secure place in the popular imagination than John Charles Frémont. Frémont was born in Savannah, Georgia, in the year 1813 of a French father and a mother who belonged to one of the aristocratic families of Virginia. His education, largely because of his distaste for routine and discipline, was somewhat haphazard but he at least received a thorough grounding in mathematics and in the classics, finding especially in the study of Greek "genuine pleasure, excitement, and mysterious charm." He was also unusually fortunate during these early years in having Joel R. Poinsett, sometime Minister to Mexico and later Secretary of War, as his friend and counsellor.

Frémont's first important contact with the west came in 1838 when he was appointed second lieutenant in the United States Topographical Corps and entered upon an extended survey of the upper Mississippi and its tributaries under the direction of the French scientist, Jean Nicholas Nicollet. In 1841, upon the completion of this mission, Frémont returned to Washington where, after a highly romantic courtship, he married Jessie Benton, the

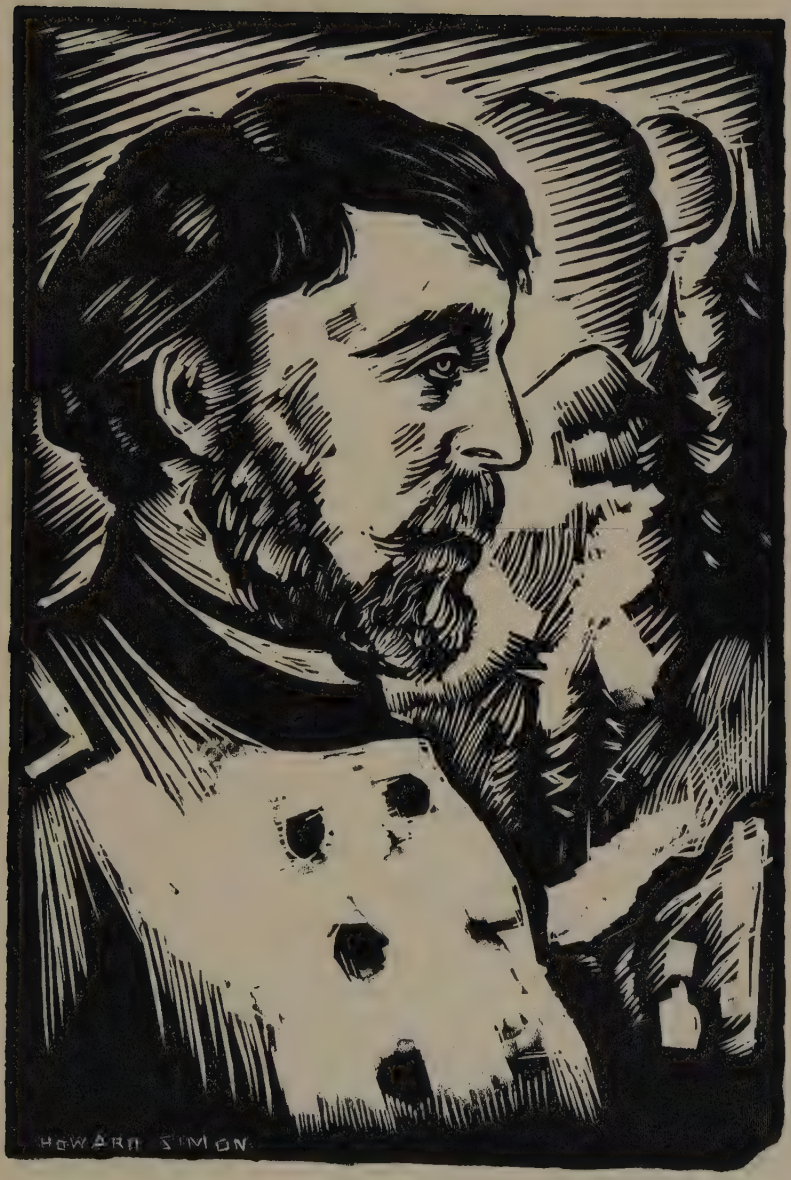
* *See map facing page 339.*

daughter of Senator Thomas H. Benton of Missouri, and thereafter enjoyed the unfailing support in all his undertakings of this great apostle of westward expansion.

Shortly after his marriage, Frémont was placed in command of an expedition sent out under the orders of the Secretary of War to explore the country between the Missouri River and the Rocky Mountains. The real, though unannounced, purpose of this expedition was to aid the emigrant movement then setting in for Oregon in order to forestall the British control of that territory. This expedition in a sense determined the future career of John Charles Frémont. In the course of his explorations he traversed the plains between the Missouri and the Rocky Mountains, penetrated into the very heart of that great range, learned much of the vast, mysterious wilderness lying further to the west, and thus acquired experience, knowledge, and an insatiate curiosity that well fitted him for the larger and more arduous tasks that lay ahead.

On this first expedition also Frémont was fortunate in securing the services of a number of the famous trappers and explorers of the trans-Rocky Mountain West who were to be of invaluable assistance to him in his later undertakings. Among these especially were Lucien Maxwell, Thomas Fitzpatrick, and best known of all, Christopher, or Kit, Carson. Charles Preuss, a German by birth, whose "skill in sketching topography in the field and in representing it on the map has probably never been surpassed in this country," also accompanied the expedition as topographer.

Upon Frémont's return from this first excursion into the far west preparations were immediately begun for a second and much more extended expedition. The purpose of this was to make a scientific exploration of the territory between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific; or, as Frémont's official instructions read, "to connect the re-


HOWARD SIMON

connoissance of 1842, which I had the honor to conduct, with the surveys of Commander Wilkes on the coast of the Pacific ocean, so as to give a connected survey of the interior of our continent." In the company organized for this purpose Frémont included many of those who had served with him on his first venture. He was especially fortunate in again securing Thomas Fitzpatrick, one of the most famous of the "mountain men," to serve as guide. Cool, resourceful, trained to meet every emergency of the wilderness, intelligent and gentlemanly in his bearing, Fitzpatrick represented much that was admirable in the hard life of the western frontier. His personal appearance was rendered somewhat striking because of his thick, snow-white hair—which gave him the name of White Head among the Indians—the result of strain and danger when for three days and nights he lay in hiding from a band of Indians who had killed all his companions.

Besides Fitzpatrick, Frémont took with him an assistant named Theodore Talbot. Maxwell and Preuss also accompanied him and he was later joined by Kit Carson and Alexis Godey. The company, consisting of thirty-nine men, left the "little town of Kansas on the Missouri frontier" on May 29, 1843. The straggling village, as described by Richard Kern a year later, was anything but attractive. Instead "it was a dirty place filled with Indians, Spaniards, Jews and all sorts and sizes of folks." Provisions, equipment and baggage were carried in twelve carts, each of which was drawn by two mules, and a light covered wagon with good springs was provided for the instruments. The men generally were armed with carbines in addition to the pistols and knives which were an indispensable part of every frontiersman's equipment. Frémont also took with him a twelve pound brass mountain howitzer for better protection against the Indians and also perhaps for other contingencies.

The route, as far as the Rocky Mountains, lay somewhat south of the emigrant road which was then beginning to be of general use to the Oregon territory. "By making this deviation from the former route," wrote Frémont, "the problem of a new road to Oregon and California in a climate more genial, might be solved, and a better knowledge obtained of an important river and the country it drained." At Elm Grove, the company, now ready to take its first plunge into the wilderness, went into camp near one of the first emigrant companies bound for California. This company was in charge of J. B. Chiles, one of those who had participated in the Bidwell expedition and who had returned to lead his own company into California. "The wagons," wrote Frémont, "were variously freighted with goods, furniture, and farming utensils, containing among other things an entire set of machinery for a mill which Mr. Chiles designed erecting on the waters of the Sacramento River." It may be added in passing that much of this furniture and all of the heavy mill machinery were afterwards abandoned in the sandy wastes of the lower part of the Owens Valley.

It is not necessary here to trace in detail Frémont's route as far as the Rocky Mountains. At a small Mexican settlement on the Arkansas River he writes, "At this place I had the satisfaction to meet our good buffalo hunter of 1842, Christopher Carson, whose services I considered myself fortunate to secure again." A little later, at St. Vrain's Fort, he was joined by Alexis Godey, then a young man about twenty-five years of age, who "in courage and professional skill was a formidable rival to Carson and constantly afterwards was among the best and most efficient of the party, and in difficult situations of incalculable value."

At St. Vrain's the expedition was divided, one company under Fitzpatrick going directly to Fort Hall, the

other under Frémont taking a more circuitous route to the Green River. The latter party, after travelling some three hundred miles through a little known region, came to the valley of the Sweetwater and struck the well defined emigrant road to Oregon. A week later the company encamped on the left bank of the Green River some seventy miles from South Pass. From this point they followed in general the emigrant road to Bear River Valley. Here, wrote Frémont, "we descended into a beautiful bottom formed by a lateral valley, which presented a picture of home beauty that went directly to our hearts. The edge of the wood, for several miles along the river, was dotted with the white covers of emigrant wagons, collected in groups at different camps, where the smokes were rising lazily from the fires, around which the women were occupied in preparing the evening meal, and the children playing in the grass; and herds of cattle, grazing about in the bottom, had an air of quiet security and civilized comfort that made a rare sight for the traveler in such a remote wilderness."

From Bear Valley Frémont continued to the Salt Lake. "As we looked eagerly over the Lake," he says in speaking of his first sight of this great inland sea, "in the first emotions of excited pleasure, I am doubtful if the followers of Balboa felt more enthusiasm when, from the heights of the Andes, they saw for the first time the great western ocean. It was certainly a magnificent object, and a noble terminus to this part of our expedition; and to travelers so long shut up among mountain ranges, a sudden view over the expanse of silent waters had in it something sublime." Some time was spent in exploring the lake and especially in visiting certain of the islands. For this purpose Frémont made use of a collapsible India rubber boat which he had brought with him, but he and his compan-

ions nearly lost their lives in a sudden storm which swept down upon them from the mountains.

From the Salt Lake, Frémont traveled to Fort Hall where he found the second and larger division of the expedition under Fitzpatrick. Here some of the company were sent back to the frontier while the remainder prepared to continue their journey to the Columbia. Here, too, Frémont crossed again the trail of the Chiles party bound for California. This company had now divided, one division, consisting of ten or twelve men under Chiles, had taken the route down the Columbia intending to force a new passage into California by way of the Malheur River. But, wrote Frémont, "a greater portion of the camp, including the wagons with the mill and other stores, were now proceeding under the guidance of Mr. Joseph Walker, who had engaged to conduct them by a long sweep to the southward around what is called the *point of the mountain*, and crossing through a pass known only to himself gain the branches of the Sacramento by the Valley of the San Joaquin. It was a long and hazardous journey for a party in which there were women and children. Sixty days was the shortest period of time in which they could reach the mountains and their route lay through a country inhabited by wild and badly disposed Indians and very poor in game, but the leader was a man possessing great and intimate knowledge of the Indians with an extraordinary firmness and decision of character."

From Fort Hall Frémont led his party most of the way over the familiar trail down the Snake or Lewis River until eventually they struck the Columbia near the mouth of the Walla Walla. Here they found the establishment of Dr. Marcus Whitman and a company of emigrants who were already taking root in that territory. At the Dalles, Frémont left part of his company while he himself went down the river to Fort Vancouver to secure supplies from

the post of the Hudson Bay Company at that point. Here he met Dr. John McLoughlin, the same factor who fifteen years before had given Jedediah Smith and his two companions harborage and succor after their escape from the Umpqua massacre. In the interval McLoughlin had lost none of his large and generous spirit. "He received me," wrote Frémont, "with a courtesy and hospitality for which he has been eminently distinguished, and which makes a forceful and delightful impression on the traveler from the long wilderness from which we had issued."

Having secured the supplies and provisions necessary for his long journey back to the Missouri frontier, Frémont reluctantly bade his courteous host farewell and after two days returned to the Dalles. Here for some days all was bustle and excitement preparing for the continuation of the expedition. Provisions, chiefly flour, peas, and tallow, had been obtained to last the company for three months. Some cattle were also to be driven along for food, and over a hundred head of horses and mules were gathered together at the camp. The homeward route which Frémont proposed to follow lay through the Great Basin between the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada, a region as yet known only in part even to the fur hunters and much of it still untrodden by the foot of civilized man.

The objectives Frémont here outlined for his further explorations, viewed particularly from the standpoint of the actual geography of the region, are of especial interest. These were, first to visit Klamath Lake—or Tlamath, to use the Indian word which Frémont commonly employed—which was located close to the Oregon-California line; second, to find a body of water called Mary's Lake, which was thought to lie southeast of the Klamath; and lastly, to discover the mythical Buenaventura River, which even at that late date, though its existence

had already been disproved by Captain Bonneville, was almost universally supposed to flow from the Salt Lake through the Great Basin and the Sierra Nevada into San Francisco Bay. It was this same stream down which, as we have already seen, Bidwell and his company of emigrants expected to sail to the Pacific in 1841. From the Buenaventura Frémont proposed to pass over to the head waters of the Arkansas River, and thence to the Missouri settlements.

There were now twenty-five persons in the party, all of whom were seasoned and inured to the hardships of wilderness travel and thoroughly alive to the uncertain and perilous nature of the task which lay before them. The start from the Dalles was made on November 25, 1843, early in the morning "while the stars were brilliant and the morning cold." The trail at first lay up the valley of the Fall, or Deschutes, River, "through a country far more interesting to a traveller than the route along the Snake and Columbia rivers." Above the travellers rose the great sweep of the Cascade Range with the snow-covered summits of Mt. Hood, Mt. Jefferson, Mt. Washington and other great peaks "sternly thrown against the sky," looking down in silent majesty and loneliness upon them.

Through this wilderness of forest, stream, and snow-covered mountains the company travelled until they reached Klamath Marsh on December 10th. Here they found not only a place of great natural beauty, but, what was much more to the point from the standpoint of their immediate needs, an abundance of grass for the animals and an opportunity for rest and recuperation. After nearly a week at Klamath Marsh, the expedition continued its journey, taking a route which Frémont supposed would bring them first to Mary's Lake and afterwards to the Buenaventura River. So certain was he of finding these mythical objects, particularly as the best maps in his possession

showed "a connected water line from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific," that he wrote of his proposed course, "I felt no other anxiety than to pass safely across the intervening desert to the banks of the Buenaventura, where in the softer climate of a more southern latitude our horses might find grass to sustain them and ourselves be sheltered from the rigors of winter and from the inhospitable desert."

On December 16th, after a difficult passage of the mountains, Frémont stood on the top of the sheer eastern wall of the Sierra Nevada and was able to look out over the vast floor of the Great Basin lying lonely and desolate so many hundreds of feet below. Though the company experienced both great difficulty and great danger in making this steep descent, they reached the level without accident of any consequence. One of the mules, it is true, "rolled over and over two or three hundred feet into a ravine," but, as mules frequently will in such cases, escaped without injury except to his pack.

Christmas Day found the expedition making its way southward through the arid, desolate wilderness east of the Sierra. The country was dreary, cold, and almost without life, except for a few of the huge desert jack-rabbits and the miserable Indian inhabitants who represented almost the lowest type of human life to be found on the continent. "Herding together among bushes and crouching almost naked over a little sage fire," wrote the explorer, "using their instinct only to procure food, these may be considered, among human beings, the nearest approach to the mere animal creation."

By the last of December, the condition of the party was becoming serious in the extreme. "New Year's eve," wrote Frémont, "was rather a gloomy one. The result of our journey began to be very uncertain. The country was singularly unfavorable to travel; the grasses being fre-

quently of a very unwholesome character, and the hoofs of our animals were so worn and cut by the rocks that many of them were lame and could scarcely be got along." By January 3rd all expectation of discovering Mary's Lake was gone. The great desert stretched its infinite distances before them so that Frémont's only recourse was to continue his course down the east side of the Sierra Nevada, keeping as close to the base of the mountains as possible, in the ever decreasing hope of discovering the valley of the Buenaventura.

At last, however, about the middle of January, the company reached Pyramid Lake and two days later came to an Indian village situated where a stream entered the lake, from which they obtained a large quantity of salmon trout. This addition to their monotonous and by this time somewhat meager fare, brought new life to the men. Much to the amusement of the Indians, the whites fell upon the fish with a sort of gluttonous delight. The trout were of wonderful flavor and ran from two to four feet in length—according to Frémont! The men ate them boiled, fried, or roasted in the ashes and for a time kept the Indians busy bringing in enough to satisfy their voracious appetites. Frémont most appropriately called this stream the Salmon Trout River. It was "handsomely timbered with large cottonwoods and the waters were very clear and pure." It scarcely need be added that this stream today is known as the Truckee River—but one wonders what has become of the four foot salmon trout!

Leaving this stream the company now pressed forward with great eagerness in their search for the Buenaventura, which they again expected to find at every turn of the trail. Within a few days, however, conditions had reached such a pass that some radical step was necessary to save the expedition from disaster. The feet of the animals had been so cut by the rocks that many of them were lame

and all were worn down by fatigue. Under these conditions it was sheer folly to continue further through the desolate, uninhabited wilderness, where neither fresh animals nor food could be obtained. Faced by this crisis Frémont and his guides determined to cross the Sierra Nevada and enter California. It is altogether reasonable to suppose, moreover, that a leader of Frémont's temperament and ambition welcomed this opportunity—which circumstances rendered a necessity—of visiting a region regarded by many as already over-ripe for annexation to the United States.

In this resolution to cross the Sierra, Frémont was running a much graver risk than he evidently anticipated. Utterly ignorant of the passes, unaware of the great depth of the winter snows or of the intense cold to be encountered at the higher altitudes, unfamiliar with the great width of the range or the discouraging heights to which it lifted its granite peaks, unacquainted with its rugged, precipitous cañons and threatened by the menace of long continued storm, the half starved, worn-out company started upon its heroic task. The stake of the undertaking was literally life or death. Day after day, men and animals struggled through the snow, suffering increasingly from cold and that extreme exhaustion which comes from privation, long continued fatigue, and insufficient food. Indians were sometimes met with but these could furnish little either in the way of food or of information, except occasionally to point out some pass already deep in snow, through which lay the most practicable route for the confused travellers.

The men indeed finally became so depressed in spirit that only the glowing descriptions by Frémont and Carson of the abundance and beauty and genial climate of the Sacramento quickened in them any interest. By the end of January the ordinary methods of travel were im-

possible. A trail had to be beaten through the snow to enable the animals to make any progress whatever, and even in this way only a few miles could be made each day. An entry in Frémont's journal on February 4th vividly shows the labor and discouragement which the company was now called upon to meet. "Toward a pass which the guide indicated here, we attempted in the afternoon to force a road, but after a laborious plunging through two or three hundred yards our best horses gave out, entirely refusing to make any further effort, and for the time we were brought to a stand. The guide informed us that we were entering the deep snow and here began the difficulties of the mountain, and to him and to almost all, our enterprise seemed hopeless. . . The camp had been all the day occupied in endeavoring to ascend the hill, but only the best horses had succeeded, the animals generally not having sufficient strength to bring themselves up without the packs, and all the line of the road between this and the springs was strewed with camp stores and equipage and horses floundering in snow."

Such Indians as the company encountered sought to convince the whites by signs and gesticulations that the crossing of the mountains was utterly impossible. "'Rock upon rock—rock upon rock—snow upon snow—snow upon snow,' said one of the old Indians who came into the camp. 'Even if you get over the snow, you will not be able to get down from the mountains.' He made us the sign of precipices and showed us how the feet of the horses would slip, and throw them off from the narrow trails which led along their sides."

The nights were now frequently too cold to sleep. An Indian guide who had been secured further down the mountains deserted, and gloom settled down upon the company. On February 6th, however, Frémont, accompanied by Fitzpatrick and Carson, made a reconnoissance

on snow-shoes ahead of the main company. From the top of one of the peaks they were able to catch sight of the Coast Range, and Carson, who had been in California fifteen years before with Ewing Young, recognized by the landmarks that the great valley of the Sacramento was before them. The prospect, however, was far from reassuring. With men dispirited, with supplies reduced to a minimum, and with animals exhausted, there were still many miles of snow fields and a vast maze of unknown ranges, silent forests, and primeval cañons somehow to be crossed.

The snow in places was now twenty feet in depth. The thermometer at night fell to zero or below. Storms of increasing frequency held the camp snow-bound or covered the trail—beaten down with mauls at the cost of hours of time and exhausting labor—under a new covering of snow through which the animals could not flounder. The horses and mules, reduced almost to starvation, ate each other's tails and manes and the leather from the saddles. Nor were the men, in this particular, much better off. "The meat train," wrote Frémont on February 13th, "did not arrive this evening, and I gave Godey leave to kill our little dog (Klamath) which he prepared in Indian fashion —scorching off the hair and washing the skin with soap and snow, and then cutting it into pieces which were laid on the snow. Shortly after, the sleigh arrived with a supply of horse meat, and we had tonight an extraordinary dinner, pea soup, mule and dog."

The next day, in the company of Charles Preuss, Frémont climbed to the top of a high peak, perhaps Mt. Stevens, which rose above the camp and saw below him a great body of quiet water, clear as crystal and beautiful as a vision of paradise. This he called by the simple name of Mountain Lake. It is now known as Lake Tahoe.

On February 20th the company reached the summit of

the Sierra at an elevation of some 9,000 feet, and crossed the divide between what is now West Carson Cañon and the American River. The pass today fittingly bears the name of Carson Pass and here on a pine tree Carson carved his name, KIT CARSON, and the date, 1844. To commemorate the heroic passage of the mountains a bronze memorial tablet now stands at the summit of the pass with this inscription:

"On this spot which marks the summit of the Kit Carson Pass stood what is known as the Kit Carson tree on which the famous scout, Kit Carson, inscribed his name in 1844 when he guided the then Captain John C. Frémont, head of a Government exploring expedition, over the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Above is a replica of the original inscription cut from the tree in 1899 and now in Sutter's Fort, Sacramento."

From the summit of the divide Frémont and his companions as they began the descent on the morning of the twenty-first looked upon a scene of indescribable beauty. Beyond them stretched an endless panorama of snow-covered ridges, deep cañons and towering peaks. "Immediately above the eastern mountains," wrote Frémont, "was repeated a cloud-formed mass of purple ranges, bordered with bright yellow gold; the peaks shot up into a narrow line of crimson cloud above which the air was filled with a greenish orange; and over all was the singular beauty of the blue sky."

Later in the same afternoon, when the company had encamped for the day, Frémont, climbing a nearby ridge, saw in the far distance the glistening waters of San Francisco Bay, and the faint shimmering line which marked the course of the Sacramento. "But," said he, "after our long wandering in rugged mountains, where so frequently we had met with disappointments, and where the crossing of every ridge displayed some unknown lake or river,

we were yet almost afraid to believe that we were at last to escape into the genial country of which we had heard so many glowing descriptions, and dreaded again to find some vast interior lake, whose bitter waters would bring us disappointment."

The company was now reduced almost wholly to mule meat for subsistence. Their progress, moreover, was extremely slow, and in order to permit the animals to go forward at all, it was necessary for the men to beat a trail through the snow with axes and mauls. A few days later, however, they had descended low enough so that "singing birds and the sweet summer wind, which was whirling about the dry oak leaves, nearly intoxicated us with delight; and we hurried on filled with excitement, to escape entirely from the horrid region of inhospitable snow to the perpetual spring of the Sacramento." Anticipation, however, ran far ahead of realization. Three days later the company, with a gusto born only of extreme hunger, was still partaking of mule head soup; and that evening one of the men named Towns, suffering from fatigue and starvation, became light headed and wandered away from the camp and would have perished if he had not been rescued by Frémont's negro servant.

By March 1st the snows were left behind and the company had reached a region where spring, with its green grass, swarming butterflies and mountain flowers, was making its appearance. The condition of the men, however, was becoming increasingly serious. Towns was still mentally unbalanced and went to swim in the rushing, ice-cold waters of the mountain river "as if it were summer and the stream placid." Another member of the company, Derosier, also became deranged and suffered from strange hallucinations. Preuss became separated for several days from the rest of the company and was reduced to desperate straits to maintain life. The root of the wild

onion furnished his chief subsistence, but as the following account will show, certain other novel items were also included in his menu. "He found a nest of big ants which he let run on his hand and stripped them off in his mouth. These had an agreeable acid taste. . . In little pools he caught some of the smallest kind of frogs which he swallowed, not so much in the gratification of hunger as in the hope of obtaining some strength." Later he secured a few roasted acorns from some friendly Indians, and was thus able to preserve sufficient strength to continue his search until he found the company.

As Frémont, following in general the course of the American River, came near to the Sacramento Valley he left the main body of his company under Fitzpatrick while he with a few companions pressed on more rapidly to secure fresh supplies. Encountering a Mexican *vaquero* the party was guided to Sutter's Fort on the Sacramento where John A. Sutter—the Lord of the Marches of the Sacramento—extended to them a characteristically warm and hospitable reception. The next day Frémont returned to the American River to meet the remainder of his command. He found them almost naked and in a most exhausted state. "A more forlorn, pitiable sight than they presented," he wrote, "cannot well be imagined. They were all on foot—each man weak and emaciated—leading a horse or a mule as weak and emaciated as themselves." They had had great difficulty in descending the mountains because the trails were wet and slippery from rain and melting snow. Many of the animals had fallen over precipices and of the sixty-seven animals with which the company began the crossing of the mountains only thirty-three succeeded in reaching the Sacramento.

Frémont and his company remained at Sutter's until March 24th. Here he secured fresh supplies, new equipment for his animals, some scores of horses and mules for

the continuation of his expedition, and over thirty head of beef cattle for food. Here, too, he encountered Chiles, the leader of the emigrant company with whom he had camped at Elm Grove and whose trail he had crossed out of Fort Hall. The route Frémont now proposed to follow lay up the San Joaquin to its head, through Walker's Pass to the east side of the Sierra, and thence to the old Spanish trail between Los Angeles and Santa Fé. It was now the loveliest season of the year in California and as Frémont travelled through the lower reaches of the valley of the San Joaquin he found beauty everywhere. Great oaks bordered the rivers. A carpet of green grass stretched as far as the eye could reach. A wealth of wild flowers and the music of singing birds "furnished a welcome contrast to the grim starving time and the cold so recently met with in the mountains." Game, too, was most abundant—deer, elk, antelope, and wild horses in herds sometimes numbering many hundreds. So that Frémont might well write later on in his report: "One might travel the world over without finding a valley more fresh and verdant, more floral and sylvan, more alive with birds and animals, more bounteously watered, than we had left in the San Joaquin."

Near the head of the San Joaquin the company fell in with a Christian Indian from the San Fernando Mission and under his guidance found its way out of the San Joaquin, probably through the Tehachapi and Oak Creek Pass, over a trail which ran beneath groves of sycamore and oak, and through a fairy land of wild flowers which covered the plain as far as the eye could reach. A sudden turn, however, brought the travellers at last within sight of the great expanse of the Mojave Desert. "A hot mist lay over it, today," wrote Frémont, "through which it had a white and glistening appearance. Here and there a few dry looking buttes and isolated black ridges rose sud-

denly upon it. And, said our guide, stretching out his hand toward it, 'there are the great *llanos* [plains], *no hay agua, no hay zacate—nada* [There is neither water or grass, nothing]. Every animal that goes out upon them dies.'"

The caravan, as it approached this dreary stage of its journey, to judge from its leader's account possessed a motley, almost a bizarre appearance. "Guided by a civilized Indian, tended by two wild ones from the Sierra, a Chinook from the Columbia, and our own mixture of American, French, German—all armed—four or five languages heard at once, about a hundred horses and mules, half wild, American, Spanish and Indian dresses and equipment intermingled—such was our composition. Our march was a sort of a procession, scouts ahead and on the flanks, a front and rear division, the pack animals, baggage and horned cattle in the center and the whole stretching a quarter of a mile along our dreary path. In this form we journeyed, looking more as if we belonged to Asia than to the United States of America."

The route, for a time at least after leaving the pass from the San Joaquin, lay along the base of the Sierra Madre. Here, near the intersection of the trail from San Fernando with his line of march, Frémont came upon one of the most beautiful sights that California has to offer—the desert wild flowers in full bloom. "Instead of green, the hills were purple and orange," he wrote, "with unbroken beds into which each color was separately gathered. A pale straw color with a bright yellow, the rich red orange of the poppy, mingled with fields of purple, covered the spot with a floral beauty, and on the border of the sandy desert it seemed to invite the traveler to go no farther."

The company continued on the north side of the Sierra, travelling in a southeasterly direction until they struck the Spanish trail along the Mojave River some distance from the outlet of the Cajon Pass. This trail they found, much

to their disgust, "the roughest and rockiest road we had ever seen in the country, and one which nearly destroyed our band of fine horses and mules." Since there was no other way, however, Frémont followed the trail down the Mojave River, until the stream disappeared in the sand. At this point they were joined by two Mexicans, a man named Fuentes and a boy eleven years of age, named Pablo Hernandez. These two were the sole survivors of an Indian massacre, in which the man's wife had been killed and the father and mother of the boy. The victims, as it later proved, had been "horribly mutilated and staked to the ground." The Indians had also driven off some thirty head of horses which belonged to the unfortunate party. Kit Carson and Godey volunteered to follow the Indians and regain the animals. The Mexican accompanied them for some distance, but when his horse gave out, the two Americans continued the pursuit alone. Carson's terse account of what took place reads as follows:

"Travelled during the night, it was very dark. Had to dismount to feel for the trail. By sign we became aware that the Indians had passed after sunset. We were much fatigued—required rest, unsaddled, wrapped ourselves in the wet blankets and laid down. Could not make any fire for fear of it being seen. In the morning we arose very early, went down in a deep ravine, made a small fire to warm ourselves, and as soon as it was light we again took the trail.

"As the sun was rising [we] saw the Indians two miles ahead of us, encamped having a feast. They had killed five animals. We were compelled to leave our horses, they could not travel. We hid them among rocks, continued on the trail, crawled in among the horses. . . We now considered it time to charge on the Indians. They were about thirty in number. We charged. I fired, killing one, Godey fired, missed, but reloaded and fired, killing an-

other. . . The remainder ran. I then took the two rifles and ascended a hill to keep guard while Godey scalped the dead Indians. He scalped the one he had shot and was proceeding towards the one I had shot. He was not yet dead and was behind some rocks. As Godey approached, he raised, let fly an arrow. It passed through Godey's shirt collar. He again fell and Godey finished him."

Without stopping to rest, Carson and Godey rounded up the surviving horses, now reduced to fifteen in number, and set out on the return trail to overtake the main body of the expedition. This they reached late in the afternoon after having been gone some thirty hours and having ridden in all over one hundred miles.

The company were now in the heart of the great Colorado Desert, and their line of march was marked by the skeletons of horses which had been lost from the caravans in preceding years from thirst and starvation. The desert, "the most sterile and repulsive that we had yet seen," continued day after day with little to break its monotony. The most severe day's travel stretched from fifty to sixty miles without a drop of water; and for sixteen hours through intolerable thirst, heat, and yellow sand, the men fought their dogged way until they came to a branch of the Virgin River known as the River of the Angels.

This was the land of the degraded "Digger" Indians, hundreds of whom came in to visit the camp. Most of these had with them "long sticks, hooked at the end, which they used in hauling out lizards and other small animals from their holes," for in this way they obtained most of their food. Twenty miles beyond the River of the Angels, the company came to what Frémont describes as the "most dreary river I have ever seen—a deep, rapid stream, almost a torrent—passing swiftly by and roaring against obstructions." This was the Virgin River

and here a valued member of the company named Badeau was treacherously killed by the Indians. On May 12th the expedition crossed from the valley of the Virgin to that of the Sevier, and came after twenty-seven days in the desert and a journey of 550 miles to the famous meadows, Las Vegas de Santa Clara.

As he was leaving Las Vegas, Frémont was joined by the trapper, Joseph Walker, who had left Los Angeles with the caravan for Santa Fé, but, striking the trail of Frémont, had pressed on ahead to join the American explorer. Turning off from the Spanish trail at the base of the Wasatch range, the party under Walker's guidance crossed to the Sevier River and later reached Utah Lake. Frémont was now on familiar ground, and though on his return journey to the settlements he took some time for an extended exploration of the Colorado Rockies, it is not necessary here to trace in detail the course of the expedition. Early in July the company arrived at Bent's Fort. Here Carson and Walker remained while Frémont, with the main body of his command, continued down the Arkansas until he came to the well-defined wagon road from Santa Fé to Independence, Missouri. This he and his men followed until on the thirty-first of July "they encamped again at the little town of Kansas on the banks of the Missouri River."

The company had been gone all told about fourteen months. They had experienced every kind of vicissitude and danger to which explorers of that day could be exposed. They had lost some of their number at the hands of Indians, and some by other mischances of the wilderness. They had travelled vast distances, sometimes through desert thirst and heat, and sometimes through storm-wrapped mountains and almost impassable winter snows. In part they had broken new trails through the unknown fastnesses of the trans-Rocky Mountain West,

particularly from the Klamath Lake down the east side of the Sierra and back again to Sutter's Fort. But the outstanding significance of the expedition and the place it holds deservedly in western explorations were due primarily to the trained and observing mind of its leader, to his choice of assistants, and to the rare skill with which he described the scenes and incidents of his travels. Frémont was an explorer who brought to his task a scientific point of view, a rich appreciation of natural beauty, and no small skill in the fine art of descriptive writing.

No sooner had Frémont returned from his second exploring tour than he began preparations for another expedition to California. The motives which actuated him can best be gathered from his own words: "I had returned inspired with California. Its delightful climate and uncommon beauty of surface; the great strength of its vegetation and its grand commercial position took possession of my mind. My wish when I first saw it settled into intention, and I determined to make there a home.

"With all these advantages it was unused. Its great forests and fertile lands, the fish that crowded its waters, the noble harbor and great commerce that waited for it, were all unused; lying waste like an Indian country, as in greater part it was. Its fertile sea-board was one great stock farm and its whole population only a few thousands; so far distant from the Central Government that it was ready at any moment to break off. It had now come to share the great interest which the men in control of affairs at Washington had felt for the more northern coast of the Pacific. Mr. Webster invited me to dine with him 'to talk about California.'"

In the assistants which he secured for this new venture Frémont was again particularly fortunate. Most of them were already famous for their daring, skill, and leadership throughout the western frontier and today on the map of

California and Nevada more than one great peak, swift flowing river, lonely pass or fertile valley bears the name of some member of this group. In this number especially should be included Edward M. Kern, the topographer of the expedition from whom Kern River takes its name; Richard Owens, whose fame is perpetuated by the river and valley from which Los Angeles now derives its water; Joseph Walker for whom Walker Pass, Walker River, Walker Valley, and Walker Lake were named; and Christopher Carson whose name is also borne by river, valley pass and lake. Theodore Talbot and Alexis Godey who had served on Frémont's second expedition were likewise indispensable members of the party.

On August 16th the company left Bent's Fort on the Arkansas, and by the thirteenth of October were encamped on the shore of the Great Salt Lake. From here Frémont attempted a new passage to the Sierra Nevada by a more direct course across the desert which afterward came to be known as Hastings Cut-off. This route finally brought him to Mary's River, which he now called the Humboldt —the name it has since borne—in honor of the great German scientist and explorer, Baron Alexander von Humboldt.

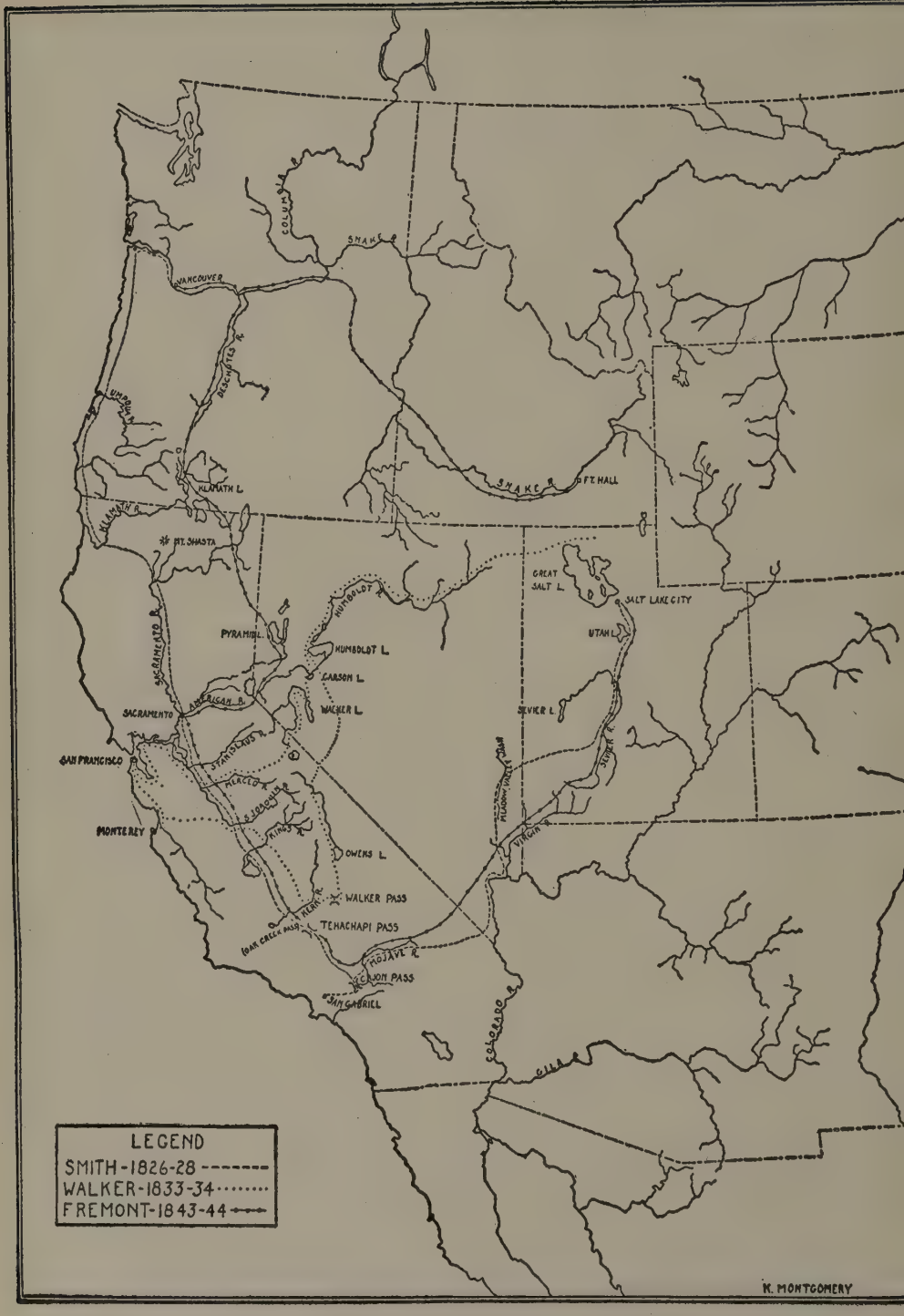
At Walker Lake, southeast of the modern Carson City, Frémont divided his command. The main body under Talbot, Kern and Walker were to follow the route down the east side of the Sierra Nevada over which Walker had led the Chiles party of emigrants into California in 1843. This route ran almost the full length of Owens Valley and crossed the Sierra through Walker Pass into the San Joaquin. Here it was agreed that the party should meet Frémont and his smaller command on a stream called the River of the Lake. Unfortunately Walker and Frémont disagreed completely in the identification of this river. Walker took it for granted that the rendezvous was to

take place on the Kern River, but Frémont had in mind the King's which flows nearly a hundred miles further north. Thus it happened that the union of the two divisions was delayed several weeks after they should have come together.

With the main body of the expedition preparing to follow the route down the east side of the Sierra Nevada, Frémont, with his smaller company, set out to cross the mountains to Sutter's Fort. Instead of searching out his trail of the preceding year through Carson Pass, he followed the course of the Salmon Trout or Truckee River to the summit—a route by this time already in use by emigrant trains—and from there entered the Sacramento by way of the American River.

At Sutter's Fort Frémont found the same hospitable reception he had received on his previous visit. He remained here, however, only a few days and then set out to join the main body of the expedition on the River of the Lake. The journey up the San Joaquin was accomplished without particular incident until the company reached the vicinity of the Mariposa River, where they had a sharp skirmish with a band of hostile Horsethief Indians.

On December 22nd, Frémont reached the banks of the stream known to the Spaniards as the Rio de Los Reyes or the King's River, "one of the largest and handsomest streams in the valley, being about one hundred yards broad, and having perhaps a larger body of fertile lands than any one of the others." Here Frémont waited until the twenty-fourth, then travelled slowly up the stream, expecting at every turn to find the encampment of Walker and Kern. No sign, however, was to be seen of this company. Frémont nevertheless continued to penetrate deeper and deeper into the mountains until he reached the majestic solitudes and hitherto untrod fastnesses that mark the


VANCOUVER
COLUMBIA R.
SNAKE R.
UMPQUA R.
ROGUE R.
KLAMATH L.
KLAMATH R.
FT. HALL
ST. SHASTA
SACRAMENTO R.
PYRAMID L.
HUMBOLDT R.
HUMBOLDT L.
GREAT SALT L.
SALT LAKE CITY
UTAH L.
CARSON L.
AMERICAN R.
SACRAMENTO
WALKER L.
SEVIER L.
SAN FRANCISCO
STANISLAUS R.
MERCED R.
SEVIER R.
VIRGIN R.
MUDDY
VIRGIN
MONTEREY
TULARE L.
KINGS R.
OWENS L.
WALKER PASS
KERN R.
TEHACHAPI PASS
BEAR CREEK PASS
MOJAVE R.
CAJON PASS
SAN GABRIEL
COLORADO R.
LEGEND
SMITH-1826-28
WALKER-1833-34
FREMONT-1843-44
K. MONTGOMERY

head waters of the streams which go to make up the main body of the King's.

No one who has not in person stood upon the great granite heights near the sources of Roaring River, Bubb's Creek, or Paradise Valley, can appreciate the majestic beauty of this region. But to the confused explorers the grandeur of the scenery doubtless afforded but scant compensation for the difficulties they were now called upon to face. The season of the deep snows was fast approaching. The granite crags were broken and splintered and covered with treacherous ice. Each succeeding ridge seemed to rise more inhospitable and forbidding than its predecessors. Finally at an altitude of 11,000 feet, Frémont came to the crest of the divide, as he supposed, between the King's River and the San Joaquin. It was a ridge of naked granite, "with here and there a pine or two, stunted and twisted and worried out of shape by the winds, clamping itself to the rock."

Beyond this it was foolhardy to attempt to go. Men and animals alike were exhausted and an ominous snow storm was threatening the safety of the entire company. On December 31st, the explorer wrote, "To descend the mountain we chose a different way from that by which we had come up, but it was rocky and rough everywhere. The old year went out and the new year came in rough as the country. Towards nightfall the snow began to come down thickly and by morning all lay under a heavy fall. The chasms through which the rivers roared were dark against the snow and the fir branches were all weighed down under their load. . . The snow continued falling, changing the appearance of the ground and hiding slippery breaks and little rocky hollows where horse and man would get bad falls. . . We had great trouble in getting out from the snow region. . . The mountain winter had now set in, and we had some misgivings as we rode through

the forest, silent now without a sound except where we came within hearing of water roaring among rocks or muffled under snow."

Fortunately the party succeeded in reaching the lower altitudes before the way was completely blocked by the snow, and on the seventh of January they again encamped on the King's River near Tulare Lake. The travelers here turned back down the San Joaquin and arrived at Sutter's Fort on January 15, 1846. At this point the political condition of California and its opportunities began to loom with increasing significance upon Frémont's horizon and with these activities the present volume makes no attempt to deal.

The main body of the expedition, under Walker, after an uneventful journey from Walker Lake to the San Joaquin, waited day after day on the Kern River for Frémont and at last moved down the valley until they learned of Frémont's presence at the California settlements and soon met their leader near the mission of San José. The united company remained in this vicinity until the last week in March. Then, crossing into the Salinas Valley, they went into camp at Hartnell's rancho where occurred the conflict with the California authorities known as the Hawk's Peak or Gavilan affair. Following this regrettable incident the expedition turned up the valley of the Sacramento on its way to the Columbia and in about twelve days reached the vicinity of Klamath Lake. In this wilderness Frémont was overtaken by Lieutenant Archibald Gillespie of the United States Marine Corps, who had been sent from Washington with letters and messages to acquaint Frémont with the intentions of the administration regarding California and with the probable outbreak of hostilities between the United States and Mexico. The question of the exact tenor and purpose of Gillespie's dis-

patches is still one hotly debated in California history and need not be entered into here.

It is enough to say that Frémont, after Gillespie's arrival, determined to return to California instead of continuing his expedition northward as he had originally planned. The night of this decision, however, the hostile Klamath Indians attacked the unsuspecting camp and killed four of the sleeping men. Frémont's account of this affair shows something of the constant peril in which the frontiersman of that day lived. "I had barely fallen to sleep," he wrote, "when I was awakened by the sound of Carson's voice, calling to Basil Lajeunesse to know 'what the matter was over there?' No reply came, and immediately the camp was roused by the cry from Kit and Owens, who were lying together—'Indians.' Basil and the half-breed, Denny, had been killed. It was the sound of the axe being driven into Basil's head that had awakened Carson. The half-breed had been killed with arrows, and his groans had replied to Carson's call, and told him what the matter was. No man, with an Indian experience, jumps squarely to his feet in a night attack, but in an instant every man was at himself. The Delawares who lay near their fire on that side sprung to cover, rifle in hand, at the sound of the axe. We ran to their aid, Carson and I, Godey, Stepp, and Owens, just as the Tlamaths charged into the open ground. The fires were smouldering, but gave light enough to show Delaware Crane jumping like a brave as he was from side to side in Indian fashion, and defending himself with the butt of his gun. By some mischance his rifle was not loaded when he lay down. All this was quick work. The moment's silence which followed Carson's shout was broken by our rifles. The Tlamath chief, who was at the head of his men, fell in front of Crane, who was just down with five arrows in his body—three in his breast. The Tlamaths, checked in their onset and disconcerted by the

fall of their chief, jumped back into the shadow of the wood. We threw a blanket over Crane and hung blankets to the cedar boughs and bushes near by, behind my campfire, for a defence against the arrows. The Indians did not dare to put themselves again in the open, but continued to pour in their arrows. They made no attempt on our animals, which had been driven up by Owens to be under fire of the camp, but made frequent attempts to get the body of their chief. We were determined they should not have it, and every movement on their part brought a rifle-shot; a dozen rifles in such hands at short range made the undertaking too hazardous for them to persist in it. While both sides were watching each other from under cover, and every movement was followed by a rifle-shot or arrow, I heard Carson cry out: 'Look at the fool. Look at him, will you?' This was to Godey, who had stepped out to the light of my fire to look at some little thing which had gone wrong with his gun; it was still bright enough to show him distinctly, standing there—a fair mark to the arrows—turning resentfully to Carson for the epithet bestowed on him, but in no wise hurrying himself. He was the most thoroughly insensible to danger of all the brave men I have known."

This attack was followed by stern reprisals at the hands of the Americans, numerous Indians were killed, and a large Indian village, from which the warriors had come, was completely destroyed. In these various skirmishes more than one of the Americans barely escaped with his life from the Indian arrows, which were described by Kit Carson as the most beautiful and war-like he had ever seen. Each arrow was tipped with a piece of steel or iron, shaped like a lance. They were poisoned for about six inches from the head, and according to Frémont, "could be driven that depth into a pine tree."

After these conflicts with the Klamath Indians, Fré-

mont returned down the Sacramento to play his part in the dramatic uprising known as the Bear Flag Revolt. With the details of this incident, or Frémont's subsequent career, this chapter has no concern. Later on he was to renew his work as an explorer and make further contributions of value to the knowledge and opening of the west; but there is no place for these exploits in the present volume. Frémont was a great explorer not so much because he broke new trails into the wilderness as Smith and Walker did, but because he brought enthusiasm, large ambition, imagination and scientific knowledge to his task. His hold on the popular mind is permanent and his place in California and western history thoroughly secure.

Chapter XIV

CHAPTER XIV

A Tragedy of the Trail

THE COMING OF the Bidwell-Bartleson company, described in Chapter XII, ushered in as we have already seen the era of overland emigration to California. This movement was also greatly stimulated by Frémont's explorations, by the publicity given to California throughout the United States, and by other factors which need not be mentioned here. Between 1841 and 1846, therefore, numerous other trains similar in character to that of Bidwell found their way across the mountains, following for the most part routes already discovered by the fur traders and in some cases actually guided along these routes by the very men who had first traversed them. Among the most important of these parties was a company composed of thirty or thirty-five settlers led by Lansford W. Hastings in 1843 from the Willamette Valley in Oregon; the expedition, to which reference has been made in the previous chapter, known as the Chiles-Walker party, one division of which followed Walker's old trail through Owens Valley into the San Joaquin; the Stevens-Murphy company of 1844 consisting of over fifty men besides women and children; the Grigsby-Ide party the next year of over a hundred persons; and on the Old Spanish Trail from Santa Fé the Workman-Rowland company which

reached Los Angeles almost at the time that Bidwell and his companions entered the San Joaquin.

These overland trains almost without exception experienced hardship and privation and sometimes narrowly escaped disaster; but none of those mentioned suffered any crushing misfortune or overwhelming disaster. Tragedy and Death, however, which were only waiting the nod of Fate to bring ruin to some hapless company, found their victims in the fall and winter of 1846. During the spring of that year a steady stream of emigrant wagons, numbering many hundreds in the aggregate, began to move toward the Missouri frontier to take the familiar route through the South Pass to Oregon or to California. Among the settlers bound for the latter destination were nearly a hundred unsuspecting souls—men, women and little children —the pathos of whose sufferings within the next few months was to constitute the most pitiable tragedy in the history of the westward movement. These were the members of the Donner party.

This expedition originated in Sangamon County, Illinois, at a time, as already said, when the Oregon-California fever had reached epidemic proportions among the settlers of the Mississippi Valley. Following the impulses which appear so strikingly in the early history of all the trans-Allegheny West, scores of families, with everything that they possessed, were now beginning a new migration to the lands touched by the setting sun.

The nucleus of the Donner party, as it was first organized, consisted of three families: George Donner, his wife, and five children; Jacob Donner (the elder brother of George), his wife, and seven children; and James Reed, his wife and four children, and Mrs. Sarah Keyes, the mother of Mrs. Reed. (Parenthetically it may be added that Mrs. Keyes was ninety years of age when she set out upon this rash but splendid quest! She died before the

party was beyond the limits of the present state of Kansas, but one wonders if even death itself could quench the fires of such an adventurous and courageous soul.)

In addition to these families, there were teamsters and camp assistants, making a total of thirty-two in the train. According to Mrs. Eliza Donner Houghton, who was the youngest of George Donner's children, and who published a history of the expedition in 1911, the company was unusually well equipped:

"Strong commodious emigrant wagons were constructed especially for the purpose. The oxen to draw them were hardy, well trained, and rapid walkers. Three extra yoke were provided for emergencies. Cows were selected to furnish milk on the way. A few young beef cattle, five saddle-horses, and a good watch dog completed the list of livestock.

"After carefully calculating the requisite amount of provisions, father stored in his wagons a quantity that was deemed more than sufficient to last until we should reach California. Seed and implements for use on the prospective farms in the new country also constituted an important part of our outfit. Nor was that all. There were bolts of cheap cotton prints, red and yellow flannels, bright-bordered handkerchiefs, glass beads, necklaces, chains, brass finger rings, earrings, pocket looking-glasses and divers other knickknacks dear to the heart of aborigines. These were intended for distribution as peace offerings among the Indians. Lastly, there were rich stores of laces, muslins, silks, satins, velvets and like cherished fabrics, destined to be used in exchange for Mexican land-grants in that far land to which we were bound.

"My mother was energetic in all these preparations, but her special province was to make and otherwise get in readiness a bountiful supply of clothing. She also superintended the purchase of materials for women's handi-

work, apparatus for preserving botanical specimens, water colors and oil paints, books and school supplies; these latter being selected for use in the young ladies' seminary which she hoped to establish in California.

"A liberal sum of money for meeting incidental expenses and replenishing supplies on the journey, if need be, was stored in the compartments of two wide buckskin girdles, to be worn in concealment about the person. An additional sum of ten thousand dollars, cash, was stitched between the folds of a quilt for safe transportation."

The company left Springfield on April 15th and reached Independence, Missouri, on May 11th. From here they took the usual emigrant road and without particular incident reached a stream known as the Little Sandy, not many miles from Fort Bridger, on July 19th. Up to this time the company had been travelling as part of a much larger train, some of whose members were bound for California and the rest for Oregon. At the camp on the Little Sandy, George Donner was elected captain of the California company. Here, too, the emigrants were partially persuaded by a letter from Lansford W. Hastings to take the shorter route known as Hastings Cut-Off—which led from the south shore of the Salt Lake to the Humboldt River —rather than to follow the regular road from Fort Hall. Over this new route Frémont, as already described in Chapter XIII, had led his second expedition into California the preceding year.

There were those, however, who here and elsewhere warned the party against the dangers and uncertainties of this little known road. James Clyman, who had just passed over the route on his way east from California, found that it ran through the most "desolate country perhaps in the whole globe," without sign of animal life or any vegetation; and he earnestly advised James Reed, whom he had known in Illinois, not to attempt the new

route. "I told him," he said, "'to take the regular wagon track (by way of Fort Hall) and never leave it—it is barely possible to get through if you follow it—and it may be impossible if you don't.' Reed replied, 'There is a nigher route, and it is of no use to take so much of a roundabout course.' I admitted the fact, but told him about the great desert and the roughness of the Sierras, and that a straight route might turn out to be impracticable."

When the company reached Fort Bridger on the twenty-fifth, they learned that Hastings had already started with a large emigrant train to California, but had left behind assurances that if later arrivals would follow his trail they would find "an abundant supply of wood, water, and pasturage along the whole line of the road, except one dry drive of thirty miles, or forty at most; that they would have no difficult cañons to pass; and that the road was generally smooth, level, and hard."

Hastings, who sponsored the new route and in this way was the indirect but innocent cause of the sufferings of the Donner party, was one of those energetic, restless, ambitious spirits which appeared from time to time on the western frontier. Following in the wake of the trappers, he became an explorer, an organizer of emigrant parties, a guide, a writer of some authority on the little known regions between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific, and a potential filibuster who purposed to repeat in California what Houston had carried out in Texas. Perhaps naturally he desired to popularize the route which bore his name from Salt Lake to the Humboldt River; but it is also true that in his desire to increase the American population in California he sought in every way possible to stimulate immigration into the province and unquestionably believed that the cut-off would shorten the distance of the overland route by some three hundred miles.

The Donner party, now numbering eighty-nine persons, persuaded by Hastings' assurances and the advice also of James Bridger, the noted trapper and scout, at last determined to take the new route and without particular difficulty reached Webber Cañon through which lay the customary approach to Salt Lake. Here in a stick stuck up by the side of the road Hastings had left a letter in which he advised parties to camp at the entrance to the cañon until he could return to guide them by a much more practical route than that down Webber Cañon to the southern shores of the lake.

Following this advice the Donner party remained encamped for eight days—the beginning of the many delays which later brought disaster to the company—while messengers were sent to find Hastings or to secure from him the necessary information regarding the next stage of their journey. The messengers finally returned without Hastings but with instructions from him regarding the best road. Either the party became confused, however, in seeking to follow Hastings' directions or Hastings himself was grossly ignorant of the route which he advised. For in attempting the route outlined to the messengers, the emigrants found themselves hopelessly blocked by trees and cañons and were forced to spend eight days in the construction of a road. This, however, only led them more deeply into a pocket of the mountains from which it required six days more to extricate themselves.

As a consequence, when finally they reached the southern end of the Lake, the emigrants found they had spent thirty days in covering a distance which should have been accomplished in twelve. An inventory of the resources of the company now showed that the supply of food was running low and that in all probability it would not last them into California. Nevertheless they pressed on, hoping to travel somewhat faster and thus escape the danger

of starvation. Had they known it, however, they were now only at the beginning of delay, hardship and suffering. The route the train had elected to take from the Salt Lake to the Humboldt was sterile and dry throughout nearly its entire length; but one stretch of some fifty or sixty miles, along which there was not a drop of water, was a veritable Devil's Highway. The sufferings of the company through this waste are thus described by Mrs. Houghton:

"After two days and two nights of continuous travel, over a waste of alkali and sand, we were still surrounded as far as eye could see by a region of fearful desolation. The supply of feed for our cattle was gone, the water casks were empty, and a pitiless sun was turning its burning rays upon the glaring earth over which we still had to go.

"Mr. Reed now rode ahead to prospect for water, while the rest followed with the teams. All who could walk did so, mothers carrying their babes in their arms, and fathers with weaklings across their shoulders moved slowly as they urged the famishing cattle forward."

During this crossing of the desert many of the cattle died from thirst and exhaustion and it was the end of September before the train reached the old emigrant trail along the Humboldt which they had left when they turned aside to take the Hastings Cut-Off. Many of the members of the party were now physically exhausted and nervously overwrought by the strain of the journey and by the uncertainty and danger which lay ahead. As a result of these factors two of the company, James Reed and John Snyder, became involved in a sudden and tragic quarrel. McGlashan, in his *History of the Donner Party*, thus describes the fatal incident:

"When Reed saw that trouble was likely to occur, he said something about waiting until they got up the hill

and settling this matter afterwards. Snyder evidently construed this to be a threat, and with an oath replied, 'We will settle it now.' As Snyder uttered these words, he struck Reed a blow on the head with the butt-end of his heavy whip-stock. This blow was followed in rapid succession by a second, and a third. As the third stroke descended, Mrs. Reed ran between her husband and the furious man, hoping to prevent the blow. Each time the whip-stock descended on Reed's head it cut deep gashes. He was blinded with the blood which streamed from his wounds, and dazed and stunned by the terrific force of the blows. He saw the cruel whip-stock uplifted, and knew that his wife was in danger, but had only time to cry, 'John! John!' when down came the stroke full upon Mrs. Reed's head and shoulders. The next instant John Snyder was staggering, speechless and death-stricken. Reed's hunting-knife had pierced his left breast, severing the first and second ribs and entering the left lung."

Much feeling was created against Reed as a result of this homicide and by a vote of the company he was banished from the train and his wife and family placed in charge of one of the other emigrants. Reed and another man named Herron thereupon set out for California, promising to secure aid when they reached the settlements and return to the company. The lot of the emigrants was now becoming more alarming every day and to add to their wretchedness the Indians made a sudden raid upon the cattle and killed or drove off over twenty animals. "This left the company," wrote McGlashan, "in terribly destitute circumstances. All had to walk who were able. Men, women, and children were forced to travel on foot all day long, and in many cases were compelled to carry heavy burdens in order to lessen the loads drawn by the weary cattle. Wm. G. Murphy remembers distinctly seeing his brother carrying a copper camp-kettle upon his

head. The Graves family, the Breens, the Donners, the Murphys, the Reeds, all walked beside the wagons until overpowered with fatigue. The men became exhausted much sooner, as a rule, than the women. Only the sick, the little children, and the utterly exhausted, were ever allowed to ride. Eddy and his wife had lost all their cattle, and each carried one of their children and such personal effects as they were able. Many in the train were without shoes, and had to travel barefooted over the weary sands, and flinty, sharp-edged stones."

To add to the gloomy spirits of the company one of its members died from exhaustion; and another, according to the suspicions of the emigrants, was murdered by a man known as Keseberg, whose name was later associated with the most revolting incidents of the Donner tragedy. Not long before the company reached the mountains they met a pack train sent out from Sutter's Fort which brought five mule loads of beef and flour. This addition to the food supply undoubtedly accounted later on for the survival of any of the party. The relief train was commanded by C. T. Stanton who brought with him two Indians, Luis and Salvador, from the Sacramento Valley.

At the meadows along the Truckee River, where Reno now stands, the emigrants camped for several days to recuperate their animals even though every one now recognized that winter was near at hand and that the snowfall might block the passage of the mountains at any time. Here a man named Pike was accidentally shot and killed, leaving in the train his wife and two small children, one of whom was a baby only a few months old.

At last, leaving the base of the mountains, the company travelled up the Truckee River (which they crossed forty-nine times in eighty miles), making but slow progress because of the condition of the animals and the weariness and fatigue from which the people suffered. By the

end of October most of the train had reached the beautiful body of water now called Donner Lake, about three miles from the city of Truckee. Here they were caught by an unusually heavy fall of snow which threw the company into confusion and despair. Vainly they endeavored to push forward and ascend the last few miles which separated them from the crest of the rugged divide, but the deep snow and the steep, sleety rocks blocked all their efforts. Nor was there any leadership or common purpose in this terrible emergency. "Some proposed to abandon the wagons and make the oxen carry out the children and provisions; some wanted to take the children and rations and start out on foot; and some sat brooding in dazed silence through the long night." A renewal of the storm forced the company to go into camp for the winter. The main body of the emigrants at Donner Lake found a cabin which had been built by one of the earlier emigrant parties, and succeeded in erecting others similar to it out of logs. But George Donner, the leader, together with his immediate family and a few others, had been compelled to stop at Prosser Creek some six miles from the main party because of a broken axle. Unable to build cabins because of the storm, this party was compelled to take refuge in crude huts of boughs and canvas. Mrs. Houghton tells how these were made:

"They cleared a space under a tall pine tree and reset the tent a few feet south of its trunk, facing the sunrise. Then, following the Indian method as described by John Baptiste, a rude semi-circular hut of poles was added to the tent, the tree-trunk forming part of its north wall, and its needled boughs the rafters and cross-pieces of the roof. The structure was overlaid so far as possible with pieces of cloth, old quilts, and buffalo robes, then with boughs and branches of pine and tamarack. A hollow was scooped in the ground near the tree for a fireplace,

and an opening in the top served as chimney and ventilator. One opening led into the tent and another served as an outer door."

In the camps at Donner Lake and on Prosser Creek there were now eighty-one persons, many of whom were women and children, and some even nursing babes. The winter, which had broken a month earlier than usual, drove down with pitiless storm and cold upon the helpless refugees. November ended "with four days and nights of continuous snow and December rushed in with a wild shrieking storm of wind, sleet, and rain." The snow was now ten feet deep and all prospect of escape for the train as a whole was gone. Soon starvation began to walk through the camps and before the tenth of December Jacob Donner and three others in the Donner huts were dead, one of whom at least "imagined himself a boy again in his father's house and thought his mother had built a fire and set before him the food of which he was fondest."

From this time on death came with pitiless regularity to the camp at Prosser Creek as well as to the larger camp at Donner Lake. The food of the emigrants was almost wholly exhausted. With tragic short-sightedness they had failed to kill the cattle when the snows began, and as a consequence most of the animals had been lost and were buried many feet beneath the drifts where it was impossible to find them. In an extremity of hunger the starving emigrants fell upon anything they could find to eat. "The little field mice that had crept into camp were caught then and used to ease the pangs of hunger. Also pieces of beef hide were cut into strips, singed, scraped, boiled to the consistency of glue, and swallowed with an effort; for no degree of hunger could make the saltless, sticky substance palatable. Marrowless bones which had already been boiled and scraped, were now burned and eaten; even the bark and twigs of pine were chewed in vain effort to

soothe the gnawings which made one cry for bread and meat."

On December 16th fifteen of the company from Donner Lake, grown desperate with hunger and the realization that no hope awaited them unless they could force their way through the snows, set out to cross the mountains. In this company were five women and the two Indians, Luis and Salvador. The company, known thereafter as The Forlorn Hope, carried with them rations for six days. "Six days' rations! This means enough of the poor, shriveled beef to allow each person, three times a day, a piece the size of one's two fingers. With a little coffee and a little loaf sugar, this was all. They had matches, Foster's gun, a hatchet, and each a thin blanket. With this outfit they started to cross the Sierra." It was thirty-two days instead of six before the few survivors of this company reached the settlements of the Sacramento.

Before a week was over Stanton, one of the members of the company, died. By the twenty-fifth all of the survivors had been four days without food. "With the greatest exertion and suffering they managed to crawl, and stagger, and flounder along until they attained a distance of two or three miles. Here they camped, and passed a most wretched, desolate night. The morning dawned; it was dreary, rainy, and discouraging. The little party set out as usual, but were too weak and lifeless to travel. The soft snow clung to their feet in heavy lumps like snowballs. Instead of making a fire in a new place, Mary Graves says they crawled back to the camp-fire of the night previous. Here they remained until night came on —a night full of horrors. The wind howled through the shrieking forests like troops of demons. The rain had continued all day, but finally changed to snow and sleet, which cut their pinched faces, and made them shiver with

cold. All the forces of nature seemed to combine for their destruction."

In this camp the miserable, starving survivors were held for a week completely snow-bound by the terrific storm. Four additional members of the company died during these fearful days and the camp was known as The Camp of Death. Driven desperate by hunger and recognizing that it was their only hope of life, the survivors ate the bodies of those who succumbed. An additional death occurred on January 4th and shortly afterward one of the members of the company killed the two Indians, who were by this time unable to travel, and the survivors ate their bodies. Everything was now exhausted in the way of food. The starving victims had eaten moccasins, the strings of their snow shoes and the leather, slightly crisped, of an old pair of boots. By God's grace, however, they somehow soon after this reached a region low enough for a little game, and one of the men, named Eddy, went out hunting with Mary Graves in the desperate hope of killing a deer or bear. About eighty yards away they saw a deer standing broadside to them; but the man was so weak with hunger and unnerved by excitement that he could scarcely hold the gun steady enough to shoot. The stake at issue was life or death, and one can easily understand the terrific strain under which the feeble, starving man at last took aim and pulled the trigger.

"He brought the gun to his face the third time, and elevated the muzzle above the deer, let it descend until he saw the animal through the sight, when the rifle cracked. Mary immediately wept aloud, exclaiming, 'Oh, merciful God, you have missed it!' Mr. Eddy assured her that he had not; that the rifle was upon it the moment of firing; and that, in addition to this, the animal had dropped its tail between its legs, which this animal always does when wounded.

"His belief was speedily confirmed. The deer ran a short distance, then fell, and the two eager watchers hastened to it as fast as their weakened condition would allow. Mr. Eddy cut the throat of the expiring beast with his pocket knife, and he and his companion knelt down and drank the warm blood that flowed from the wound."

There were seven survivors to share the deer which Eddy killed and the meat was soon exhausted. Fortunately, however, on the tenth of January the party arrived at an Indian ranchería into which, wasted away and gaunt as spectres, they staggered and reeled like drunken men. The Indians gave them acorn meal and sent messengers ahead to the other villages to instruct them to prepare food for the starving whites. The survivors of the Forlorn Hope reached Johnson's ranch on January 18th. Immediately a relief expedition commanded by Racine Tucker was organized to rescue the emigrants at Donner Lake. Rain and snow, however, greatly impeded the progress of this party and it was soon found impossible to get the animals across the mountains. Accordingly the horses were abandoned and each man, taking a load of beef, flour, and bread upon his back, set out on foot for the snow-bound camp near the crest of the Sierra. There now remained ten men in this relief party. Three of these, however, soon turned back and on the nineteenth of February, after terrific exertion, the rest succeeded in reaching the camp at Donner Lake.

The tragic condition of the refugees in this camp can better be imagined than described. Shut out from all knowledge of the outside world for eight long weeks, surrounded by snow over twenty feet in depth and with almost nothing to eat except the nauseating hides, many of those who survived had fallen under the spell of a lethargy and torpor that was closely akin to death. Nor was it possible for the relief party to give them any great as-

sistance. The food which had been brought in on the backs of the men was insufficient to supply the needs of the starving emigrants for any length of time and most of it had to be conserved for the return journey. The threat of snow and the certainty that any long continued delay would spell death both for the emigrants and for the members of the relief party themselves necessitated an immediate return.

Accordingly, with twenty-one survivors of the party at Donner Lake, Tucker set out on the journey back to the Sacramento. One of those who came out with this first relief expedition wrote of the departure of the company: "It was a bright Sunday morning when we left the cabins. Some were in good health, while others were so poor and emaciated that they could scarcely walk. . . We were a sad spectacle to look upon as we left the cabins. We marched along in single file, the leader wearing snowshoes, and the others following after, all stepping in the leader's tracks. . . We were placed on short allowance of food from the start, and each day this allowance was cut shorter and shorter, until we received each for our evening and morning meal two small pieces of jerked beef, about the size of the index finger of the hand. Finally, the last ration was issued in the evening. . . How long we went without food after that, I do not know. I think we were near the first station."

Of the twenty-one emigrants under Tucker's care, several of whom were little children, three died on the way out. Many others doubtless would have perished in similar fashion if the struggling party had not met a second relief expedition from the Sacramento Valley bound for Donner Lake under command of an old trapper named Brit Greenwood, William McCutchen and James Reed, the unfortunate emigrant who had been banished from the company on the Humboldt River many weeks before

because of the death of Snyder. Of the meeting of the two parties, which occurred in Bear Valley, Reed gives this graphic account:

"Feb. 27. I sent back two men to our camp of night before last, to bring forward provisions. They will return tomorrow. I also left one man to prepare for the people who were expected today. Left camp on a fine, hard snow, and proceeded about four miles, when we met the poor, unfortunate, starved people. As I met them scattered along the snow-trail, I distributed some bread that I had baked last night. I gave in small quantities to each. Here I met my wife and two of my little children. Two of my children are still in the mountains. I can not describe the death-like look all these people had. 'Bread!' 'Bread!' 'Bread!' was the begging cry of every child and grown person. I gave all I dared to them, and set out for the scene of desolation at the lake. I am now camped within twenty-five miles of the place, which I hope to reach by traveling tonight and tomorrow."

After further suffering, though thanks to the provisions brought by Reed this was less severe than they had previously endured, Tucker's party succeeded in reaching the Sacramento settlements. In the meantime, the lot of those who were left in the mountains had become unspeakably pitiable. Starvation and cold were wearing down the scant spirit and strength of the survivors and the handful of food brought by the first relief party was wholly exhausted. "To each of us who had to stay in camp," wrote Mrs. Houghton, "one of the First Relief Party measured a teacupful of flour, two small biscuits, and thin pieces of jerked beef, each piece as long as his first finger and thumb brought together, end to end. That was all that could be spared, and was to last until the next party could reach us." A no less graphic picture of the desperate state to which the emigrants had by this time been reduced after

four months of torment by cold, starvation, despair and the presence of death all about them, is given in the simple record kept by Patrick Breen of daily incidents in the camp.

"Feb. 23. Froze hard last night. Today pleasant and thawy; has the appearance of spring, all but the deep snow. Wind south-south-east. Shot a dog today and dressed his flesh.

"Feb. 25. Today Mrs. Murphy says the wolves are about to dig up the dead bodies around her shanty, and the nights are too cold to watch them, but we hear them howl.

"Feb. 26. Hungry times in camp; plenty of hides, but the folks will not eat them; we eat them with tolerably good appetite, thanks to the Almighty God. Mrs. Murphy said here yesterday that she thought she would commence on Milton and eat him. I do not think she has done so yet; it is distressing. The Donners told the California folks four days ago that they would commence on the dead people if they did not succeed that day or the next in finding their cattle, then ten or twelve feet under the snow, and they did not know the spot or near it; they have done it ere this."

On March 1st the second relief party, consisting of ten men who, as we have just seen, had encountered the refugees under Tucker a few days before, reached the camp at Donner Lake. One of this relief party remained at the Lake and the rest started back almost immediately with seventeen of the surviving emigrants. The experiences of this company, one of whom was a mother with three young children and a nursing baby, were harrowing, grewsome, pitiable beyond the weak ability of words to portray. Ten miles below the summit of the divide a severe storm forced the expedition into camp. Here they were snow-bound almost a week. Their food gave out; their fire at times was quenched; the intense cold numbed

brain, body and will; the feet and hands of several of the children were frozen; torpor and lethargy made them indifferent to life or death. Three of the party died and the survivors ate their dead bodies to sustain the fainting spark of life. The place was fittingly named Starved Camp. At last Greenwood and Reed, taking the two Reed children and another boy, set out for aid. They succeeded in reaching one of the relief camps and brought back succour to the slowly dying refugees.

A few of the rescue party, after doing what they could for the unfortunates at Starved Camp, crossed the summit to Donner Lake. Here, and in the huts at Prosser Creek, nine persons remained alive. Of these, three were not able to travel; and one heroic woman, Mrs. Tamsen Donner, the wife of George Donner, refused to leave her husband even though she knew he was already dying. With the five remaining refugees, including the three little girls of the Donner family, the rescue party left the cabins and breasted their way across the rocks and snow of the frowning summit. Mrs. Donner, perhaps the most pathetic figure in the entire tragedy, might easily have made her escape with this company had her love for the dying man in the cabin at Prosser Creek been any less devoted. But the pioneer women of that day were not made of fragile or uncertain stuff; and so with breaking mother heart and yearning too deep to be described she watched her children move slowly across the snow, struggle to gain the crest of a little ridge, and so pass out of her sight forever. For heroism ennobled and glorified by love and sacrifice one looks in vain in the annals of California history for a finer example than that of Tamsen Donner.

The last relief party to reach Donner Lake was led by a certain Captain Thornton who with his companions had been promised half the money and goods abandoned by the emigrants if they should undertake the rescue of the

few unfortunates still remaining in the mountains. When the party arrived at the cabins they found but one survivor. This was a man named Keseberg who had been suspected of the murder of one of his companions on the Humboldt River many months before. In seeking to account for the others who had been left behind by the preceding relief expedition, Thornton soon discovered that the body of Mrs. Donner was nowhere to be found. He accordingly accused Keseberg of having murdered the helpless women in order to subsist upon her flesh. This charge of murder Keseberg emphatically denied, explaining with apparent truth that Mrs. Donner had come to his cabin after her husband's death and had died there one night of cold and starvation. Thorton and his men refused to accept this statement, however, and upon their return to the settlements spread such grewsome reports of what they saw and found in Keseberg's cabin that the wretched man came to be looked upon as a monster in human form and for much of his life was virtually ostracized from society. The most trustworthy evidence, however, goes to show that the worst of the reports regarding Keseberg were unfounded. Like many of the other survivors of the Donner party, it is true, he ate the bodies of his dead companions to sustain life, and when Thornton's men entered his cabin they found it a hideous charnel house. But there is no conclusive evidence to show that he murdered Mrs. Donner or any of the other inmates of the camp; nor is it necessary to believe that he resorted to the horrible expedient of eating human flesh except as he was driven to it.

As already stated, the tragedy of the Donner party was probably the greatest of its kind in the history of westward emigration. Many explanations have been offered for the disaster. In part, certainly, it was the result of inefficiency, lack of harmony, and ignorance of the difficulties and dangers which beset the way. In part also it

may be ascribed to delays over which the emigrants had no control. But chiefly it was due to the early fall of snow which blocked the passes of the mountains and like the hand of Fate closed fast the gateway to escape.

Tragic, stark and grim, the narrative of the hapless Donner party constitutes a fitting climax to the heroic story of the "splendid wayfarers" which this volume has endeavored briefly to record. But what shall one say more? Cabrillo, Drake, Vizcaíno, Portolá, Serra, Smith, Walker, Frémont, Tamsen Donner—these all walked the paths of hardship to enduring fame. Danger could not dissuade them; suffering could not appal them; even death itself could not make them afraid. They defied the sea, mocked at the wilderness and thrust the mountains aside. They opened the paths to California and gave us this smiling land for a heritage and the example of their courage and patience and sacrifice for an inspiration.

And at the last, for the most part unconscious
of the great work they had done and the
heroic part they had played, "in the
faith of little children they
lay down and died."

Appendix

APPENDIX

The Narrative of Benjamin D. Wilson

[Author's Note—Among the Americans who came overland to California prior to the Gold Rush to take up a permanent residence in the province was Benjamin David Wilson, or "Don Benito" as he was almost universally and affectionately known among the native Californians. A man of brave and adventurous spirit, who dealt justly and walked uprightly throughout the entire course of his romantic and richly varied life, B. D. Wilson might well be selected as an example of the most admirable type of manhood bred on the western border in the period immediately preceding the Mexican War. He lived through stirring times in the history of California and contributed abundantly to the making of the state.

The manuscript here published for the first time in any permanent form, was dictated by Mr. Wilson at the request of Hubert Howe Bancroft in 1877. Only a few months later Mr. Wilson died. For permission to publish the narrative I am deeply indebted to the daughter of Mr. Wilson, Mrs. George S. Patton of San Marino, and to the Huntington Library and Art Gallery which possesses a photostat copy of the manuscript. It will be found that Mr. Wilson makes a few far from flattering statements regarding certain of his contemporaries, notably John C. Frémont and Henry Dalton. These strictures represented of course only Mr. Wilson's personal opinion and should be accepted merely as such. In the text below the typographical errors in the manuscript have been corrected and the punctuation somewhat modernized.]

I, Benjamin David Wilson, of Nashville, Tennessee, born December 1, 1811. My father was born in a Fort in the Territory of Tennessee in 1772, in what is now Wilson County. He died when I was eight years old, having lost by bad speculation, his fortune which left his family poor.

We, however, were assisted to some education by our grandfather. When I was about fifteen years of age, I went into business for myself at Yazoo City, on the Yazoo River above Vicksburg, where I kept a little trading house, to do business with the Choctaro and Chickasaw

Indians. My health entirely broke down, and I was told by physicians I could not live in that country, must either leave or die. Went then up the Arkansas River to Fort Smith, an outer post then of the country. The Company I was to join did not go, for the reason that the River did not rise in time. From there I went to Missouri, joined the Rocky Mountain Company, and crossed the plains with them. Nothing worthy of mention occurred until we reached Santa Fé, in the fall of 1833.

Being without money, I joined a trapping party, to go and trap in the Gila and Apache country for beaver. The first year there was no event worthy of record, except that we were quite successful; explored the Gila River and returned to Santa Fé, in the spring of 1835. Refitted and returned at the head of a small company formed by myself.

I will now relate events connected with this expedition, and its results. The Apaches up to this time had been extremely kind and friendly to the Americans, but owing to bad treatment of their Chief Juan José, by the Mexicans, there was a deadly hostility existing between them, the Apaches and Mexicans, which has lasted to the present day. Juan José was educated originally for the Church, and could read and write, and keep accounts, etc. He was really quite an educated man. The Mexicans murdered his father, which prompted him to leave the whites, and place himself at the head of his people, and wage war against the Mexicans. But his relations with the Americans, both traders and hunters were of the most friendly character, and he never lost an opportunity to show them his friendship. Whenever by any mistake any animals belonging to American parties were stolen by Apaches, Juan José would have them returned to the owners.

There was an American by the name of James Johnson, living and married to a native woman in Oposura, who had during several years, been trading between that country and New Mexico, and had thus secured himself quite a competency; he had been invariably an object of friendly regard from the Apaches, and occasionally when some of his stock had been by mistake captured, the same had been returned to him. Indeed, Juan José desired to maintain the best of friendly, as well as uninterrupted trading relations with American hunters and traders. The Mexican Governor of Sonora was exceedingly anxious to secure the capture and destruction of Juan José, who had become a terror to the Mexicans; he would send out his men and intercept

despatches, and thus keep himself well posted as to the movements of his enemies.

During the two years that I was in that country, Juan José was frequently in our camp and had mails brought to him to read which had been captured by his men. We thus became informed of the military movements contemplated by the Mexican Government. That Government would not give permission to Americans to trade or trap in their territory, we were there as interlopers, and smugglers, and would have fared badly had we fallen into the hands of their forces. Juan José's friendship was in every way valuable to us. Returning to my story, the Governor of Sonora, made an arrangement or promise with James Johnson to kill Juan José whenever the opportunity occurred for doing so, as it was frequent for Juan José and his men to visit Johnson's camp. It was well known to the Governor that the Apaches were friendly to Johnson and all Americans. Of course it was left to Johnson to effect Juan José's destruction in his own way.

Juan José was generally hovering on the frontier with a small force of reliable young warriors of about twenty or thirty. Juan José was known to be a fighting man, his people deemed him too valuable to allow him to expose his person in battle.

All those Gila Apaches had been Mission Indians during the Spanish occupation; after the Mexican independence, the country became disorganized and the frontier Mexicans treated these Indians so badly without any effort being made by the Government for their protection, that they rebelled and from that time kept up a warfare against everything that bore the name of Mexican. They were a civilized people, and indeed, many of them could not speak Apache, and felt a strong contempt for the wild tribes of Apaches, known under the names of Coyoteros, Mezcaleros and Jicarillas. The necessities of the war have since made them more friendly, and to intermarry with the others.

There was a party under Eames from Missouri that had gone to Sonora to purchase mules, taking with them William Knight (the same man who gave names to "Knight's Ferry" and "Knight's Landing," on the Sacramento) to act as their guide and interpreter. The party consisted of ten or twelve men. They were unsuccessful in their expedition, could find no mules as the Apaches had stripped the whole country.

They were returning to New Mexico, and took the route suggested to them by James Johnson as the nearest one through the Apache country, assuring them that there was not the slightest danger from those Indians. Johnson concocted the plan of murdering Juan José with a man by the name of Gleason or Glisson, who also resided at that time in Oposura. Johnson availed himself of Eames party who were entirely unconscious of the plot to carry out Johnson's plans. All started together, Johnson being the guide. Some days out from Oposura, near the Gila River, they met Juan José who had heard of their coming and also the arrangement between the Governor and Johnson, which he had obtained through some intercepted despatches, but gave no credence to the report, as he could not believe that Johnson, whose friend he had ever been, could possibly entertain any project against his life.

In the Camp he told Johnson what he had learned, and the latter of course assured him there was no foundation for the report. Juan José then said to him, "Don Santiago, you have never deceived me, and if you give me your word of honor that the report is false, come to my camp with your men, and pass the night with us."

Johnson repeated his assurance, and all went to Juan José's camp. After arriving there, Johnson said to the Chief that he had a sack of pinole to give to the women and children; the sack was taken out that same evening, and Juan José ordered a man to attend to the distribution of the pinole. But all the men, women and children collected around the sack. This was a part of Johnson's plan. Johnson had a blunderbuss secured under an *aparejo*, which had been brought on mule back. The weapon was loaded with balls, chains, etc. Whilst the pinole was being distributed, Gleason had invited Juan José to walk out to where the latter's fine saddle mule was tied, with the pretext that he wanted to buy the mule.

The plan of Johnson and Gleason was that the former would fire the blunderbuss into the crowd, and Gleason was to shoot Juan José at the same time with a pistol. This hellish plot was carried out to the letter; the blunderbuss was fired into the crowd, killing and maiming many. Gleason shot at Juan José, but did not kill him; the latter cried out to his friend Don Santiago to come to his aid, and clenched Gleason and had him down with a knife drawn, when Johnson approaching, Juan José told him in Spanish, "For God's sake,

save my life; I could kill your friend, but I don't want to do it." Johnson's only reply was to shoot Juan José whilst he was over Gleason, with his knife drawn. Juan José fell dead on Gleason. Thus perished that fine specimen of a man.

I knew the man well, and can vouch for the fact that he was a perfect gentleman, as well as a kind-hearted one.

After that occurrence, the party had to keep together, and fight their way back, for the Indians, by smoke and other means, had got together a large party and pursued them. Whilst that villainous act of Johnson and his accomplice was taking place, I and my party were camped some thirty miles from Juan José's camp on the Gila River and about forty miles from Charles Kemp and his party of trappers, who were below me on the Gila.

After the Indians fought Johnson's party into Oposura, they went to Kemp's camp, and killed every one of the party, twenty-two in number. I was on the march returning into Santa Fé, entirely ignorant of what had been taking place, my object being to intercept East of the settlement of New Mexico, the caravan bound to Missouri.

When we arrived at the trail, discovered that the caravan had passed there two days before. We then started with the view of overtaking them by forced marches, but were intercepted by a party of Apaches, and taken prisoners, everything we had being taken from us.

We were marched to the Apache camp; there we were given to understand that something terrible had happened between the Apaches and Americans, and that the young warriors were determined to sacrifice us. We expressed our astonishment at the changed conduct of the Apaches, from whom we had ever before received so many evidences of friendly feeling.

That party did not seem to be fully informed of the causes of the change of feeling. In camp that night, the Indians kept up a war dance, to the East of the wigwam where the Chief Mangas kept us confined. That old Chief was opposed to our being sacrificed, as he said that he had received many favors from Americans, and believed it was to the interest of his people to keep up the amicable relations existing till that time.

Our party was at this moment reduced to only three; originally there were six, the rest having managed to steal off and reached the settlements with some of the property, leaving the balance in our hands

to be turned over to their friends in Missouri; of course, that was before we were captured.

Mangas had told us that he had been doing his best to dissuade his men from destroying us, but unsuccessfully; finally, at a late hour of the night, Mangas came in greatly excited, and said he had to return to his warriors and one of us must leave, as it was the only way he could save the others. I asked my men what we should do; one, named Maxwell, had a sprained ankle, and could not walk, the other, named Tucker, was a kind of invalid and replied that if he was to die, it would be as well to die there as he could not possibly get into the settlements distant one hundred and fifty miles on foot, so it was concluded that I should go and that forthwith, because from the Chief's intimation, the warriors were coming in a few minutes to take us out and burn us alive, for which they had been already preparing the wood.

I caught up a small buffalo robe, threw it over my shoulders (the Indians had stripped us of all clothing), and left.

The camp was situated at the base of a little stony mountain on the prairie. I started up the hill and had not been out but a few moments, when I could hear a general turmoil in the camp, and the whole country soon swarmed with horsemen who had started in all directions in pursuit of me. I heard them in my rear, and crept into a rent in some large rocks where I remained perfectly still till they passed me and I heard them all going back to their camp. The mountain was about twenty miles from a deep canyon, the only hiding place in all the country.

I had therefore to get into the canyon before daylight, for in that plain a man could be seen from the hill in the daylight, at a distance of twenty miles in all directions.

I ran and walked as hard as I could, and succeeded in getting into the canyon, just as the day was breaking; got on the ledge and sat down to rest before hiding myself.

As I expected, at daylight, the plains were full of horsemen. I slid down into the deep chasm or cut, among the vines and brush, and remained there all day without food, and what was worse, had the prospect before me of over one hundred miles to march without nourishment. The next night also was a perilous one, having thirty miles of prairie to cross, before I could get into the next hiding place. That

night I walked the thirty miles and got into the spur of the Rocky Mountains, travelled until daylight, rested awhile and went on in a fine looking country. I travelled all that day, and kept on after taking a little rest during the night, and when near daylight on that third night, I unexpectedly arrived at a sheep ranch that I knew nothing of.

I there got some mutton and "atole." My shoes were entirely worn out, my feet bleeding. Stayed there the whole day with the herder, who had the kindness to make me a pair of moccasins out of some untanned sheep skins with the wool on them. Continued my journey until I reached the settlements, at a place called Mono, procured a pair of shoes and some food.

Finally I walked in about three or four days' time, the one hundred miles or upwards, intervening between that place and Santa Fé, where I arrived without money, clothing or friends, not even an acquaintance, and perfectly worn out. Two days after, news arrived of the disaster to a party of Americans, known at that time as the Keykendall party (pronounced Kurkindall) about one hundred and fifty miles south of Santa Fé, on the El Paso road, at a place called Point of Rocks. Someone approached me, inquiring who and what I was, and upon giving him the required information, he told me they were seeking for someone to go out to the place of disaster, with a party of men, bury the dead and do anything that circumstances might call for.

I offered my services, provided they would give me a suit of clothes and an animal to ride. Started same evening; three or four Americans accompanied me. We had letters from the Governor of Santa Fé to the Alcaldes *rio abajo* to furnish us all the men we might need. Reached the scene of the disaster and found twelve dead bodies in a state of decomposition; dug a large pit and deposited the bodies therein. Found many burnt wagons, but nothing of any value. Returned to Santa Fé, and made report. I had not been back many days when a merchant offered me a clerkship in his store, with wages at $25.00 per month and edibles, which I had to cook myself. Remained with him only three or four months.

Whilst I was there, Dr. Gregg (afterwards the author of a work on the prairies) arrived with a large quantity of merchandise; wishing to pass on with a portion of his goods to Chihuahua, he engaged me

to take charge of the rest of his goods. I attended to all his business to his satisfaction.

This now brings us to the winter of 1836-7. About this time, Mr. Eames and his party arrived from Oposura, and remained in Santa Fé over the winter. Eames lived with me during that time; he related to me all that passed in connection with Juan José's murder. Johnson met with the retribution that his crime deserved; he received no reward from the Mexican Government. Oposura was besieged by the Apaches so effectively that he could do no business whatever; had to sell his property, left his family there and escaped.

He came to California, lived in great poverty, and died near Gilroy some years later. I never met him in California, nor did I wish to come again in contact with such a wretch.

His act of treachery caused the destruction of a large number of Americans, and the Apache war has continued from that day to this. Eames' arrival in Santa Fé brought us the first full information as to the cause of my own, Kemp's and Keykendall's disaster.

My two men, Maxwell and Tucker, were not killed; they got away, but I never saw them again. I learned that Tucker died some years later; I also learned that Mangas, the Chief, had a row with his people, who broke his arm. He frequently visited me in Santa Fé afterwards, and in consideration of his services to me and my companions, was a pensioner of mine.

Myself and expedition, six men all told, once found ourselves absolutely without anything to eat, the only result to us was great weakness. On the evening of the sixth day, getting off our mules we felt so weak that we became very much alarmed about our condition, so I had no other recourse but to shoot dead my faithful mule that I had ridden over a thousand miles, it being the only animal that showed any flesh. I feel sorry about that mule yet, the killing of which occurred some forty-two years ago.

On our return, as before mentioned, to intercept the Mission caravan, after crossing the Del Norte, at the head of Jomacta going eastward to the River Pecos, we had the misfortune to find no water till the fifth day at night. On the fourth day, crossing an arid sandy plain leading North to South, between two parallel mountains, we saw to the North of us in the midst of this plain, a large building which encouraged us to believe that our water trouble was at an end. We

went to the building and found it to be a large Church. On the northern side of the building saw evidences that there had been on that site a very large town. The Church itself was built of stone, and stood almost in a perfect state of preservation, while all the other buildings had decayed. We spent the whole day looking for water without any success. Just at night I discovered on the eastern side what satisfied me were the remnants of a concrete aqueduct; camped there that night; next morning endeavored to trace the aqueduct, which led easterly to a mountain range. Spent the whole day in tracing it to ascertain which was the gorge it entered, believing we should find water there. Our hopes were gratified, and our terrific sufferings ended. I had already had the experience of six days without food, and one of five without water, and state the suffering caused by the former bears no comparison with that of the latter. No living man unless he has had the opportunity of feeling it or seeing it with his own eyes, could realize how much flesh a man may lose in five days without water. Every joint in our bodies ached, our eyes sunk in our heads as if we had been dead a week, and the bones seemed to be pushing through the skin. After my return to Santa Fé, I narrated our discovery of that building; there some enthusiastic men went in search of it; they called it the Grand Quivera. Those men dug for treasure and reported that they had discovered some five miles from the buildings, a place where extensive mining operations had been carried on by some civilized people, yet the best informed of the Mexicans could give us no information on the matter. The whole thing was involved in mystery.

I forgot to mention while speaking of my first expedition to the Gila country under Keiker, a remarkable place some twelve miles from where the Little Red River (Colorado Chiquita) leaves the mountains; there was a village built on a sugar loaf like mound, near the banks of the River, which left on the mind the impression that the mound was made by human hands, as it was entirely alone in a perfectly plain country within the bounds of what had been an extensively cultivated field. The *zanja madre*, or main ditch, some ten or fifteen miles in length, was plainly visible, covering a plot of ground some one thousand acres, as near as I could judge, the *regaderos* or cross ditches were also clearly seen. In the mound several feet above the base was a row of buildings, or rather rooms, in a perfect

state of preservation, and the rooms seemed to serve as the roofing. In the rooms we found a great quantity of dried corn cobs. About two miles easterly some spurs of the Sierra Madre project, and are pretty much covered with junipers, and other cedars, the soil of a very red sticky clay.

At the foot of these hills, our mule herders found a quantity of stonelike bullets of about the average musket ball size; they brought them to us, saying that there were very large quantities of the same kind. Our curiosity led us to go and examine them for ourselves. We thought there must be wagon loads of such bullets, so great was the quantity strewn upon the ground. We were thoroughly convinced that those bullets were the work of men, as many bore the appearance of having been moulded with the necks still on. My impression is that they were moulded from red clay, and age had petrified them.

I leave a wiser man to explain.

I deem it proper to record, now that I remember it, some additional names of the parties that crossed from New Mexico with us, which were omitted in speaking of our journey to California. Dr. J. H. Lyman, of Northhampton, Mass. He stayed in California about eighteen months, returned home and married. I saw him some three months since; he now resides in San Francisco. He brought with him his family, one member of which I saw, who is also a physician. On the River Sevier, in Utah Territory, Dr. Lyman and myself had stopped behind the train to fish; it was in the evening, the Doctor being with his hook and line in the water, the fish biting very well. He spoke to me that a very large fish had bit at his hook and got off. Just as he was talking a ball from an Indian gun struck the ground near him; he remarked very coolly, "That fellow can't hit me, so therefore I will stay and get this fish before I leave," and he did so.

Dr. Mead had been a practicing physician in the West India Islands and afterwards became a Bishop of one of the Protestant denominations. He was a Virginian; on his arrival in California after a sojourn of several months, he succeeded in obtaining a passage to China, where he wished to go, I believe, on a man of war. Doctor Campbell was an ornithologist. He was a very young man at that time, but made himself, by his collection on that trip and in California, quite an enviable reputation.

He has since become a distinguished man among scientists. He was

from Philadelphia, on a scientific expedition from some society. John Behn, a German, who afterwards married in this district, where he lived many years. He died some eight or ten years since, leaving several children. Michael White, my neighbor now, an Englishman by birth, and originally a sailor, had lived and been married in California before, and had a family; he was a man of roving disposition. —— Loomes, who died a few years since, lived as a rancher on the Sacramento, near Colusa, for many years; a very respectable man.

Daniel Sexton, from Arkansas, who now lives in San Bernardino County; John Reed from Missouri, who was married in New Mexico to a daughter of Mr. John Rowland, died a few years ago, leaving only his wife, who still lives on the La Puente Ranch.

There were others whose names I don't remember. They scattered over the country and never made any mark.

In 1837, there was a great revolution in Santa Fé; the Governor, Alvino Perez, and all his officers, and every other respectable man that had in any way been connected with the Governor, were killed. Armijo, who had until that time been merely a successful sheep-man, headed the Pueblo Indians, and the New Mexican rabble, and made that revolution. After Governor Perez, the three Obica brothers, and the rest had been murdered, the rebels went through the City with the murdered men's heads stuck on pikes, and crying, "Death to the Americans!" "Death to the Gringos!" There were besides myself, about six Americans (the deceased Major Samuel Hensley, was one of them). We shut ourselves up and remained so for six days, till the riot was over.

The rioters tried to get into our store, but the old Indian Chief, Pedro Leon, who was at the head of the Pueblo Indians, and was acquainted with me, saved us by declaring to the others that we were not in the store, so they all went away.

That time I did really expect that our life was not worth the purchase. Armijo, as soon as the rabble dispersed to their homes and the Territory was left entirely disorganized and without a government, issued a call for the leaders to hold a convention in Santa Fé, and on their arrival there from all parts of the Territory, he had a squad of his own satellites arrest the leading men, thirty-two in number, marched them back on the hill behind the public square of Santa Fé, and the next morning had them all shot. After that he declared him-

self loyal to the Mexican Government, and soon his commission as Governor of the Territory arrived. He was the man who, in 1841, captured Col. Cook and his company, one of whom was Mr. Geo. Wilkins Kendall, one of the editors of the New Orleans Picayune.

The fellow who betrayed the Cook party received no other compensation from Armijo than a few hundred dollars, and a peremptory order to leave the Territory. Armijo had promised to reward him with an office in the Custom House, but afterwards told him that he could not trust a man who had been a traitor to his own people. This I learned afterwards, from a source entirely reliable, Mr. John Rowland, who had obtained the facts from Armijo's own lips. Rowland died here in Southern California a few years ago at the Puente Ranch which he owned.

I remained in charge of Dr. Gregg's business some two years, and then brought out the remainder of the goods, and remained in Santa Fé till the fall of 1841. Mr. John Rowland and William Workman, who were old residents of that country at Taos, and had been in correspondence with prominent parties in Texas, learned that a party or expedition was being fitted out to come and take New Mexico as a part of Texas. They were convinced that the plan might succeed, but, in the meantime, prominent foreigners in New Mexico would probably be sacrificed to the fury of the Mexicans. As it was, Armijo had information that the Texans were coming. This was in the summer of 1841.

It was even whispered that we were in correspondence with the Texans. One day that Armijo was haranging his rabble to rise to a man and meet the foreigners who were coming to destroy their customs and religion, an American French Creole from near St. Louis, who was a bold gambler, named Tiboux, made some insulting remarks in a stentorious voice. This came very near being the destruction of all of us, for the whole wave of the rabble moved toward us, but fortunately Armijo called them back, promising to punish the offender; however, he was not found out, and came out to California with us in the fall. Under the circumstances, Rowland, Workman and myself, together with about twenty other Americans, including William Gordon, and William Knight, concluded it was not safe for us to remain longer in New Mexico.

We formed a party and were joined by a large number of New Mex-

icans. In the first week in September, 1841, we started from our rendezvous in the most western part of New Mexico, a place called "Abiqui," for California, we met with no accidents on the journey, drove sheep with us, which served us as food, and arrived in Los Angeles early in November of the same year.

As far as I am able to judge, Rowland, Workman, Gordon and Knight, and most of the foreigners of our party came here with the intention of settling. I had no such idea; my plan was to go to China, and from thence return home. But after three different journeys to San Francisco, in search of a ship to go to China, I arrived at the conclusion that there would be no chance for carrying out my original intention, and so I finally purchased a Ranch in 1843, called the Jurupa, and stocked it with cattle. That place is now Riverside. In the spring of 1842, Mr. Rowland and myself went to Monterey to see Governor Alvarado.

Mr. Rowland had obtained from the priest at San Gabriel, and from the Prefect of the Second District, certificates stating that there was no objection to the granting to Messrs. Rowland and Workman, the Ranch of La Puente, which they had petitioned for, as such grant would not be prejudicial to the Neophytes.

Upon the presentation of the documents to the Governor the grant was made to the petitioners, who were entitled to the privilege under Mexican law, being married to Mexican wives, natives of New Mexico, and having made application for Mexican citizenship.

I never got any grant of land, as I would not apply for Mexican citizenship. The Jurupa Ranch I bought from Don Juan Bandini. I am under the impression that the law did not forbid the owning of land by a foreigner, provided it was at a certain distance from the sea coast. I am not sure whether it was from twenty to twenty-five miles. This was either a law or regulation issued by the Supreme Authority of Mexico.

After many unsuccessful efforts to leave California, and receiving so much kindness from the native Californians, I arrived at the conclusion that there was no place in the world where I could enjoy more true happiness, and true friendship, than among them. There were no courts, no juries, no lawyers, nor any need for them. The people were honest and hospitable, and their word was as good as their bond; indeed, bonds and notes of hand were entirely unknown among the

natives. So, as I said, I settled upon the Ranch, and led a ranchero's life for some years.

In 1844, I married Ramona Yorba, a daughter of Don Bernard Yorba, one of the owners of the Santa Ana Ranch, which had about thirty leagues of land. No event of any serious import occurred in my rancher's life, except the following: In the fall of 1844, my ranchman reported that a large bear had been close to the ranch house and killed one of our best milk cows.

I took an American named Evan Callaghan with me, and went to hunt for the grizzly. We separated, he went one path, and I went by the one leading from the cow's carcass, followed the track a few hundred yards, and it went under an elder bush, covered with wild vines. Thinking the bear had passed out on the other side and going around the bush myself, I became entangled in another bush, in that condition the bear rushed from under his cover and bounded on behind me, bringing both the horse and myself to the ground; he bit me on the right shoulder into the lung, and once in the left hip. By this time my dogs came up and the bear left me, a vaquero was coming to me when I managed to get up, and walked a few steps into an open space. I told the vaquero to take the saddle and bridle off the horse, as I supposed it was dead, but when the vaquero approached the horse, he raised his head, looked around, sprung to his feet, and ran home at full gallop with the saddle and bridle. Upon examination he was found entirely unharmed; his instinct had told him to feign death as long as he thought the bear was thereabouts.

It is well known that the bear is not a carrion beast. I was carried home and laid upon a blanket, where I bled so that I lost my sight and speech, though I still retained the power of my senses. A few native Californian women came to my assistance, and by their judicious nursing, I was soon on my feet again. But I still carry on my shoulder the marks of that bear's tusks, in the form of a large hole, which can hold a walnut.

The bear in question remained on the ranch, killing cattle almost every night. As soon as I felt myself able to move around, I advised my vaquero to kill a calf, and drag it through the bush near where the bear lurked, and leave it under a certain sycamore tree. I then took a servant with me, both well armed, and repaired to the tree; at the approach of dark the bear made his appearance and commenced

eating the calf; myself and man both fired at him out of the tree, and both hit him; the bear made three attempts to climb to us, but my man's shot crippled one of his hind legs, my shot having struck him through the ribs behind the shoulder. He went away, and we returned to the house. The next morning I called all the neighbors, servants and dogs and everyone that I could find and went to hunt that bear. We trailed him to a marsh after diligent search for him, and almost despairing of finding him, my attention was called to a hole in the mud no larger than a blackbird; when I became satisfied it was the bear's nose, I got off my horse to give him a deadly shot in the head, when he jumped out with the rapidity of lightning, and made for me, who stood about twenty feet from him; he came very near catching me a second time; a general flight followed, when the beast was finally put to death.

I have mentioned this part of the occurrence to corroborate what I have been told by others, that bears have the sagacity to seek the healing of their wounds with application of mud.

In 1845, about July or August, the Mojave and other Indians were constantly raiding upon the ranches in this part of the country, and at the request of the Governor, Don Pio Pico, who had promised me a force of eighty well mounted men, well armed, I took command of an expedition to go in pursuit of the Indians.

I organized the expedition in San Bernardino, sent the pack train and soldiers (less twenty-two which I retained with me) through the Cajon Pass, myself and twenty-two went up the San Bernardino River through the mountains, and crossed over to what is now Bear Lake. Before arriving at the Lake we captured a village the people of which had all left, except two old women and some children. On the evening of the second day we arrived at the Lake, the whole Lake and swamp seemed alive with bear.

The twenty-two Californians went out in pairs, and each pair lassoed one bear, and brought the result to the camp, so that we had at one and the same time eleven bears. This prompted me to give the Lake the name it now bears.

Pursued our course down the Mojave River, before we met the balance of the command. Then all together marched down some four days. I was in advance with one companion some two or three miles, with a view of looking for signs of Indians.

I saw ahead of us four Indians on the path coming towards us; noticing that they had not seen us, I went down into the River bed, and continued on my course until a point was reached that I supposed was opposite to where they would be, and then went up on the bank again. My calculation was correct; the Indians were right opposite on the plain, and I rode towards them, I spoke to them and they answered in a very friendly manner.

My object was not to kill them, but to take them prisoners that they might give me information on the points I desired.

The leading men of the four happened to be the very men of all others I was seeking for, viz., the famous marauder Joaquin who had been raised as a page of the Church, in San Gabriel Mission, and for his depredations, and outlawing, bore on his person the mark of the Mission, that is, one of his ears cropped off, and the iron brand on his lip. This is the only instance I ever saw or heard of this kind. That marking had not been done at the Mission, but at one of its ranches (El Chino) by the Majordomo.

I entered into conversation with Joaquin; the command was coming on, and he then became convinced that we were on a campaign against him and his people. It was evident before, that he had taken me for a traveller. Immediately that he discovered the true state of things, he whipped from his quiver an arrow, strung it on his bow, and left nothing for me to do but to shoot him in self defense; we both discharged out weapons at the same time; I had no chance to raise the gun to my shoulder, but fired it from my hand; his shot took effect in my right shoulder, and mine in his heart.

The shock of his arrow in my shoulder caused me to involuntarily let my gun drop. My shot knocked him down disabled, but he discharged at me a tirade of abuse in the Spanish language, such as I had never heard surpassed. I was on mule back, got down to pick up my gun, by this time my command arrived at the spot. The other three Indians were making off out over the plains. I ordered my man to capture them alive, but the Indians resisted stoutly, refused to the last to surrender, wounded several of our horses, and two or three men, and had to be killed.

Those three men actually fought eighty men in open plain till they were put to death. During the fight Joaquin laid on the ground uttering curses and abuse against the Spanish race and people; I discovered

that I was shot with a poisoned arrow, rode down some five hundred yards to the River, and some of my men on returning and finding that Joaquin was not dead, finished him. I had to proceed immediately to the care of my wound.

There was with me a Comanche Indian, a trusty man, who had accompanied me from New Mexico to California. The only remedy we knew of was the sucking of the poison with the mouth out of the wound. Indeed, there is no other remedy known, even now. I have frequently seen the Indians preparing the poison, and it is nothing more than putrid meat or liver and blood, which they dried into thin sticks, and carry in leather sheaths.

When they went on hunting or campaigning expeditions they repeatedly wetted their arrows with the stick; when it was too dry, they softened it by holding it near the fire a little while.

By the time I got to the River, my arm and shoulder were immensely swollen; at once my faithful Comanche, Lorenzo Trujillo, applied himself to sucking the wound, which was extremely painful. He soon began reducing the swelling, and in the course of three or four days, it had entirely disappeared, and the wound in a fair way of healing. It never gave me any trouble after, although there was left in the flesh a small piece of flint, which I still carry to this day. As I was unable to travel while the wound was healing, I kept with me five men of the command, and ordered the rest to proceed down the River on the campaign, till they found the Indians, they went under command of my second, Enrique Avila, a native Californian and resident of Los Angeles.

After an absence of over two days, they returned to my camp and reported that about ten leagues below the camp they had struck a fresh trail of Indians, pursuing it up a rocky mountain, found the Indians fortified in the rocks, attacked them a whole day and finally were obliged to leave the Indians in their position, and come away with several men badly wounded.

I had to abandon the campaign, as besides the wounded men, the command had all their horses worn out. On the return, by the way of Bear Lake, the same twenty-two men that went with me to that Lake, repeated the feat of bringing eleven bears to camp, making twenty-two killed on the trip. We all returned and had our rendezvous at my Ranch of Jurupa, to refit with new horses, provisions, etc.,

for another campaign. Some twenty of these men for wounds or other causes, left and the command was reduced to about sixty.

Our march this time was through the San Gorgonio Pass, where the railroad now runs, down into the Cahuilla country, our object being this time to capture two renegade San Gabriel neophytes, who had taken up their residence among the Cahuillas, and corrupted many of the young men of that tribe, with whom they carried on a constant depredation on the ranchmen of this district.

Nothing of note occurred on our journey till we arrived at the head of the desert, in the place called Aqua Caliente (Hot Springs). We were there met by the Chief of the Cahuillas, whose name was Cabezón (Big Head), with about twenty of his picked followers, to remonstrate against our going upon a campaign against his people, for he had ever been good and friendly to the whites. I made known to him that I had no desire to wage war on the Cahuillas, as I knew them to be what he said of them, but that I had come with the determination of seizing the two renegade Christians, who were continually depredating on our people. He then tried to frighten me out of the notion of going into his country, alleging that it was sterile, and devoid of grass and water and that ourselves and our horses would perish there. I replied that I had long experience in that sort of life, and was satisfied that a white man could go wherever an Indian could go. I cut the argument short by placing the Chief and his party under arrest, and taking away their arms. He became very much alarmed, cried and begged of me not to arrest him, as he had always been a good man.

I assured him that I would avoid, if possible, doing him or his people any harm, but I had duties to perform, and I intended carrying them out in my own way. I then sternly remarked to him, there were but two ways to settle the matter; one was for me to march forward with my command, looking upon the Indians I met as enemies, till I got hold of the two Christians; the other was for him to detach some of his trusty men, and bring the two robbers dead or alive to my camp. He again protested, but when he saw that I was on the point of marching forward, he called me to him, and said that he and his men had held counsel together and that if I would release his brother Adam and some twelve more of his people whom he pointed out, himself and six or seven more remaining as hostages, Adam would

bring those malefactors to me, if I would wait where we then had our camp. I at once acceded to his petition, released Adam and the other twelve and let them have their arms.

I told them to go on their errand, first asking how many days they would require to accomplish it. They asked for two days and nights. We stayed there that night, and all the next day with the most oppressive heat I had ever experienced; it was so hot that we could not sit down, but had to stand up and fan ourselves with our hats, the ground would burn us when we attempted to sit.

Late the following night, the Chief called me and asked me to put my ear to the ground, stating that he heard a noise as if men were coming. I did as he desired and heard a rumbling noise which at every moment became clearer. In the course of an hour, we could begin to hear voices, and the old Chief remarked to me with much satisfaction, that it was all right, he could tell by the singing of his men that they had been successful in their errand. I ordered thirty of my men to mount their horses, and go to meet them to see if all was right, as it was possible those Indians were coming with hostile views.

In due time, horsemen came back and reported that they believed all was right. I then had my men under arms, and waited the arrival of the party, which consisted of forty or fifty warriors. Adam ordered the party to halt some four hundred yards from my camp, himself and another companion advancing, each one carrying the head of one of the malefactors, which they threw at my feet, with evident marks of pleasure at the successful results of their expedition; Adam at the same time showing me an arrow in one of his thighs, which he had received in the skirmish that took place against those two Christians and their friends. Several others had been wounded, but none killed except the two renegade Christians.

By this time day was breaking, and we started on our return. The campaign being at an end, I left the Indians with the two heads at Aqua Caliente, after giving them all our spare rations, which were very considerable, as they had been prepared in the expectation of a long campaign.

After we reached our homes and dispersed, there arrived in my Ranch of Jurupa some ten or twelve American trappers (it was in the same summer), I related to them how our campaign ended down the Mojave, with the defeat of my force.

They manifested a strong desire to accompany me back there. The Chief of that party was Van Duzen. I at once wrote to my old friend and companion, Don Enrique Avila, to ask him if he would join me with ten picked men, and renew our campaign down the River Mojave. He answered that he would do so, *con mucho gusto*. He came forthwith and we started for the trip, twenty-one strong.

Some seven or eight days after we reached the field of operations, myself and Avila being in advance, we descried an Indian village. I at once directed my men to divide into two parties, to surround and attack the village; we did it successfully, but as on the former occasion the men in the place would not surrender, and on my endeavoring to persuade them to give up, they shot one of my men, Evan Callaghan (mentioned before) in the back.

I thought he was mortally wounded, and commanded my men to fire, the fire was kept up until every Indian man was slain.

We took the women and children prisoners. While the fighting had been going on, a sad accident occurred between the two Mexican servants that had charge of the pack train and loose animals. My servant had my double barreled gun, that I had given him to carry. He had handed it to the other man to hold, while he was righting a pack mule, but hearing our firing he demanded of the other man to hand him the gun, which the latter declined; both men were on horseback; my man grabbed the gun and the other punched back at him with the breach, the hammer of the lock struck my man on the forehead just above the eye; the gun went off shooting the man that held it, and the two ball charges entered his body just below the heart, and he died in a few hours.

After burying the dead man, we found that we had to remain encamped there all night, owing to the suffering of our wounded, Evan Callaghan. Fortunately, the next morning he was able to travel and we marched on our return home, bringing with us the captured Indian women and children. We found that these women could speak Spanish very well, and had also been neophytes, and that the men we had killed, had been the same who had defeated my command the first time, and were likewise Mission Indians.

We turned the women and children over to the Mission San Gabriel where they remained. Those three short campaigns left our district wholly free from Indian depredations till after the change of Government.

I will now relate the part I acted in the campaign between the Micheltorena and California parties in 1845.

General Micheltorena's officers and men were all well known to the people of Los Angeles, for they had been here several months before they went up to Monterey. Whilst Micheltorena, and a few of his officers were unobjectionable men, there were at the time a majority, much the larger number of them, who were a disgrace to any civilization.

They had made themselves obnoxious by their thefts, and other outrages of a most hideous nature. Hence, when it was announced that a revolution had broken out in the North against Micheltorena and his rabble, and that they were on their way here in pursuit of the California Revolutionists, all classes joined the movement with great alacrity, to get the country rid of what was considered a great scourge.

I was on my Ranch of Jurupa at the time, in the early part of 1845. I had been for several years, and still was, acting as the Alcalde of the district. I had at first refused to accept the duties; not being a citizen of Mexico, I was not obliged to perform municipal duties, but at the request of friends and for the defense of my own interests, I had finally consented to act, and was acting as such Alcalde when an order came to me from the Prefect of the District (I think it was Abel Stearns), to summon every man capable of bearing arms in my district, and to gather every man I could find on my way into Los Angeles. I obeyed, and arrived as early as possible with some twenty or thirty men, and found on my arrival in the town great excitement, almost every man I knew, among them John Rowland and William Workman of La Puente, were armed and determined to do everything in his power to prevent Micheltorena and his scum from entering Los Angeles. All provisions were made, and ammunition prepared that night for us to march out early the next morning.

Accordingly, we did all leave the town for the Cahuenga Valley. Mr. Workman had some Americans under him. We joined our forces without regard to who commanded; our joint force of foreigners, then consisted of about fifty men, determined to give the enemy a regular mountaineer reception. Although José Castro was ostensibly the Commanding General of the forces, the brothers Pico, Governor Pico and Andres, had the actual control of the people of this end of the country. We arrived in the Valley of Cahuenga and Pio Pico heard

that Micheltorena had camped the night before at the Encino, about fifteen miles above.

We took our position and awaited the enemy's arrival; this was about noon. Both parties began firing their cannon at each other as soon as they were in sight. I think that no one was killed or hurt; one horse, I believe had his head shot off. Mr. Workman and myself, having learned that the Americans and other foreigners in the Micheltorena party were commanded by some of our old personal friends, and feeling convinced that they had engaged themselves on that side under misapprehension, or ill advice, and that nothing was wanting but a proper understanding between them and us to make them withdraw from Micheltorena, and join our party, we sent our native Californians to reconnoiter, and ascertain in what part of the field those foreigners were. We soon obtained the desired information of their whereabouts. It was at once decided between Mr. Workman and myself that I was to approach them if possible under a white flag, as I had a personal acquaintance with the leaders, Captain Brandt and Major Banot, who had been an old Army Officer in the United States service, had chief command of the foreign force.

Mr. James McKinley, of Monterey, volunteered to accompany me with a white flag. They were stationed in the same ravine that we were in, but about a mile above us. We succeeded in getting to the point we started for, and raised our white flag, at which time we were fired upon by cannon loaded with grape shot, but no one was hurt, and we had gained our point; the Americans on the other side had seen our flag.

We dropped down immediately into the ravine, and waited awhile for the coming of some one from that side. Brandt, Hensley, John Bidwell and some two or three others came to us. I at once addressed myself to them saying that they were on the wrong side of this question, and made the following statement:

"We in the southern portion of California are settled—many of you are settled and others expect to be settled. This rabble that you are with of Micheltorena's are unfriendly to respectable humanity, and especially to Americans. The native Californians whose side we have espoused, have ever treated us kindly. If the Micheltorena rabble hold their own in this country, that will constitute an element hostile to all enterprises, and most particularly American enterprise."

Captain Brandt remarked that thus far I was right; that he could see the point. But many of his young men that were with him had been induced to join Micheltorena by his promise to give them land, of which many already held deeds, and how would Don Pio Pico feel towards these young men, and their land grants, if they aided to raise him to the position of Governor of California? I replied that in the same morning I had had a talk with Don Pio on this same subject, and that he had said that the thing could be easily arranged.

Furthermore, that Don Pio was there where I could have him advised of what was going on, and he would in a few minutes join us, if these gentlemen desired to see him. I was asked to send for Governor Pico, and he came in a few moments. I knew, and so did Pico, that these land questions were the point with these young Americans before I started on my journey or embassy.

On Don Pio's arrival among us, I in a few words explained to him what the other party had advanced, and he said this:

"Gentlemen, are any of you citizens of Mexico?" They answered, "No." "Then your title deeds given you by Micheltorena are not worth the paper they are written on, and he knew it well when he gave them to you. But if you will abandon the Micheltorena cause, I will give you my word of honor as a gentleman, and that of Don Benito Wilson and Don Julian Workman, to carry out what I promise you, viz.:

"I will protect all and each one of you in the land that you hold now, in quiet and peaceful possession, and promise you further that if you will take the necessary steps to become citizens of Mexico, I under my authority and the laws of Mexico, will issue to your people proper titles."

He also added that they need not hurry themselves to become citizens of Mexico, and he would not disturb them in the possession of their lands; but advised that they should become such citizens, for then their titles would be invulnerable.

I interpreted to them what Pico had said; they bowed and said that was all they asked, and promised not to fire a gun against us; at the same time, expressed the desire of not being asked to fight on our side, as they had marched down with the other party, to which we all assented.

Brandt and his companions returned to their camp. McKinley and myself went to ours and the Governor to his headquarters.

Micheltorena had discovered (how I don't know) that his Americans had abandoned him. He at once, about an hour afterwards, raised his camp, and flanked us by going further into the valley towards San Fernando, marching as though he intended to come around the bend of the River to the City.

The Californians and we the foreigners, at once broke up our camp, came back through the Cahuenga Pass, marched through the gap in the Feliz ranch on to the Los Angeles River, till we came in close proximity to Micheltorena's camp. It was now in the night, as it was dark when we broke up our camp.

Here we waited for daylight, and some of our men commenced maneuvering for a fight with the enemy, when a white flag was discovered flying from Micheltorena's front.

The whole matter then went into the hands of negotiators appointed by both parties, and the terms of surrender were agreed upon, one of which was that Micheltorena and his obnoxious officers and men were to march back up the creek to the Cahuenga Pass, down to the plains west of Los Angeles, the most direct route for San Pedro, and embark at that point on a vessel there anchored to carry them back to Mexico.

After that campaign, we all went home perfectly satisfied with the result.

I returned to my Ranch and devoted myself almost entirely to stock raising till 1846, when war was declared between Mexico and the United States, and Commodore Sloat raised the white [sic] flag over Monterey. But prior to that event, the so-called "Bear Party" seized Sonoma, making prisoners of some of the officers residing there. The news of these events caused general uneasiness in this part of the country. But the excitement here culminated in the summer, when the American forces were reported on the march to Los Angeles. I was still discharging the duties of Alcalde, or Justice of the Peace, in my district, when I received a communication from the Governor, asking my most active cooperation to raise forces wherewith to repel the invaders.

I replied that I most respectfully declined, being an American citizen and not a military man. I was then menaced with arrest, if I did

not comply. I gathered around me about one dozen Americans who had left town when it was unpleasant, and even unsafe, for them to be there at that time. I did say to someone who came to make known to me that I would either have to act or be arrested, I believe it was Felipe Lugo or one of his brothers, that I would not allow myself to be arrested, and sent a message to Governor Pico not to make the attempt to arrest me, for I would reśist. But if he would consider that I was not a Mexican Citizen, nor a man disposed to do military duty, and would allow me to remain quietly on my ranch I would pledge my word to be peaceable and do no act hostile to the country

That pledge of mine seemed to have been satisfactory, as I heard nothing more until Commodore Stockton had arrived,with his squadron in San Pedro Bay, when I received a private friendly note from Governor Pico, requesting me to come and see him, as he was desirous of holding some conversation with me.

I came immediately to Los Angeles, and waited on the Governor, who received me as usual, in the politest and most friendly manner. After the salutations, he said, "My time here as Governor is no doubt very short. You have always been a friend of mine, and are married to a daughter of one of my warmest friends. What can I do for you?" He asked me if there was no tract of land that I would like him to grant me whilst he had, as he thought, the power to do it. I answered laughingly, declining as I was not a citizen, to which he remarked with a laugh, that everyone thought I was, even if I was not. Governor Pico went on to say that tomorrow would probably be his last day; that he was going to leave, for he gave no credence to Castro's assertions of intending to attempt repelling the American forces.

I had frequent interviews with the Governor till the hour he left, and on my taking leave of him he said, with a smile, "You go tomorrow, meet Stockton, wherever he may be, *Y dele muchas saludes de mi parte*, tell him of my intention to abandon the country, and that I hope he will not ill-treat my people." I went the next morning accompanied by John Rowland, and others, to meet Commodore Stockton, to whom I communicated the news that José Castro had broken camp and left, and Governor Pico had departed from Los Angeles intending to make his way to Sonora. When I had given this information to the Commodore, he held in his hand Castro's bombastic proc-

lamation of the previous morning, and requested me to read it to him. I read it, and assured the Commodore it had been issued by Castro to give time for his own leaving. On my way down I was requested by one of the Dominguez to present to the Commodore with his compliments his favorite saddle horse, equipped for the Commodore's personal use, which had been led down by Dominguez's servant. After a short conversation I invited the Commodore to mount his steed, and come with us to the City, assuring him that there would be no danger in his doing so, and his troops might march up at their leisure. We rode into town together and had a pleasant time. His mariners arrived late the same evening. Everything was perfectly quiet, and everybody seemed perfectly satisfied. All knew that Governor Pico and General Castro with a certain number of followers, were on their way out of the country. The natives had dispersed, and retired to their usual avocations.

I remained a few days about the town of Los Angeles visiting the Commodore frequently, and rendering him such friendly services as were in my power. On my last visit to him before leaving for my Ranch, I told him that I had done all I could for him, and must go to look after my private affairs. He answered with some seriousness, laying his hand upon my shoulder (Stockton is a politician as well as a soldier), "I don't think we ought to place too much reliance on Castro's actual leaving for Sonora, he may go to Sonora, or he may only go to the frontier, and await for a rabble of Sonoranians to come back and retake the country, and it is my duty as Commander, and for the interest of this Country, that I should have some one on the frontier watching events." He added that upon inquiry my friends had told him I was the proper man to perform that important service. I replied, assuring him of my willingness to do all in my power to meet his views, but that I was a civilian and did not wish to engage in military service. He laughingly said, "That is nonsense. You have a Ranch on the frontier; there is no other person in whom I can trust, who knows the people or understands their language; therefore accept a Captaincy from me, and make up your own command of as many men as you please." He knew there were many Americans hereabouts that I could bring into service.

I then replied to him that if he would give me his promise verbally that I should not be required to leave this district where my family

and interests were, I would then accept his commission, and do the service he required to the best of my ability. He delivered me the commission, and directed me to stay over another day, and pick up as many men as I could find fit to enlist, and he would assist me. I did remain over, got some fifteen men, and reported to the Commodore. I assured him that I would be able to fill up the camp to at least twenty or thirty men. I left for my Ranch Jurupa with my squad and on the road increased the number to twenty-two.

I did not see the Commodore again till he returned to Los Angeles after the actions of the 8th and 9th of January, 1847.

On my arrival at home I reported that I had availed myself of all information, and learned positively that José Castro had crossed the River at Yuma, with a small squad, and had gone into Sonora. The Commodore answered that he was going to depart, as he did not think there was any danger of disturbances and would leave Lieutenant Gillespie with a small force in Los Angeles to whom I could communicate anything worthy of being reported. I concluded that as there was nothing for me to do around my place and having the men on my hands, I would go further up the frontier and have friendly palavers with some Indians that I knew. I went to the mountain after visiting those Indians and instructed them to keep a lookout, and advise me forthwith if they saw any movements of troops and all about them. We went upon our hunt in the mountains; after a few days hunting and shooting, a messenger arrived with a letter from Mr. David W. Alexander and John Rowland, advising me that they were then on my ranch, having fled from the Pueblo, and from their homes with others, that there was a general revolt of the Californians and Mexicans against Gillespie and all Americans, and that there was the devil to pay generally and to hasten down. I received the information in the evening and started at once. Marched all night and arrived at the Jurupa by daylight. Found there Alexander, Rowland, Rubidoux and others. They verbally detailed all occurrences to the time of their departure from Los Angeles, that Gillespie's course towards the people had been so despotic and in every way unjustifiable, that the people had risen to a man against him. I also had letters from Gillespie summoning me to come as fast as I could to his aid. He had established very obnoxious regulations to annoy the people, and upon frivolous pretexts had most respectable men in the

community arrested and brought before him, for no other purpose than to humiliate them, as they thought. Of the truth of this I had no doubt then, and have none now.

The people had given no just cause for the conduct he pursued, which seemed to be altogether the effect of vanity and want of judgment. When I met Alexander and Rowland, I mentioned the fact that in the mountains we had wasted most of our ammunition. That reminded [them] that they had a letter for me from Cal Williams, of the Chino Ranch. On opening this letter I saw that Williams had invited me to come to his place with my men, assuring me that he had plenty of ammunition. We at once saddled up, and in great haste repaired to the Chino. On our arrival Williams advised me that an officer and some soldiers of the California Brigade had just been there and taken all the ammunition he had. I then called all my men to hold counsel, and told them that we had but little ammunition to fight or stand a siege, and in my judgment it was best that we should go to the mountains and make our way to Los Angeles by following the edge of the mountains, when we found ourselves threatened by a superior force. But the majority of them being new in the country had a very contemptible opinion of the Californians' courage and fighting qualities, and seemed to be of the erroneous opinion that a few shots would suffice to scare away any number of them that should come to attack us; they seemed to hint that any attempt on my part to avoid meeting the Californians face to face, would be deemed by them an evidence of lack of courage in me. I remarked that I hoped that they had not underrated the natives, but in obedience to their opinion I would remain with them, and as we were all volunteers, would not attempt to exercise any authority over them, and that we would see where the real courage was.

This was the twenty-sixth day of September, 1846, in the evening. Very soon there appeared from eighty to one hundred men on horseback, some of my men among them. Isaac Callaghan volunteered to go and ascertain who these men were, and their number. Callaghan soon returned with a broken arm, stating that as soon as he approached the Californians, several shots had been fired at him, one of which struck him on the arm. He added that among the Californians he had seen one of the Lugo brothers, who was apparently commanding, and I believe it was José del Camun Lugo, one of the owners of San Ber-

nardino. On Callaghan's return the night was closing on us. I suggested once more to my men if it would not be more prudent that we should march out whilst we had the opportunity under cover of the night. They answered, "No. We can whip all they can bring against us," so we had to await the coming of events, keeping guard, etc. At break of day we found ourselves almost surrounded by cavalry. We were in the house, which was an old adobe built in the usual Mexican style, with a patio inside entirely enclosed by rooms, with only one large door for entrance to the main patio or square. The house was probably over three hundred feet long, and had on the north side only two or three windows. There was a knoll on the west side, on which the Californians were arranged making their plan of attack.

As they moved from there in their divisions, we had no chance to fire but two or three shots apiece (we had no breach loaders or repeaters) before the larger portion of them were under the protection of our walls. They immediately set fire to the roof, which was made of cane covered with asphaltum; fire was applied in several places. The Californians were in position where we could not see them, neither could they see us, but awaited the result of the fire. The house burnt rapidly with a great deal of smoke and bad smell. As soon as they were satisfied that the fire would soon force us out of the building, the Commander of the party, Cuibulo Varela, came to the main door where I could be near enough to converse with him through it. On asking him what he wanted he inquired if I knew who he was, and I answered, "Yes. Cuibulo Varela." He then told me he commanded those men and wanted me to surrender to him, assuring me of his friendly disposition in these words, "You know I am your friend, neither you nor any of your friends shall be injured,"—adding that as an old soldier he knew what were the laws of war respecting the treatment of prisoners. I informed my men at once of what Varela said, and they unhesitatingly answered that if he would send his men away, they would come out and deliver their arms. He assented, saying that he would send his men to the rear to put out the fire, whilst we marched out the forward door. We threw the broad door open and marched out. Cuibulo directed us to stack our arms against the walls and we did so. We were then ordered to another building dis-

tant about four hundred yards to the south, belonging to the same Ranch, and called Casa de la Mantanza.

Varela ordered us all to be mounted, I being allowed to keep my horse and saddle, and to ride by Varela, while the others were ordered to march forward in charge of the second command, Diego Sepulveda. We all started, the Californian Chief saying that they had to be in town that evening. Varela, the Commander, remained back talking with some persons, I at his side, the rest went on and were about half a mile ahead. We then followed slowly along. About one mile from the house, these men who were in charge of the prisoners made a sudden halt, which attracted the attention of Varela; he put spurs to his horse telling me that some deviltry was going on there, and to follow him. As soon as he got near enough to make himself heard, he gave the command to stop. The prisoners had all been placed on one side for the purpose of shooting them. But Varela rode up quickly and placed himself between his command and the prisoners declaring that he would run his sword through the first man that attempted to touch a hair of the prisoners, that he had given his word as a gentleman, and as a Commander, to save the lives of the prisoners, and if they wanted to shoot anyone, they might shoot him; his voice was stentorian, and his deportment very gallant, and his conduct on that occasion made him worthy of our admiration and respect. And although in later years, he became very much dissipated and really a vagabond, that conduct of his met with recognition from all Americans who knew him.

On many occasions when he was arrested for breaking the peace, some Americans would immediately pay the fine and thereby obtain his release; he never was permitted to be in prison.

We all arrived that evening on the Mesa south of town, now known as Boyle Heights, without any further occurrence, except the suffering and groans of my poor wounded men.

I forgot to mention that in the fight at the Ranch, one Californian named Carlos Ballesteros, a very good man, and one who had ever been among my best friends was killed outright, whilst charging on the house walls, half a dozen or more were wounded, two of them very badly. Among my men I have mentioned Isaac Callaghan, Joseph Perdue, Mat. Harbin, William Skene (an Austrian), were also wounded. Perdue and Skene very badly.

The only names besides my own that I can now remember as belonging to our party are: D. W. Alexander, living; John Rowland, dead; Isaac Callaghan, dead; Evan Callaghan, dead; Joseph Perdue, dead; Mat Harbin, living in Northern California; Geo. Walters, living in Los Angeles; Michael White, living in San Gabriel; William Skene, killed in California; Lavin Rubidoux, dead.

In "Boyle Heights" we were all placed in a small adobe room. The first thing after we were placed in there, a priest came in bearing quite a large cross, and after salutations, asked if any one amongst us wished to confess. Rubidoux,who was huddled in a corner answered, "Yes, I do," adding, "My God, men, they are going to shoot us, the priest's coming is a sure sign." The priest, understanding some English remarked, "My mission amongst you has nothing to do with the Government's intention in regard to you. I heard that some of you were badly wounded, and I did not know but some might be in jeopardy; for this I came to tender my services." This quieted our men, and Rubidoux sat down again. Immediately after the priest left our room, I was instructed to walk out of the room, that the Commanding General (Flores) wanted to see me. As I went out I met him, and we walked to one side and sat down.

He addressed me as if he felt the importance of his position, saying in a mandatory voice to me, "I desire you to address an open letter to Captain Gillespie (who was then encamped on Fort Hill back of town) informing him of what you have seen, and that you and your men are prisoners. Say to him that General Flores is a Christian as well as a soldier, and wishes to avoid the spilling of blood unnecessarily; that my men are very anxious to attack him, and one charge from them would cause the destruction of himself (Gillespie) and all his soldiers."

That was true, for many of the old Californians who had been ill-treated by Gillespie, felt revengeful. Flores' proposition to Gillespie, as conveyed in my letter, was that he would allow him to march out the next morning unmolested by any Californian forces, and to proceed to San Pedro, carrying their arms, and there embark. Flores demanded an immediate answer, adding that if the answer was in the negative, he would not be responsible for the consequences. I believe that if Gillespie had refused the terms he would have been attacked that night, for a large portion of the Californians were drinking

deeply, and expressing themselves against Gillespie personally. His answer, accepting the terms, came back early the same night. Flores had directed me to state in the same note, as coming from myself, my impression as to the state of things. I had done so, giving Gillespie my conviction that it was for the interest of himself and all Americans in the country, whether prisoners or not, that he should accede to Flores' demands, and leave forthwith. Gillespie then left early the next morning, which must have been the 28th of September.

Myself and associates were all marched into town, and placed in a building then standing on the site now occupied by the Saint Charles Hotel, on Main Street. On my being placed there, a Doctor was for the first time allowed to attend our wounded; Doctor Richard Den was the physician, and he is still living in Los Angeles. An old Spaniard named Doctor Eulogio Celis whose widow and family now reside in Los Angeles, came to our prison where we had no comforts, no beds, blankets or clothing.

He saluted me whom he knew very well, and cast his eyes around as if he were counting the prisoners, saying but few words, went away and returned in a few minutes with two or three servants loaded with blankets, clothing and other articles for our comfort.

I think he gave one suit of clothing and two blankets to each man, and then broke out looking at me, "*Carajo*, these fellows must all chew tobacco"; he then ordered one of his servants to go and fetch him a box of tobacco, "*para que la comare*."

Looking around and noticing that the men who guarded us seemed to consider us as so many criminals, Celis delivered a severe rebuke to them, asking if they were barbarians to treat prisoners of war as criminals, that only barbarians did so, that civilized warfare demanded that prisoners of war should be kindly treated. It is a satisfaction for me to state these facts, of one who although not of our nationality, had the courage as well as humanity to stand for us, whilst several of our own countrymen who were close around us, did not even come to see us.

Gillespie and his men being gone, as the Californians thought their country rid of all Americans but ourselves, who were prisoners in their hands, Flores, the Commander, and many of the prominent ones came in and manifested great friendship to us personally, saying if I would sign for myself and men a parole of honor, that none of us

would again take up arms or use our influence in any way during the existence of hostilities between Mexico and the United States, they would then and there give us our liberty. I replied that I would accept the offer, provided the condition was added that our obligation should not go beyond such time as we were exchanged. They would not agree to it and we remained prisoners. In the course of a few days we fully expected our release through the arrival of Captain Mervin, in the U. S. Sloop of War, at San Pedro. Soon after our hearts were all made light by hearing the firing of cannon in the direction of San Pedro, but that was of short duration, for in the evening we learned that a force under Captain Mervin including Gillespie and his command, had attempted to march to Los Angeles, been defeated and forced to retreat, and return on board their ships.

The deportment of General Flores towards the prisoners now changed entirely, and in a few days we heard of the hellish plot concocted by Flores and Henry Dalton (whose wives were sisters) to send us as prisoners and trophies to Mexico, having its conception in Dalton selling the remnants of an old store to Flores as Commander in Chief, for the pretended purpose of clothing the soldiers, and Flores giving to Dalton drafts for large amounts against the Mexican Treasury.

Dalton was to go in charge of the prisoners and others, to present us to the Governor of Mexico as evidences of Flores' great military achievements. William Workman of La Puente Ranch, an Englishman, having heard of the plot, at once came into town, and determined to defeat the villainous plot. He at once put himself in communication with the leading Californians, among the most prominent of whom was Don Ignacio Palomeres, using the line of argument that if they stood by and allowed us and others to be sacrificed to the cupidity of Flores and Dalton, they would be held by the Americans responsible in the future; that all Flores and his accomplice would have to do, would be to flee the country when the hour of danger came, and the Californians would be left to bear the whole brunt.

The Californians saw through the whole thing, and resolved to undo the plan. They at once organized a revolution against Flores and when everything was made ready with the utmost secrecy, one night Flores' headquarters was attacked, the Californians' side being led by Workman, Palomeres and other prominent Californians. The

whole plan was known to us previously, hence we, during the firing with cannon and small arms, in the streets, which was kept up for many hours, were in the greatest anxiety, as our fate hung on the result.

At a late hour in the night, the firing ceased. Workman rushed into our prison bringing us the glad tidings that Flores was a prisoner, and in irons and his and Dalton's plot broken.

The next day Palomeres, who was now virtually Commander, took us out of prison, furnished us horses and we all went to the Mission San Gabriel, where we remained several days breathing fresh air. A compromise was made by the Californians and Flores for the former to again recognize the latter as Commander-in-Chief, upon written conditions that we were to be treated as prisoners of war, with humanity and not to be sent out of the country. We then went back to the prison in town, but were thereafter treated with more kindness and allowed greater liberty; indeed, we were permitted to arrange for our food at the respectable house of Don Luis Arenas.

Things went on smoothly for a short time, then news arrived that Commodore Stockton was coming with a powerful force, and with determination to put a stop to all further resistance on the part of the people here.

One day Don Antonio José Carillo, who was temporarily in immediate command of the Mexican forces around Los Angeles, came to our prison and made known to me a plan that he had in his mind to take us all to Temple's Ranch (Cerritos, now owned by Bixby & Co.). We all marched down to said Ranch. This was I believe, early in November, 1846.

After arriving there, Carillo took me aside and said that he had now a good deal to talk to me about; he began by saying, that they knew that Stockton would soon be in with his ships, and that he felt very unfriendly to many of the Californians for their revolt; then he uncovered to me the following scheme:

"That when Stockton should reach San Pedro, and begin to land his forces, I have brought you down here, and will take you personally and place you on the Mesa of San Pedro Landing, you will there remain along with a Sergeant, when I want you to raise a white flag I will signify it to you, by sending you the order. You will bear this message to the Commodore from me, that I hope no more blood will be

shed on either side during the pendency of the War in Mexico, when the fate of this country must be decided upon. You can bear personal testimony to the Commodore, that American interests in this country are safe, and that on my part I wish to make him this proposition. That I will guarantee as a gentlemen and an officer, and as one who has the power to enforce it, that all Americans and their interests shall be duly protected and respected in this district. That he, the Commodore, may land and take all his supplies needed for his forces, and hold the sea and landings unmolested.

"Ask him in the name of humanity not to march forces through the country, as this would cause the spilling of blood, and engender bad feeling between two people who in all probability will have to live together."

I was to depart and return with the Commodore's answer, either written or verbal, under my parole, pledging myself not to give any information beyond the message I was instructed to deliver. In accordance with this arrangement, I was placed under charge of a Sergeant, and carried to the place designated, near the old San Pedro Landing, on the Mesa, where I was to await Carrillo's orders. On our way we passed Carrillo's command of some four or five hundred men all mounted. Where they seemed to be collecting on Dominguez's Ranch, all the scattered horses they could secure; they already had a large number together. The Sergeant and myself having stationed ourselves as above, I looked back in the gap where the road leads through, from the Palos Verdes to San Pedro Landing, and saw an immense dust raised by a large "*caballada*" mixed with mounted soldiers. This immense band of horses and cavalcade occupied several hours in passing through the gap which was kept up by turning to the left as they went through the gap down a short distance where there was a low depression in the same hills, and passing back through this depression or gap, going up again to the same gap, and passing through again.

This gave the impression of an immense mass of mounted cavalry, as no one at a distance could distinguish through the dust, if all the horses had riders or not. At the time I took my position, I could see that the Commodore's flagship was loading boats with war materials, which boats, some four in number, left the ship's side, and came ashore crowded with Marines. By the time that the cavalcade stopped

its manoeuvers, the boats were signalled, as we supposed from the ship, for they all returned to her, leaving nothing on shore.

As soon as everything was reshipped, the frigate lifted her anchors and put to sea. I have seen it stated in a book which purported to give the lives and acts of American Commodores, that Stockton landed at San Pedro, marched with his Marines three miles to Palos Verdes, there met the Californians, with his well trained eye fired at them several shots, and slew a number, how many he could not tell, as their friends carried them away, but having no cavalry, he thought it imprudent to advance into the interior without it, and concluded to go to San Diego, and there improvise a cavalry force. The whole thing is a fabrication; I assert from personal observation that Stockton did not land, but that four of his boats came to the water's edge, and returned to the frigate without having effected a landing at all.

The commodore did good and gallant service, and his fame needs no fictitious aid. Carillo then sent orders to the Sergeant to bring me where he was. He saluted me saying that he had deceived himself in endeavoring to make a demonstration to Stockton of his forces, in order to secure a favorable response; in other words, he had made too great a demonstration, and driven Stockton away. Therefore there was nothing left for me to do but go back to my Ranch prison.

We remained there overnight and the next day came to town and went again into our prison. We had now the prospect before us of a long monotonous imprisonment. But, excepting the fact that we had to sleep in prison, we were allowed every other liberty, and treated with uniform kindness by the natives.

Our life was not a monotonous one; the campaign ground had been established by both parties in San Diego County. Nothing worthy of mention happened in Los Angeles. We had reports that Col. Fremont was marching with a battalion from the North, and Commodore Stockton would soon come up from San Diego. Then we heard that Kearney had arrived from New Mexico and been badly defeated at San Pasqual.

These events bring us down to the sixth of January, 1847, on which day, Don Andres Pico and other prominent Californians came to our prison and said, "All our troops march tomorrow to meet Commodore Stockton and General Kearney, who are near Santa Ana on

their way up; you must give your parole and leave your prison for your own safety, as we have no spare force to guard you or to protect you from the rabble." Pico added that the next morning early he would bring the two Blancos, one for Mr. Rowland and one for myself; those two horses were considered the fleetest in the country. We promised to make all ready for the next morning to disperse. He brought us the two horses fully equipped the next morning in person; the one intended for me had on his fine silver mounted saddle and bridle, silver spurs, etc., remarking as he handed me the bridle, "Take this horse and you will be perfectly safe; there is no other horse in the country that can overtake you; if I fall in battle give it to my brother Don Pio." I expressed some sympathy for him, mentioning the hope that he would take no extraordinary risks. He replied, jocosely, but with tears in his eyes, "*No Andres, y no muno.*"

Mr. Rowland and myself mounted our horses; the other men went and scattered themselves among the various vineyards, so as not to be seen in the streets. My family was in Santa Ana, at the residence of my wife's father, Don Bernardo Yorba, and Mr. Rowland's at the La Puente; we joined our respective families that same day.

On my way down I passed the American forces, but avoided speaking to them or anyone on the route.

Knowing that on the 8th the contending forces would meet one another near the San Gabriel River, I came back skirting the hills of the Coyote Ranch, before I could get a view of the two armies. Remaining in view as long as the fight lasted, saw there had been nothing decisive except that the Californians rather gave way. Rode back to the Rancho where I remained all night. The day of the 8th a portion of the Californians made a charge and seemed for a time to have broken the American lines, which gave me much alarm, but as soon as the dust cleared away, I saw the Californians retreating, and from what I learned afterwards, had the charge been simultaneous of all the Californian forces, the American lines would have been broken, and there is no telling what the end might have been.

Our forces rallied and closed ranks. The Californians retired over a hill a short distance. I knew from the position of the two forces that the fight would be resumed the next morning. The Americans camped that night on the field of that day's fight.

The ninth of January I started out to view the fight but on my way

out I met some Californians, friends of mine and relatives of my wife, who I knew had been in the actions of the preceding day; they told me that in the morning Flores and his Mexicans had refused to continue the fight, confining themselves to firing a few guns, and that they were running away to Mexico, by way of San Gorgonio Pass, inviting all that wished to follow them.

Hearing that news, I made up my mind to spend the day in the hills back of La Puente Ranch, and wait for the night to come to Los Angeles, through La Puente, where I would obtain some definite news. But that night it rained in perfect torrents; the night was black as pitch, and I lost my way; I had no other recourse but to sit on my horse and wait for daylight.

Early in the morning I went to the house of Mr. William Workman. After waking him up and having some conversation, he told me there were two very important persons in one of his outhouses, with some fellows, he could not tell me who they were. We talked a great deal in a few minutes, and Mr. Workman told me that those persons were Monterey men, and probably I would know them. Workman felt in doubt as to the condition of things, whether it would be safe for me to see them or not, or how far he would be compromised by harboring them. We did not as yet know the actual results of the fight, and of course were unable to foresee events.

The information I had the day before, was not such as I could give entire weight to, as none of the men that communicated it were officers of note, though men of character that would not knowingly deceive me. I then asked Mr. Workman (as I was still a prisoner on parole) to go and speak to them himself, learn their names, ask them if the fight was really over, what had been the result, and where were Flores and his command. Workman did so, and returned in a few minutes confirming what I had learned the day before from my friends, and that Flores and his Mexican forces (two or three hundred perhaps) were by forced marches going out of the country. The two chief men there harbored were the La Torre brothers.

I then concluded there was no impropriety in my seeing them, and asked Mr. Workman to let me go and have an interview with them. Mr. Workman went to the room where the Torres were and told them Don Benito Wilson wished to see them. They came out remarking that above all, I was the man they wanted to see. We met, had a very

warm salutation and shaking of hands; for I had been on very intimate terms with Joaquin and Gabriel de la Torre in Monterey. I said, "Is it possible these are my friends Joaquin and Gabriel?" They like myself had been out in the rain of the night before, and we all looked like so many drowned rats. I hastened to make inquiries of them about the state of matters as they understood it.

They reported that on the morning of the ninth, after the skirmish and retreat of Flores, they accompanied him on that day until night came on, still on the march. They and a few of their friends, all Californians, fell out under cover of night, and made a hasty retreat to La Puente, adding that they would rather be shot in California, than go to Mexico. They begged me to go down in person and intercede with Commodore Stockton. I said, "No, I am sick of this thing, have been in prison three months and want to see an end to this trouble." I was clearly of the opinion that the best course to pursue was for them, the brothers Torre, to mount their horses and come with me to town. I called Mr. Workman in English, requesting him to order my horse, which he did. The two brothers ordered their horses immediately and had them saddled. They gave some directions to their comrades and sent some message to their families in Monterey, in case they were shot, for they really expected such might be their fate. After a good, warm breakfast, the two brothers and myself started for Los Angeles, they having left their arms with their friends.

It took us the whole day to reach Los Angeles, where we could have gone in a couple of hours, but in consequence of the constant apprehensions manifested by them at almost every half mile, and resolve not to deliver themselves up to be shot. At every stopping I had to argue the question again and again, assuring them that the course advised by Mr. Workman and myself was the safest one for them. Finally, arrived in town; they were still in great fear. I succeeded in getting them dismounted, and to the foot of the stairs of the house where Commodore Stockton had his quarters.

The Commodore was yet Commander-in-Chief, the command had been conceded to him by General Kearney, in consideration of the great services he had already rendered in California, and for other reasons. Stockton on or about the third day of his arrival in Los Angeles, went away to rejoin his flagship, the Congress, at San Pedro,

to which port he had ordered her from San Diego. Kearney then assumed the Chief command.

I went up and saluted Stockton, being the first time I had met him after the day when he commissioned me as a Captain, told him in a few words the conditions of things, and informed him there were two more unfortunate than I was, at the foot of the stairs, who were anxious to see him. He asked me who they were, and I gave their names; he then tried to put on a stern countenance, but I could detect under the frown a look of satisfaction at having these two important persons again at his mercy. He replied to me, "Let them come up."

I went down to the foot of the stairs, and requested them to go up. They showed considerable anxiety to know how the Commodore felt towards them. I said that I thought all was right, although he had not said so. We went up together to the Commodore's presence. The Commodore stood up and saluted them but showed a good deal of sternness in his demeanor, but not more than was proper for him to show. Some hasty allusion was made to the past, and the two brothers begged the Commodore not to mention those particulars, they had violated the laws of war in breaking their paroles and were there at his mercy.

The Commodore then said very sternly: "You have given me a great deal of trouble, but neither the Government of the United States, nor myself wish to treat harshly the native Californians. Can I rely upon you, if I again give you your liberty?" They emphatically answered, "Yes, we are tired of the war, and have paid dearly for our errors."

Stockton then asked, "Will you proceed at once to Monterey your homes, if I give you passports, and allay some existing discords threatened up there?" They said, "Yes, sir, and we will neither stop to sleep or eat on the way, if you so order us." The passports were then and there issued to them and they departed that same evening for Monterey.

I never saw them again but I understand that they fulfilled all their pledges, and were ever after during their lifetime good and loyal citizens.

In the meantime, we heard that Andres Pico and the small force under him had met Colonel Fremont at San Fernando, where he made

capitulation and delivered up his arms. This gave rise to no little dissatisfaction to Commodore Stockton and General Kearney.

On the eleventh, learning that Andres Pico was in the upper part of town, I repaired there, and on the way up met a man with a message for me from Don Andres. I was still riding his favorite "Blanco Chico." Found Pico, and in answer to his anxious inquiries gave him all the news, particularly that relating to the Torre brothers. He informed me that he had capitulated to Fremont, but still showed himself conscious of the fact that there were men of higher rank than Fremont in town and insisted after the good fortune the Torres had met with, I should accompany him to the Commodore, which I did.

On arriving at the Commodore's quarters, the Commodore did not hesitate to give Don Andres to understand and very positively that neither his (Pico's) nor Fremont's courses were in order, as he (Pico) after the fight of the 8th and 9th, and being enough of a military man to know his duties, and being aware to whom he should surrender, had gone out of his way to surrender to a subordinate officer, and not to the Commander-in-Chief. It was generally known that Fremont had designedly delayed on his way from Santa Barbara, by taking a circuitous route on the mountains, so as to keep himself out of danger from the Californians.

Commodore Stockton had sent despatches to him by one Daniel Sexton and others, at great risk to the couriers, through the mountains, urging him to hurry his march and meet him south of Los Angeles with his command. The commodore did not expect with his few marines and sailors, and a handful of volunteers, he would withstand the whole force of the Californians, who were probably the best horsemen in the world and all mounted on fine horses, probably the finest cavalry horses in the world at that time, for their fleetness, endurance and easy management by the rider.

Daniel Sexton, whom I have mentioned above, went from San Diego on foot, with a knapsack on his back to near San Buenaventura, where he met Fremont. To fulfill his mission he had to travel on foot, through the mountains, some two hundred miles, occupying about ten days. All this trouble and suffering, as well as those of others, went for nothing, as Fremont made no effort to comply with the Commodore's wishes.

Commodore Stockton was exceedingly angry with Fremont's con-

duct from beginning to end, and did not hesitate to express it in the strongest terms to Don Andres, who had unfortunately got himself into the false position of ignoring his undoubted authority. Don Andres felt humiliated and tried to apologize. The Commodore, who was generous as he was gallant, said to him, "Whilst I do not recognize any authority, or even justification in Fremont, for making to you the pledges appearing in his agreement at San Fernando, I, as Commander-in-Chief, say to you that we do not wish to have any ill feeling shown to anyone, and much less to the natives of California, who in all probability will have to be citizens of our common country, and in that spirit I will make known, that if you have come in real earnest, and in good faith to yield and surrender yourself and comrades, there will be no punishment for past acts." I may not have given above the very words used by the Commodore, but I am certain that I have given the substance of what he uttered.

I should have mentioned before, that almost before the salutations had been gotten through between the Commodore and Don Andres Pico, the latter manifested his good faith, by telling the Commodore where the cannon was concealed with which he had fought in the action of the eighth and ninth. The Commodore asked me what kind of cannon they were; I told him they were common, short, heavy cast iron guns, to which he answered that they were not worth looking after, and would not send for them. I told him then, that if he would give them to me I would make them posts to keep the carretas off the entrance to my store; he gave them to me, and being told by Don Andres where they were, I hired a man with a carreta to bring them in and placed them at the head of Commercial Street, at the junction of Main Street, in the city of Los Angeles, where they may be seen to this day.

At that interview, Commodore Stockton told Pico to go among his people and keep them orderly, assuring them that they would receive no harm at the hands of the Americans, if they conducted themselves peaceably and minded their business. "What I have already done to you and to your brother officers should be received as sufficient evidence that we mean well by you," or words to that effect.

He directed me to mount my horse, go among the people, ascertain what was going on, and if everything was quiet. I did so and returning in the evening reported that all was quiet, and that it was re-

ported that Fremont was marching with his forces towards the Mission of San Gabriel, where he proposed to encamp.

Up to this time Fremont had not reported to Stockton. The streets were full of rumors that Fremont did not intend to recognize the superiority of Stockton or Kearney. When I reported these things to the Commodore, he broke out, "What does the damned fool mean?" He then had a few words of conversation with me, and said, "I must go away, I am in an unpleasant position, and only by courtesy of General Kearney, the Commander-in-Chief." He felt that he was the head officer as long as he remained, because Kearney had told him, "As long as you are here, you are Commander-in-Chief; after you are gone, I will be."

He gave me to understand that if he was to remain he would bring Fremont to terms, but as he was to leave the next day, he would let Kearney settle the matter with Fremont. The latter was still claiming to be Military Governor of California, under the appointment given him by Stockton himself in the previous year, 1846.

After Stockton's departure (which I think was on the next day) with all his officers and men, General Kearney had with him a mere body guard of dragoons, some fifteen to twenty men and one officer, Major Emory (now General). Kearney had seen me several times with the Commodore, and sent for me to come to his rooms.

I obeyed his summons. He asked me what was going on, and was informed that nothing of importance was occurring. He asked me if I was in no haste to leave town, as he desired me to stay with him; he had then no one with him whom he could trust, and who knew the people.

He followed up his conversation saying, "Fremont's course towards me is very extraordinary; he declined to recognize me as Commander-in-Chief. I have no power to enforce my authority. Fremont has a large force with him of undisciplined men, and I hear all kinds of rumors of his intentions and acts. I only now propose to remain here a few days to give Mr. Fremont full time to deliberate; perhaps he will then acknowledge my authority, if not, I will leave."

He repeated several times the same words, and requested me to communicate with my friends and we all kept him posted as to what was going on. These conversations lasted about two days.

In the evening of the second or third day, he sent for me and said

he was going to leave in the morning, prefacing the information with the remark that he had heard no word from Fremont; he wanted me and some of my friends to ride with him. Next morning, I waited on the General with two or three reliable native Californians. I think that among them were Don José Sepulveda, father of Judge Ignacio Sepulveda, and one of the Lugos. I was much surprised to find the General after we were out of town, on the road bound to San Diego, under some apprehension of foul play to his person, by some of the Fremont party. This produced in me a most disagreeable impression, though I then as now believe his apprehensions unfounded. I was anxious to leave in the evening for the first day's camping time for my Ranch, but he asked me particularly to camp with him that night, saying that "we are not out far enough from those fellows," meaning Fremont and his party.

I accompanied the General as far as the Santa Ana River; there I bade him goodbye; he expressed himself very thankful.

In that same fall of 1847, I moved up all my stock, about two thousand head of cattle, passed through the Tulare Valley, by way of Cajon de las Uvas; there was not a white man living on that route, from San Fernando Mission to Sutter's Fort. Passing by what is now Stockton, I learned from some friendly Indians that Charles Weber was coming there to settle on his Ranch, which he got from Mr. Gulnac. I swam all my stock without losing any, across the Sacramento River at the place now called Knights Landing, and drove up the foot hills north of Cash Creek at the place known as Lone Trees, and then left them in charge of my companion in arms, Nat Harbin. Returned to Los Angeles City where I was engaged in merchandising.

Nothing worthy of mention happened till 1849, when a convention was called by General Riley to form a Constitution for California. At this time, this part of the country was much depopulated by the rush to the gold placers that had been discovered in the spring of 1849 [sic]. We held a public meeting and selected the best men we could find: Abel Stearns, Manuel Dominguez, Stephen C. Foster, etc. We had no directions to give our representatives except that we wished not to be a State as yet, but if we had to be a State, although most of us Southern men, we were very positive that we wanted no slavery. We had enough of a variety of races, and the character of the country was not favorable to any but free labor. The following year, Califor-

nia having been voted in the Constitution [sic] a State, we held a convention of the southern country in Santa Barbara, at which I was a member, for the purpose of sending a protest to Congress that in the case California was admitted as a State of the Union, the southern portion should be allowed to form a Territorial Government, and allowed to remain as a Territory of the United States.

Our efforts proved unavailing. After the State was organized, I was elected the first Clerk of the County of Los Angeles, making the condition with my friends that I should not serve personally, but would appoint Doctor Wilson Jones, now of Arizona, my deputy, to run the office and have all the emoluments. When the town of Los Angeles was incorporated as a City, the people elected me its first mayor. I served only a few months, and then resigned. My wife, Ramona Yorba Wilson, died March 21, 1849.

In 1852 I was appointed by President Fillmore Indian agent for the Southern District, accompanied with a letter particularly requesting my assistance to help arrange Indian affairs in California, in conjunction with General Beale (then Lieutenant) who had been appointed General Superintendent for the State. I did accept and accompanied Beale, and assisted to lay the Reservation at the Tejon, passing through the Tulare Valley, and holding counsel with different Indians, and then returned home by way of Santa Barbara.

During that trip and subsequent events, I became thoroughly convinced that I could not continue in the office, in harmony with the Superintendent and others, especially in regard to the monies appropriated by the Government, so I resigned. My commission bears date September 1, 1852, signed by Millard Fillmore, President of the United States, and by Daniel Webster, Secretary of State, and bears the seal of the United States; term of office, four years from date. On February 1, 1853, I married Margaret S. Hereford, widow of Doctor Thomas Hereford. In 1855, I was elected State Senator, and served out my term. Again served in 1869 and 1870. Since then I have spent my time as a horticulturist, in Los Angeles County, at Lake Vineyard. My family consists of a wife and three daughters, one by my first wife and two by my second wife, all living, and four grandchildren, and I hope to pass the remainder of my life in peace with God and man, as well as with myself.

Lake Vineyard, December 6, 1877.

B. D. Wilson

Note [attached to the manuscript]: Mr. Wilson died March 11, 1878, leaving surviving his widow and three daughters, the eldest daughter by his first wife being Mrs. J. De Barth Shorb, and the other two, Annie Wilson and Ruth Wilson, by his second wife. Ruth Wilson married George S. Patton, December 11, 1884, and there are two children by this marriage, George S. Patton, Jr., and Anne Wilson Patton.

Bibliography

BIBLIOGRAPHY

This is not a formal bibliography. The material dealing with the explorations to California prior to 1848 is so abundant and varied that a critical examination of it, or even a complete list of its separate items, would fill many pages. The very limited bibliography printed below, therefore, has been prepared primarily to serve the needs of the general reader of California history rather than to meet the demands of the highly trained specialist. With this end in view only those items have been selected which contain the most valuable material relating to the subject matter of each chapter and which are also reasonably easy of access. For this reason manuscripts, government documents, and volumes printed in a foreign language have been included only incidentally; within these limits, however, original narratives have been given preference over general or secondary accounts. It is scarcely necessary to state, moreover, that the items listed below in no way represent a complete catalogue of the materials used in the preparation of *Pathfinders* to California. The list is selective rather than critical or comprehensive.

For those who wish to pursue a more detailed study of the subject matter of this volume than such a restricted bibliography makes possible, a list of bibliographies covering the period under discussion and of standard histories of California, most of which also contain extended bibliographical material, has been included. It is perhaps superfluous to add that these standard secondary authorities, though not reprinted among the items cited below for separate chapters, have all been used in the preparation of this book and must be looked upon as the starting point for the further study of any of the subjects dealt with in the volume.

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2. Chapman, Charles Edward. *A history of California: the Spanish period.* New York. 1921.

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3. Cleland, Robert Glass. *A history of California: the American period.* New York. 1922. (A companion volume to the above.)

> "Read as an historical record, Dr. Cleland's book on California in the American period is informing and illuminating, packed with facts, certificated by frequent references to authorities, many of which are comparatively unknown, and abounding also in the deductive generalizations of an investigator who has given more than a decade to the study of his subject. Read as a narrative of picturesque adventure and thrilling incident, the work is fascinating and entertaining.

4. Cowan, Robert Ernest. *A bibliography of the history of California and the Pacific west, 1510-1906.* San Francisco. 1914.

"This is a critical bibliography of about a thousand printed works, or books. . . It is unquestionably one of the most valuable tools in existence for students of California history."

5. Dellenbaugh, Frederick Samuel. *Books by American travellers and explorers from 1846 to 1900; being chapter XIV of the third volume of the Cambridge history of American literature; with a bibliography.* New York. 1920.

6. Eldredge, Zoeth Skinner, Editor. *History of California.* 5 v. New York. 1915.
Ibid. The beginnings of San Francisco from the expedition of Anza, 1774, to the city charter of April 15, 1850. 2 v. San Francisco. 1912.

"Mr. Eldredge's contributions . . . entitle him to rank next to Bancroft and Hittell in the list of the great historians of California. . . His works are particularly meritorious for their simple but entertaining style."

7. Engelhardt, Charles Anthony (Zephyrin). *The missions and missionaries of California.* 4 v. San Francisco. 1908-1915.

"The author who is a Franciscan friar of Santa Barbara, California, is somewhat prone to spread his own religious ardor over the pages of his work. . . His volumes are, nevertheless, a thoroughly honest and scholarly contribution to the literature of California history. . . Indeed it is as a great chronological source-book of mission history—as a kind of Franciscan Bancroft—that Father Engelhardt's work is primarily important."

8. Hittell, Theodore Henry. *History of California.* 4 v. San Francisco. 1885-1897.

"The best history of California within reasonable proportions. . . The work has been adversely criticised for some reflections upon the missionaries, but notwithstanding such comments its value is unimpaired."

9. Richman, Irving Berdine. *California under Spain and Mexico, 1535-1847.* Boston and New York. 1911.

"He has an eye for the picturesque, and a gift for easy going description. . . . He has no wide, first-hand acquaintance with the archives of Mexico, or Spain, or England, or Russia, which would give him standing in the field he now exploits, nor does he claim such. His book, until it is supplanted by the work of men who have spent more than 'two years' investigation' in California, will stand as a useful and readable narrative of that portion of the history of California which belongs to Spain."

10. Tuthill, Franklin. *The history of California.* San Francisco. 1866.

"This is the first general history of California, written as such without ulterior motive, that was ever published. . . . It is in an annalistic but more or less readable style, covering the years from 1500 to 1864."

11. Wagner, Henry Raup. *The plains and the Rockies: a bibliography of original narratives of travel and adventure, 1800-1865.* San Francisco. 1921.

CHAPTER I. CABRILLO AND FERRELO

1. *Spanish exploration in the southwest, 1542-1706.* Translated and edited by Herbert Eugene Bolton (original Narratives of Early American History Series). New York. 1916.

This volume contains the latest and most authoritative translation of the diary or relation of the Cabrillo-Ferrelo voyage. The editor, who is Professor of American History at the University of California and Curator of the Bancroft Library, holds a position of undisputed authority in the field of Spanish-Southwestern history and his notes and critical comments on the narrative are of the greatest value.

2. Davidson, George. *An examination of some of the early voyages of discovery and exploration on the northwest coast of America, from 1539 to 1603.* (*Report of the superintendent of the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey.*) Washington. 1887.

"The most important contribution toward the identification of places named or noted by the Diary is that by Professor Davidson."

CHAPTER II. SIR FRANCIS DRAKE

Material on the life and career of Sir Francis Drake is almost inexhaustible. This chapter has been based largely on the items listed below. The difference of opinion regarding many of the significant features of Drake's voyage around the world is well illustrated by the conflict between two comparatively recent writers, Mrs. Zelia Nuttall and Mr. H. R. Wagner. The conclusions of both are interesting, but neither need be accepted in toto.

1. *The world encompassed by Sir Francis Drake, being his next voyage to that to Nombre de Dios, collated with an unpublished manuscript of Francis Fletcher, chaplain to the expedition, with appendices illustrative of the same voyage, and introduction by W. S. W. Vaux, Esq., M.A.* London. Printed for the Hakluyt Society. MDCCCLIV.

2. Benson, Edward F. *Sir Francis Drake.* (The Golden Hinde Series.) New York and London. 1927.

3. Cobbett, Julian S. *Drake and the Tudor navy; with a history of the rise of England as a maritime power.* 2 v. London, New York and Bombay. 1898.

4. Davidson, George. *Identification of Sir Francis Drake's anchorage on the coast of California in the year 1599.* (California State Historical Society *Publications.*) San Francisco. 1890.

Ibid. Francis Drake on the northwest coast of America in the year 1579. The Golden Hinde did not anchor in the bay of San Francisco. (*Transactions and proceedings of the Geographical Society of the Pacific.* v. V. Series II.) San Francisco. 1908.

5. Nuttall, Mrs. Zelia. Translator and Editor. *New Light on Drake; a collection of documents relating to his voyage of circumnavigation.* Hakluyt Society. *Works.* Second Series v. XXXIV. London. 1914.

6. Robertson, John Wooster. *Francis Drake and other early explorers along the Pacific Coast.* San Francisco. 1927.

7. Wagner, Henry R. *Sir Francis Drake's voyage around the world.* San Francisco. 1926.

Extremely critical of Drake and inclined to take decided issue with other writers; of great value, however, especially because of its inclusion of the text of so many original sources.

CHAPTER III. VIZCAÍNO

1. *Spanish explorations in the southwest.* Translated and edited by Herbert Eugene Bolton. *Op. cit.* This volume contains a translation of a diary supposed to have been written by Vizcaíno and also an account of the expedition by Father Ascensión.

2. Griffin, George Butler. *Documents from the Sutro Collection* (Spanish text and English translation). (Historical Society of Southern California. *Annual Publications.* v. II. Pt. I.) Los Angeles. 1891. See also v. I. Pt. IV. Most of this material relates to the Vizcaíno expedition.

3. *The voyage of Pedro de Unamuno to California in 1587, with an introduction by H. R. Wagner.* (California Historical Society. *Quarterly*. No. 1. v. 11.) San Francisco. 1923.

4. Davidson, George. *Voyages of discovery and exploration. Op. cit.*

CHAPTERS IV TO VI. THE LAND AND SEA EXPEDITIONS TO SAN DIEGO AND MONTEREY

To list all of the material, both primary and secondary, relating to the subject matter of these three chapters would require many pages. Among the items given below Bolton's translations of Palóu and Crespi, and the various diaries and relations published by the Academy of Pacific Coast History are the most valuable.

1. Bolton, Herbert Eugene. *Fray Juan Crespi. Missionary explorer on the Pacific coast 1769-1774.* Berkeley. 1927.

2. *Ibid.*, Editor. *Historical memoirs of New California by Fray Francisco Palóu O.F.M.* Translated in English from the manuscript in the archives of Mexico. 4 v. Berkeley. 1926.

This work has long been needed. The original, which "constituted the first general history ever written of the founding of Alta California," was first published in Mexico in 1857 under the title *Noticias de la Nueva California*, and in 1874 John T. Doyle issued a limited edition of the same work in San Francisco. Bolton's scholarly translation with its full and critical editorial notes now makes Palóu's famous history available for the first time to the general reader. The work will probably never be superseded.

3. Chapman, Charles E. *The founding of Spanish California.* New York. 1916.

This book should be consulted for the background of the early colonizing expeditions to California.

4. Francisco Palóu's *Life and apostolic letters of the venerable father Junipero Serra, founder of the Franciscan missions of California.* Translated by C. Scott Williams. Pasadena. 1913.

   This is a translation of Palóu's famous *Relacion de la vida y apostólicas tareas del venerable padre fray Junipero Serra, y de la misiones que fundó en la California Septentrional, y nuevos establecimientos de Monterey.* The work was first published in Mexico in 1787 and more than any other factor was responsible for fixing the place of Serra in the literature and legend of California.

5. *Diary of Gaspar de Portolá during the California expedition of 1769-1770.* Edited by Donald Eugene Smith and Frederick J. Teggart: (Academy of Pacific Coast History. *Publications* v. 11. No. 1). Berkeley. 1911.

6. *Narrative of the Portolá expedition of 1769-1770 by Miguel Costansó.* Edited by Adolph Van Hemert-Engert and Frederick J. Teggart. (*Ibid.*, v. 1. No. 4.) Berkeley. 1910.

7. *The Portolá expedition of 1769-1770. Diary of Miguel Costansó.* Edited by Frederick J. Teggart. (*Ibid.*, v. 11. No. 4.) Berkeley. 1911. For an earlier translation of this diary see also, *Early California history. The expedition of 1769. Diary of Alferez Don Miguel Costansó* (Edited by Charles F. Lummis) (*The Land of Sunshine.* vs. XIV-XV). Los Angeles. June and July, 1901.

8. *The Portolá expedition of 1769-1770. Diary of Vicente Vila.* Edited by Robert Selden Rose (Academy of Pacific Coast History. *Publications.* v. 11. No. 1). Berkeley. 1911.

9. *The official account of the Portolá expedition of 1769-1770.* Edited by Frederick J. Teggart. (*Ibid.*, v. 1. No. 2.) Berkeley. 1910.

10. *Early western history. Diary of Junipero Serra. Mch. 28-June 30, 1769.* (Edited by Charles F. Lummis.) (*Out West Magazine*. v. XVI, No. 3, 4, 5, 6, v. XVII, No. 1.) Los Angeles. March-July, 1902.

CHAPTER VII, ANZA

1. Bolton, Herbert Eugene. *The Spanish borderlands* (The Chronicles of America Series). New Haven. 1921. A useful bibliography appears on pp. 301-302.

Ibid. The early explorations of Father Garcés on the Pacific slope, in *The Pacific ocean in history*. New York. 1917.

2. Chapman, Charles Edward. *The founding of Spanish California*. New York. 1916. Appendix III contains a full description of the various ms. diaries relating to the Anza expeditions.

3. Eldredge, Zoeth Skinner. *The beginnings of San Francisco from the expedition of Anza, 1774, to the city charter of April 15, 1850*. 2 v. San Francisco. 1912.

4. Font, Pedro. *The Anza expedition of 1775-1776; diary of Pedro Font*, edited by Frederick J. Teggart. (Academy of Pacific Coast History. *Publications*. v. III, No. 1.) Berkeley. 1913.

5. Garcés, Francisco. *On the trail of a Spanish pioneer. The diary and itinerary of Francisco Garcés (missionary priest) in his travels through Sonora, Arizona, and California, 1775-1776. Translated from an official contemporaneous copy of the original Spanish manuscript and edited with copious critical notes by Elliott Coues*. 2. v. New York. 1900.

6. Van Dyke, Dix. *A modern interpretation of the Garcés route*. (Historical Society of Southern California. *Annual publications*. Pt. IV, v. XIII.) Los Angeles. 1927.

CHAPTER VIII. PÉROUSE, VANCOUVER, BARÁNOF

1. La Pérouse, Jean François Galaup De. *A voyage round the world performed in the years 1785, 1786, 1787, and 1788 by the Boussole and Astrolabe under the command of J. F. G. de la Pérouse.* Translated from the French. 3 v. London. 1799.

2. Vancouver, George. *A voyage of discovery to the north Pacific ocean, and round the world; in which the coast of northwest America has been carefully examined and accurately surveyed. Undertaken by his Majesty's command, principally with a view to ascertain the existence of any navigable communication between the north Pacific and north Atlantic oceans; and performed in the years 1790, 1791, 1792, 1793, and 1795, in the Discovery, sloop of war, and armed tender Chatham.* London. (Or. Ed. 1798.) 1801. 6 v.

   "The work is superior to any of its kind, and constitutes the chiefest source of authority of that period."

3. Langsdorff, G. H. Von. *Voyages and travels in various parts of the world, during the years 1803, 1804, 1805, 1806, and 1807.* 2 v. London.

   The material dealing with California is in Vol. II, pp. 136-214. Langsdorff was a surgeon and a highly trained scientist, a man of humane outlook, and an interesting writer. His relations with the commanding officer were not congenial.

CHAPTER IX. CLEVELAND AND SHALER

1. Shaler, Robert. *Journal of a voyage from China to the northwestern coast of America made in 1804. The American Register.* v. III (1808) pp. 136-175. Portions of this narrative are also found in Appendix B of Cleland, *A history of California: the American period*, pp. 470-482. An account of the New England fur trade along the California coast also appears in chapters I-II of Cleland's history.

2. Cleveland, Richard J. *Narrative of voyages and commercial enterprises*. Cambridge. 1842.

CHAPTER X. JEDEDIAH SMITH

1. Chittenden, Hiram Martin, *The American fur trade of the far west*. 3 v. New York. 1902.

The standard authority on the fur industry; readable and historically sound.

2. Dale, Harrison C. *The Ashley-Smith explorations and the discovery of a central route to the Pacific, 1822-1829*. Cleveland. 1918.

This volume is everywhere recognized as the most complete and authoritative work on Jedediah Smith. It is especially valuable because it contains the Journal of Harrison G. Rogers, the clerk of the expedition.

3. Numerous articles, several of which relate to Smith's route across the Sierra, have appeared in the *Publications* of the Historical Society of Southern California and in the California Historical *Quarterly*. These, and scores of additional items, have been listed by A. P. Nasatir in his very extensive bibliography of the works relating to Smith. Nasatir, A. P., *A bibliography of sources relating to Jedediah Strong Smith*. (Historical Society of Southern California. *Annual Publications*. Pt. III, v. XIII.) Los Angeles. 1926.

CHAPTER XI. THE FUR TRADERS

1. Chittenden, Hiram Martin. *Op. cit.*

2. Irving, Washington. *The adventures of Captain Bonneville, U.S.A. in the Rocky Mountains and the far west*. New York. 1856.

3. Leonard, Zenas. *Narrative of the adventures of Zenas Leonard, a native of Clearfield County, Pa., who spent five years in trapping for furs, trading with the Indians, etc., etc., of the Rocky Mountains. Written by himself.* Or. Ed. Clearfield, Pa., 1839. A later edition edited by W. F. Wagner was published in Cleveland in 1904. Copies of the original edition are of great rarity.

4. Pattie, James Ohio. *The personal narrative of James O. Pattie, of Kentucky, during an expedition from St. Louis, through the vast regions between that place and the Pacific ocean, and thence back through the city of Mexico to Vera Cruz, during journeyings of six years; in which he and his father, who accompanied him, suffered unheard-of hardships and dangers, had various conflicts with the Indians, and were made captives, in which captivity his father died; together with a description of the country, and the various nations through which they passed.* Edited by Timothy Flint. Or. Ed. Cincinnati. 1831. Reprinted by Thwaites, Rueben Gold. *Early Western travels*, v. XVIII. Cleveland. 1905.

5. Victor, F. F. *The river of the west.* Hartford, Conn. 1870.

6. Periodical Literature. Many articles of genuine value will be found in the publications of the mid-western and Pacific coast historical societies. A few of especial importance are the following:

   a. *James Clyman, his diaries and reminiscences.* Ed. by Charles L. Camp. (California Historical Society. *Quarterly*. vs. IV, V, VI.) San Francisco.

   b. *The Chronicles of George C. Yount.* Ed. by Charles L. Camp. (*Ibid.*, v. I, No. 2.) 1923.

   c. Farquhar, Francis P. *Explorations of the Sierra Nevada.* (*Ibid.*, v. IV, No. 1.) 1925.

d. Hill, J. J. *Ewing Young in the fur trade of the far southwest, 1822-1834.* (Oregon Historical Society. *Quarterly*. v. XXIV.) Eugene. 1923.

e. Warner, J. J. *Reminiscences of early California, 1831-1846.* (Historical Society of Southern California. *Annual Publications*. v. VII.) Los Angeles. 1907-08.

CHAPTER XII. JOHN BIDWELL

1. Bidwell, General George. *Echoes of the Past.* Chico Advertiser. Chico, California. 18—.

2. Bidwell, John. *John Bidwell's trip to California, 1841.* St. Louis. 1842. Dated, Bodega, Port of the Russians, Upper California, March 30, 1842.
"Copies are of superlative rarity."

3. Bidwell, John. *The first emigrant train to California. Century Magazine.* N. S. v. XIX. November, 1890.

In addition to the accounts dealing directly with the Bidwell expedition there are many original narratives of similar emigrant companies which came into California prior to the Gold Rush. All of these throw interesting light on the experiences, routes and general conditions of emigrant travel. Two such volumes are:

a. Farnham, Thomas Jefferson. *Travels in the Californias and scenes in the Pacific ocean.* New York. 1844.

b. Hastings, Lansford W. *The emigrant's guide to Oregon and California, containing scenes and incidents of a party of Oregon emigrants; a description of Oregon; scenes and incidents of a party of California emigrants; and a description of the different routes to those countries; and all necessary information relative to the equipment, supplies, and methods of travel to those countries.* Cincinnati. 1845.

CHAPTER XIII. JOHN CHARLES FREMONT

1. Bashford, Herbert, and Wagner, Harr. *A man unafraid: the story of John Charles Frémont.* San Francisco. 1927.

2. Dellenbaugh, Frederick S. *Frémont and '49; the story of a remarkable career and its relation to the exploration and development of our western territory, especially of California.* New York. 1914.

   Especially useful for its description of the routes of the various explorations.

3. Frémont, John Charles. *Report of the exploring expedition to the Rocky mountains in the year 1842, and to Oregon and north California in the years 1843-44.* Washington. 1845.

4. Frémont, John Charles, and Frémont, Jessie Benton. *Memoirs of my life by John Charles Frémont.* Vol. 1. Chicago and New York. 1887.

5. Nevins, Allan. *Frémont, the west's greatest adventurer; being a biography from certain hitherto unpublished sources of General John C. Frémont, together with his wife, Jessie Benton Frémont, and some account of the period of expansion which found a brilliant leader in the Pathfinder.* 2. v. New York. 1928.

   The latest and most satisfactory of Frémont's many biographies.

6. Sabin, Edwin Legrand. *Kit Carson days (1809-1868).* Chicago. 1914.

7. Vestal, Stanley. *Kit Carson; the happy warrior of the old West; a biography.* Boston and New York. 1928.

CHAPTER XIV. THE DONNER PARTY

1. *Diary of Patrick Breen, one of the Donner party.* Edited by Frederick J. Teggart. (Academy of Pacific Coast History. *Publications.* v. I, No. 6.) Berkeley. 1910.

2. Houghton, Mrs. Eliza P. *The Expedition of the Donner party and its tragic fate*. New York. 1911.

3. MacGlashan, Charles Fayette. *History of the Donner party. A tragedy of the Sierras*. San Francisco. 1927. (14th edition. Original Ed. Truckee, California. 1879.)

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